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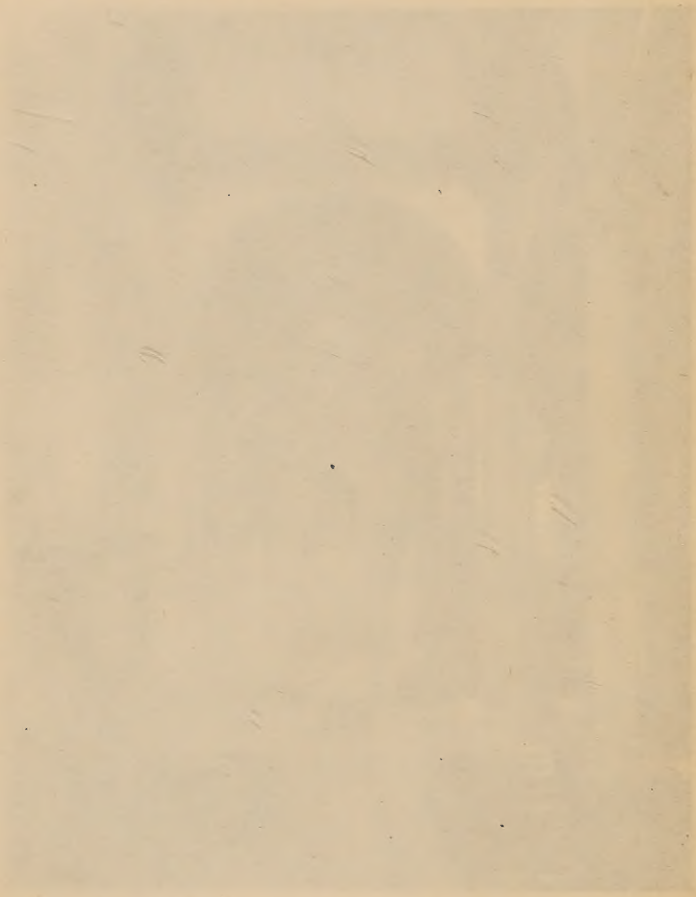
Interior of the Church of San Zaccaria



VENICE

ITS HISTORY — ART — INDUSTRIES
AND MODERN LIFE

BY

CHARLES YRIARTE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY F. J. SITWELL

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TO

SIR RICHARD WALLACE,

BART., M. P.,

THIS WORK

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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VENICE.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN—DEVELOPMENT—FALL OF THE REPUBLIC.

Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, is distinguished, not only by the glory of her arts, the strangeness of her position, the romance of her origin, but by the great historical memories of her days of power. These throw an interest over a city which survives its own glories, and even its own life, like the scenery in some great theatre after the play is done and all the actors are withdrawn. A pleasurable melancholy grows upon the traveller who wanders among the churches or glides along on the canals of Venice. Although misfortune has overcast the city with a pall of sadness, it still preserves the indefinable grace of things Italian. Its old magnificence imposes on the mind, while the charm of its present melancholy creeps about the heart. And even on the brightest day, when the unconquerable sun looks down most broadly on the glittering city of St. Mark, silence and melancholy still hold their court on the canals; and the most unsentimental spirit yields to the elegiac influence.

At Venice, he who is happy, he for whom silence has no charms and who loves the tumult of the world, soon finds his footsteps dogged by limping dulness. But those who have known the sorrows of life return gladly thither; the place is "catching"—every corner or open square recommends itself to the affections. The lightness of the heavens, the even purity of the air, the steely shine of the lagoon, the roseate reflections of the walls, the nights as clear as day, the softness of the Venetian dialect, the trustfulness and placability of the people, their tolerance for all men's humors, and their gentle intercourse,—out of all these results that unseizable and seductive quality which is indeed Venice, which sings at a man's heart, and so possesses and subdues him that he shall feel far from home whenever he is far from the Piazzetta.

Travel where you will, neither Rome nor Jerusalem, neither Granada, Toledo, nor the Golden Horn will offer you the spectacle of such another enchanted approach. It is a dream that has taken shape; a vision of fairyland turned into reality by human hands. The order of nature is suspended; the lagoon is like the heavens, the heavens are like the sea; these rosy islets carrying temples are like barks sailing in the sky; and away upon the horizon, towards Malamocco, the clouds and the green islands lie mingled as bafflingly as shapes in the mirage of the desert. The very buildings have an air of dream-

land; solids hang suspended over voids; and ponderous halls and palaces stand paradoxically supported on the stone lace-work of mediæval sculptors. All the principles of art are violated: and out of their violation springs a new art, borrowed from the East but stamped with the mark of Venice; in a while this is transformed and becomes, in the hands of the Lombardi, the Leopardi, and the Sansovino, the glory and the adornment of the city. Opulent and untamed imaginations have spoiled the treasury of the Magnificoes to build these sculptured palaces and basilicas of marble and mosaic, to lay their pavements with precious stones and cover their walls with gold and onyx and oriental alabaster. They used the pillage of Aquileia, Altinum, Damascus, and Heliopolis. With a nameless daring they raised high in air, over their porches and among their domes, the huge antique bronze horses of Byzantium. They reared a mighty palace upon pillars whose carvings seem wrought by workmen in some opiate dream that made them reckless of the cost of time. They dammed back the sea to build their city in its place. In the lagoon, to the sound of strange workmen's choruses, they buried all the oaks of Istria and Dalmatia, of Albania and the Julian Alps. They transformed the climate of the Illyrian peninsula, leaving plains instead of mountains, and sunburnt deserts in the place of green and grateful forests; for all the hills have become palaces, as at

the touch of a wand; and deep in the salt sea the old oaks stand imbedded, supporting the city of St. Mark.

They were a people of fugitives, forty thousand strong, driven from their homes by the barbarians in the fifth century. They took refuge in the lagoon, and there, on that shifting soil, in a salt marsh where they had neither ground to till nor stone to cut, nor iron to forge, nor wood to shelter, nor even water that could be drunk,—they founded the port of the Rialto. They made their own soil, contrived to found a state without territory, and after a few brief trials and some scenes of blood, from which no people at its beginning can escape, struck out that form of government—the aristocratic republic—which they maintained for fourteen centuries. Faithful to this form, they astonished the world by their sagacity, power, and stability, and by their genius for commerce, exchange, and industry. At their origin they lived by the fruits of the sea as fishermen, and from the salt which nature deposited on the coast. This was their first article of exchange. By degrees they constructed flat-bottomed boats, then galleys, and at last fleets, and entering Byzantium as conquerors, overthrew the Eastern Empire. The whole Adriatic was their domain; they laid claim to its sovereignty by right of a word spoken by Alexander III., when, pursued by Barbarossa, he took refuge in their territory;

they symbolized that authority by the espousals of the Doge with the Sea, and the legend of the gold ring brought back to the sovereign by the fisherman; and from that time they held the whole coast from Ravenna to Albania. Kings had to ask leave of the Senate to ply in their waters when they wished to land on the shore of Illyria. They treated with all the sovereigns of Europe as equals, constituted themselves the purveyors of the world, and on their commercial wealth laid the foundation of their political power.

Twice the arbiters of the world vowed the destruction of Venice, and leagued themselves together against her; but her people, by dint of suppleness and agility, by turns firm and wily, baffled all combinations, and came safely out of the most appalling dilemmas. At one moment all nations were in a manner tributary to them, because they were the greatest merchants, the bravest sailors, the most skilful builders, and the richest ship-owners in the world. When France, already beginning to move the world, had raised the cry of "Dieu le veult," she had to beg of the Venetians a passage on board their ships to transport her army to the Holy Land; they, being a practical people, demanded payment for this service in blood, since the gold wherewith to pay was lacking; so that the French went to the assault of Lara, and retook for the Venetians the Dalmatian colonies, which had shaken off their yoke.

The oldest, perhaps, of modern nations, the Venetians outstripped all others in the arts of civilization. Before the tenth century they had built on their group of islands no less than seventy churches, some of which, like those of Torcello, were miracles of art. They were the first to have the sense of luxury, to appreciate the refinements of life, the first to delight in sumptuous houses and fabrics, in the splendor of gems and the sheen of pearls. While Europe was yet plunged in the darkness of the Middle Ages, the Venetians went to the only two civilized people of our hemisphere, the Arabs and the Greeks, to borrow from them the elements of their delicate and exquisite arts.

The more familiar we grow with the history of Venice, the more we come to marvel at the practical common sense of this handful of human beings, who, by the fourteenth or fifteenth century, were making more noise in the world, and filling a greater place, than the populations of the largest empires. As early as the fifth century we find them in possession of a government, in the shape of Consuls sent from Padua to administer the islets of the Rialto. In the seventh century they begin to feel their way toward a new form of government, and nominate a Doge, Paul of Heraclea. In 737 they appoint as heads of the State certain yearly magistrates, called "masters of the militia;" but, five years later, finding that the constant transfer of power gives in-

stability to their society, they revive the office of Doge. No doubt the conditions of power will yet need modification. The future will not be free from struggles; new institutions will come to complete the system, but from 742 to 1797 there will be no essential change in the mode of government; the State has found its formula. Whilst all the nations of Europe are constituting themselves into monarchies, and progressing along the same lines to unity, with more or less rapidity and success, the Venetians, on their part, shape their State into a Republic, make its chief, the Doge, the most constitutional of sovereigns, a living emblem of the Republic, intended only to represent her before ambassadors, at public ceremonials, and on the occasion of royal visits, but without any real power, and acting only under constant and permanent control. At first the Republic is democratic, or, at least, grants certain rights to the people, but it soon becomes aristocratic, and remains so till its fall.

Isolated as the Venetians were in their islands, jealous of their power, suspicious, and ever on the watch against conspiracies from without, how was it that they advanced so rapidly to civilization? By their unrivalled genius for navigation and commerce. When they first landed in the East their object was certainly not to seek for a spark of the sacred fire of the arts, of industry, science, and the humanities, on the only hearth where that fire still burned. But

a gifted people does not come in contact with civilization for nothing; and though its views are first bent with natural self-interest on the material advantages which such attainments may procure, the higher moral consequences soon follow. The discerning spirit of such a people tries to appropriate methods, and transforms them by its own personal tastes and tendencies: the seed germinates, the shoot grows, the buds form themselves, the birth of Art is at hand.

The first advantage the Venetians derived from their long sojourn in the East with the French, was the horror they conceived for the idle discussions, the religious controversies, and the vain subtleties of the Lower Empire, which had brought Byzantium to decay. Never after the tenth century was there civil war in the territory of the Republic, not even at that moment when, as if seized by some terrible infatuation, the towns of Lombardy rushed in arms against each other, and the sons of the same sacred Italy tore the breast of their mother. In establishing themselves in the East, where they founded houses of business, the Venetians learned Greek, and one of them, Jacopo, became the first translator of Aristotle. Constantinople being put to fire and sword, the men of science and letters were to be seen emigrating thence, carrying their ancient manuscripts with them. Florence became the Athens of Italy, and Venice followed the movement. Thanks

to Guarino, one of her Veronese subjects, she early came to the knowledge of Xenophon, Pindar, Strabo, Lucian, Arrian, Procopius, Diodorus Siculus, and Plato. The Venetians had long ago borrowed and adapted their architecture from the East. The manufacture of glass came to them from the Arabs, whose rich fabrics they also imitated. The industrious people of Lucca, driven into exile by the strife of Guelf and Ghibeline, brought their silk looms to the city of the lagoons; as, later on, the sack of Rome by Bourbon drove many of the exiled artists to the same shores. Wealth abounded—it was the dawn of great days for the Italian spirit throughout the whole Peninsula—and the sacred fire ran through all the veins of that great intellectual body.

The Venetians were in due time seized with a passion for literature and philosophy. Barbaro devoted himself to Aristotle, Romulus Amaseus to Xenophon and Pausanias, Donato to Xenophon, Jerome Ramnusius translated the Arab Avicenna, and Malherbe, a monk of the Camaldolese order, made the first Italian translation of the Bible. Padua was soon to become the great centre of light. As early as the twelfth century this town had its university; later, after its conquest by Venice, the policy of strengthening and continuing this learned tradition was steadily kept in view, in order to establish a privilege in favor of the institution.

The Republic forbade any of its subjects to follow their academic studies abroad, and recognized degrees conferred only by this particular university. To render such a decree of the Senate advantageous to the Venetians it was necessary to raise the standard of instruction to the same level as in the most distinguished intellectual centres of Europe. The Senate shrank from nothing, and men like Vesalius, Galileo, and Scaliger were to be seen in the chairs of Padua. Almost at the same moment a university was founded in Venice itself. By a happy concurrence of events, in the very midst of the fifteenth century, at the close of an iron age, an age of deadly struggles and internal dissensions, of which the only result had been robbery and rapine, the sacking and burning of towns, and unchaining of the lowest passions—at this very time, men bearing the proudest names in Venice, the Bragadino, the Foscarini, the Cornaro, the Giustiniani, the Trevisani, the Mocenigo, devoted themselves as instructors of youth, and filled the chairs of literature, grammar, the natural sciences, and mathematics.

We shall show, in a separate division of our study, what development the art of naval construction, an art so vital to this population, had taken at Venice. Architecture had already found its formula, and combining Gothic with Oriental elements, had arrived at that unity of style so peculiar to Venice, of which Calendario and the architects of the

Ducal Palace were the first masters. In painting they remained for a long while under first Oriental and then Florentine influences; but by and by we shall find them, in that harmonious concert of the Italian schools, striking their own independent note with Carpaccio, the Bellini, and Giorgione. Eloquence was held in high honor. How could it be otherwise among the people who had first created a true government by parliament, where business was transacted in the Grand Council, and before the Senate; where to carry his point the speaker must address himself straight to the understanding, and prevail by the clearness, charm, or splendor of his language and the force of his logic.

Their prudent and sagacious diplomacy amazed men by the accuracy of its intelligence and the depth of its combinations. None of the nobles in the assemblies could be in ignorance as to State affairs, since they were thus conducted in the broad light of debate. A special body of Secretaries, unrivalled for political knowledge, and for unpretending and disinterested industry, prepared and elucidated obscure questions, and traced to their source the conflicts and incidents which occurred to arrest the progress of affairs. An ambassador could remain for a given time only at the same court, lest he should allow himself to be inveigled or influenced by the charm of personal ties, or by the generosity of statesmen or of the sovereign. A solemn day

was appointed on his return, when he appeared before the whole assembled Senate to make his statement (*relazione*), to give an account of his labors, and to define precisely the relations existing between the Republic and the power to which he had been accredited by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens; to point out the dangers which might occasion conflicts, and to indicate the means of lessening or averting them. Thereupon the Senators, according to the measure of his capacities and political talent, either promoted him in due course to the highest offices of the State, if they were struck by the sagacity of his exposition, or, in the contrary case, simply restored him to his place in the Councils, so preventing future injury to the Republic through his lack of discernment.

The constitution is a masterpiece. The machinery, with its fundamental system of mutual control, works with perfect regularity. All public offices being elective, there is always a presumption that the choice will fall upon the worthiest. That there is opportunity for intrigue, who can deny, since man is human? but at any rate, all that the law-maker can do has been done to weaken and neutralize the influences of the *Broglio*, that corner of St. Mark's Place where the patrician members of the College, senators, and members of the Grand Council promenade before the sittings, and arrange among themselves, not without the natural amount of

intriguing, the elections about to be held in each assembly.

It is no partial verdict to repeat, that never did any country so small in area fill so important a place in the world, and never did greater wisdom preside over the destinies of any people. No doubt, in this great historic total, all is not alike praiseworthy; the ambition of the people, over-excited by immense successes, led them to assume a right of lordship over many populations who only submitted to this suzerainty because they knew that the alternative was inevitable annexation. They courted the alliance of the great, and often oppressed the feeble; but never elsewhere did patriotism, as in the examples of the Michieli, the Pisani, the Loredan, the Mocenigo, the Morosini, and very many others, rise to so great a height as often as the fatherland was in danger. Ten times over in the course of its history the Republic was within an inch of ruin; and ten times did the Council, the Senate, the College, with the Doge at its head (ever at one with the people in its supreme resolves), stake their all with unequalled courage, and come out triumphant. No, the Republic could not escape the general law; but she did not succumb, like the greater number of other States, because of the imperfection of her constitution, or from any lack of harmony in her laws with the movement of men's spirits. The day on which the French Republic, represented by a man destined

later to show the compass of his genius and ambition, declared that the Venetian Republic had ceased to exist, the causes which rendered the accomplishment of this crime possible were not due to any inherent decay in her institutions, but to a thousand circumstances independent of Venice herself, her customs, or her laws. From whatever point of view this government is judged, it must be admitted that such a spectacle of wisdom and stability has seldom appeared before the world. True, the rein was given to human passions at Venice as elsewhere. True, intrigue, jealousy, immorality held their sway in this Republic; the Senate was perhaps tyrannical, the State Inquisitors and the Council of Ten may sometimes have encroached upon the rights of citizens; at certain times they may even have established a reign of terror, but the profound motive which guided statesmen, the one fixed idea of each and all, was the greatness of Venice and her splendor above other States. Two hundred thousand inhabitants scattered about the lagoons, which they had transformed into a city the most beautiful in Europe, from the unexampled conditions of its site, grew so powerful as to seem like a nation of many million citizens, and to fill the world with their renown.

Never has the system of check and counter-check been pushed so far; never has the chastisement of public offenders been so severe, and never has punishment so swiftly overtaken the perpetration of a

crime against the State. When the finances of the Republic were thrown into disorder by unfaithful agents, sternly, cruelly the Senate condemned to perpetual shame those who were thus guilty, by inscribing their names on the walls of the Ducal Palace, untouched by the thought that the innocent descendants of the culprits would thus see their names blighted for ever. The stranger who enters the palace by the door opening toward the Riva dei Schiavoni can to this day see inscribed on marble tablets, in the walls of the arch and of the inner porticos, the names of the extortioners thus held up to public ignominy.

The system of information, and especially of anonymous information, by citizen against citizen played at one time a great part in the State. There is, it must be confessed, something degrading in this; nevertheless we must remember that those who sanctioned the use of such means for denouncing political offences to the magistrates had the common good of their country in view, although those who actually used the means had often only envy, cupidity, or base jealousy for their motive. Never have the citizens of any other country accepted with such self-sacrifice every part, however onerous or circumscribed, assigned to them by the process of election for the benefit of the commonwealth. I have elsewhere, in a separate study, defined the rights and the laborious duties of the Venetian

patricians of the sixteenth century. The amount of the labors imposed upon them by the law is appalling to think of. In our modern States, those who form what are now called the governing classes assume the responsibility of political work, of foreign missions, or of close attendance at parliamentary debates only when they feel within themselves the desire and the ambition to rise to the highest offices of state, and when vanity or vocation impels them to the pursuit of power. But at Venice, the moment he approached political life, at twenty years of age, every nobleman was compelled to appear before a special magistrate, "avvocato del comune," and claim admission to the Great Council as a noble born in lawful wedlock, of noble parents inscribed in the Libro d'Oro. From that time till the day of his death, if Heaven had given him a fair share of intellect, it was all over with his liberty. It was in vain that his tastes might lead him toward study or the arts, intellectual dilettanteism or voyages of discovery; he was chained to politics as the slave is to the soil. All employments, all honorable posts, all magistracies, all offices, were filled by election, and election of what a kind!—one ten times controlled, unmade, remade, corroborated, and revised. It was forbidden to any noble to shirk the public service; fines so heavy were imposed in case of refusal to accept an embassy or foreign mission that such refusals rarely occurred.

The noble takes his seat at the beginning of life in the Great Council. There he serves on committees which overwhelm him with work; from the Great Council he ascends to the Senate, and as member of the Great Council of State he may be elected to make one of the College of Wisemen, to use the habitual expression; he may be appointed to one or another of numberless posts in connection with the various departments of the public service; as territorial administration, diplomacy, justice, the arsenal, the inquisition, the mint, the government of the university of Padua, and the rest. Often, indeed, he may fill several of such offices at once, and no matter what his age, if the State determines that his services and faculties are useful to the public, he can under no pretext give himself up to repose. No more, if he is called to the supreme power, can he refuse the perilous honor of the Doge's crown; and generally, the first magistrate of the Republic, the representative of the State, wearing upon his brows the horned cap and on his shoulders the mantle of gold and ermine, is an old man whose step totters as he descends the Giants' Staircase, an old man broken with years and ripe for the grave, his gray head bowed beneath the weight of life and public cares, his aged body often scarred with wounds received in the service of his country. But even on the brink of eternity, this noble, full of years and honors, is still at the service of the State to which

he has devoted his life, and to which he is about to consecrate his last hour.

VITTOR PISANI.

As soon as their country is in danger a wonderful enthusiasm possesses the entire population; every man is ready to sacrifice fortune, blood, or life. Let others write an exact and connected history of the Venetian Republic—I only intend to recall some of those living episodes in her history which show the greatness of her citizens and their devoted attachment to St. Mark, or the severity of the punishment which overtook them when they betrayed their country.

It was in the year 1378; the Genoese had vowed the ruin of the Venetians, and attacked them at the same time both in their colonies of Istria and Dalmatia and on the Italian coast. Vittor Pisani, a famous general of the Republic, had just won a battle at Cattaro; he had divided his troops, sent back his sick and wounded in some of his ships, and was on his return to Venice. At the mouth of the Gulf of Quarnero he meets the Genoese fleet, at the point of Pola. Now, it was usual for the Senate to delegate certain "provveditori" on board the flagship, with authority to hold councils of war with the officer in command of the campaign. The moment Pisani sees the Genoese offering battle, he holds a council, and explains that, not having his full complement,

some of his people being on shore, his ships badly equipped at the close of a campaign, his ranks thinned, he may well be defeated. "Fight," reply the provveditori; Pisani sounds the charge, his van retreats, he rallies his ships, and leads them again toward the enemy; points out to the provveditori the two lines of battle, one close, compact, prepared to conquer; the other weak, thin, and badly ranged. One of the provveditori asks him if the Pisani are woman-hearted? Once more Pisani sounds to charge, pushes his own galley to the front, and, standing sword in hand, throws himself into the midst of the enemy, crying out, "Who loves St. Mark follows me." By his impetuosity he breaks through the Genoese line; but that line closes behind him, and by a skilful manœuvre the enemy captures seventeen galleys, and nineteen hundred men are put to the sword. Vittor Pisani sees the overthrow, wheels about, once more breaks through the line, and escapes the massacre with Michel Zeno.

The fleet is dispersed, the convoy of merchandise which it was escorting from the Levant becomes the spoil of the enemy, and the victorious Genoese cross the gulf to lay siege to Venice. They first take Chioggia, then force the passage of the lagoon and bombard the city of the Doges. In the meantime Pisani, who had fled like the wind with the few galleys he could muster, enters the port, presents him-

self before the Senate, is arrested and thrown into prison.

The fatherland is in danger, her people are called upon to defend her, arms are ready for distribution to all volunteers. No volunteers appear, bands are organized by force among the people; they refuse to serve, and assemble under the prison windows, crying, "Pisani, Pisani! we will have Pisani for our leader." At night the whole city is on foot, and immense crowds gather under the windows of the Council Chamber, and thence throng again to the prisons, demanding that Pisani should be given up. Sick and wounded, the great captain drags himself to his prison window, through the bars of which his voice can be heard; he has caught the clamor underneath, and answers by his battle-cry of "Glory to St. Mark!" Nevertheless the tumult increases; it is no longer a mere popular movement which may be repressed, it is the grumbling of sedition about to triumph, at the very moment the enemy's galleys are entering the gulf and the city itself is threatened. The Doge trembles, the Senate, holding permanent sittings, gives the order to open the prison; Pisani, supported by two prisoners, is carried in triumph to the Ducal Palace, and there kneels before the Doge, the emblem of the country and the symbol of power. At dawn he is hurried to St. Mark's, and the Patriarch, amidst the acclamations of the crowd, confides to him the standard of the Republic. He returns

thanks to the people, and crying "Glory to St. Mark!" swears to die or conquer. They conduct him to his palace, but he leaves it at once for the arsenal to organize his expedition, for to-morrow he will start. Before dawn he has returned to St. Mark's, to kneel again at the foot of the altar, always followed by the people; night and day, in a state of indescribable enthusiasm, they make a guard of honor for him, to assure themselves of his presence; he has constantly to show himself on the balconies to salute the crowd. Now ready to start, the hero comes out of the basilica and crosses the Piazzetta; his galley is in waiting at the quay; he harangues the crowd: "Emo guards Chioggia, Zeno and Mocenigo are in full sail and will be among us to-morrow; the Genoese have even now attacked us within the very lagoon. But we have conquered too often not to conquer again; the Senate has arms, you have numbers, nothing but valor is wanted, this you will have, and with the help of God and St. Mark we shall win."

The anchor is weighed and they depart. From that beautiful window of the Ducal Palace which overlooks the water, the aged Doge and the entire Council answer the shouts of the populace and send their blessings after him who but yesterday lay pining in a prison, regarded almost as a traitor; a thousand boats follow them wishing them victory and shouting "Glory to St. Mark!" Fourteen galleys

and thirty galeasses went out to meet the enemy, following the flagship of Pisani. The enthusiasm in the city was so great that arms were forged on the public piazza. Old men, women, and children, all wanted arms. A few days later, on the 9th of September, at the meeting of the Senate, the venerable Contarini, who was then Doge, declared that he would be of more use in a galley than on the Ducal throne. In two days that wonderful arsenal of Venice, which accomplished such marvels of activity in any crisis of national danger, equipped fifty galleys, which started under the command of the Doge Andrea Contarini. Pisani had not counted too highly on his valor, and the Venetians had been right to break his irons, for the great commander saved the Republic.

Two years afterward, when he was in command at Manfredonia, he attacked the enemy in spite of illness; his lieutenant was wounded in the first encounter, and his galleys broke order; the enemy taking advantage of this confusion escaped him. Thus helpless on his galley, and powerless to rally his own ships and bear down upon the fugitives, and disperse their fleet, the hero died in a delirium. His body was brought back to Venice; nobles and people bewailed themselves together in the streets, and his death was looked upon as a public misfortune: "Pisani, our stay and our standard, is dead," was the cry of the city. The Senate, ever cold and

stern on principle, considering all sacrifice mere duty to the Republic, made no official demonstration, but the praises of the dead were in every mouth. They appointed Carlo Zeno as his successor, while the whole of Venice designated Loredano.

THE CONSPIRACY AND DEATH OF MARINO FALIERO.

In another episode, one of the most celebrated and dramatic in the history of Venice, we may see how sternly she punished the crime of treason. The name of Marino Faliero recalls a tale of darkness, and his place stands empty in the frieze of the Great Council Chamber among the portraits of all the doges who succeeded each other from Theodore Ursat in 742 down to Manin in 1788. He belonged to an illustrious family which had already given two doges to the Republic, Vitale Faliero, in 1082, and Ordelaffo who died fighting the Hungarians (1117).

At the time of Marino's election (1354) he was filling the office of ambassador of the Republic to the Papal court, and was already in his eightieth year. He was both a merchant and a soldier, a man of self-asserting and violent character: he was accused of having compromised the dignity of his office by a public scandal caused by his hot temper and want of self-control. While he was magistrate at Treviso he was to take part on one occasion in a procession; the bishop was late in coming, and by the time he appeared Marino had waxed so furious

that he received him with a violent box on the ear. The Senate was obliged to disavow their agent, and for this indiscretion he had to submit to the disciplinary penalty applicable to a high official.

In the time of the great war against the Genoese, a war so disastrous, yet on the whole so glorious to the Republic, out of which she came with so much honor, Genoa had boasted her Doria, Venice her Pisani. Marino Faliero had just signed the treaty which restored peace to the country. Nothing seemed left to disturb the close of his career, till one memorable Thursday in Carnival week, at a ball given by the Doge in the Ducal Palace, a young noble named Michel Steno, a member of the criminal tribunal called the "Forty," under cover of the mask, which often gave almost licentious freedom to these assemblies, allowed himself to be betrayed into some familiarities with one of the ladies in the suite of the Dogaressa. The old Doge, with his hot and jealous nature, forgetful of his own youthful follies, took the matter up with a high hand, and ordered the imprudent Steno to be expelled from the palace. As Michel Steno, boiling with indignation at the affront thus put upon him before all the nobles of Venice, passed through the Great Council Chamber on his way out, he went up the steps of the Ducal throne, and fastened to the very seat itself a paper on which he had written, "Marino Faliero with the handsome wife—he keeps her, but

another has her favors." In the confusion of the festivities the deed passed unnoticed; but the next day, at the opening of the sitting of the Great Council, the officials discovered the billet; the noise of the insult offered to the head of the Republic spread rapidly through the palace, and all pointed out the unmistakable author of the scandal. Michel Steno was young; and understanding that he might pay dearly for a moment of folly, he frankly confessed his fault, and manifested the sincerest repentance. Faliero, though seeing him thus penitent, was not appeased; and demanded that he should be put on his trial, and that the offence, having been committed against the head of the State, should be treated as a public crime and be declared amenable to the Council of Ten, who were sure to pronounce a most severe sentence. The matter was discussed in public sitting; but whether it was that allowance was made for the youth of the offender, whether he was personally popular, or whether the practical men who composed the Senate were unwilling to give to the person of the Doge that character of sovereignty which they had so long been fighting against, Steno was simply arraigned before his compeers of the Forty, and condemned to two months' imprisonment, and, after undergoing this, to one year's exile from the territory of the Republic.

Marino Faliero did not consider this punishment proportionate to the offence, and earnestly protested

before the College, as well as the Senate, and even before the Great Council; but all in vain, the tribunal had given its decision. From thenceforth Faliero cherished his resentment and meditated revenge;—he might perhaps never have followed up the schemes of which his mind was full, if it had not been for a singular circumstance which occurred on the very day he was informed of Steno's sentence. We know that among the prerogatives of the Doge was that of administering justice to all who chose to have recourse to his tribunal. Any person holding himself wronged was free to come to the palace, and appeal directly to the chief of the Republic; it was a patriarchal custom, a satisfaction given to the lower classes, who availed themselves largely of it, and did not fear to come to the foot of the throne to claim justice against any act of tyranny committed by a patrician. Accordingly, on this very day of Steno's condemnation, at the opening of the audience, a man in great excitement, his face covered with blood, presented himself before Marino Faliero, stating that he belonged to the arsenal, where he occupied the place of "admiral" or chief foreman, and that he came to claim justice against a patrician who had assaulted him, and of whose violence he bore the still bleeding traces. Marino Faliero, instead of dealing with the case as it stood, treated it as a coincidence, and answered with resentful sarcasm, "How can I render you justice against a patrician, when I,

the Doge, cannot obtain justice for myself, though most bitterly insulted?" "For all that," replied the dark-eyed superintendent, "if you and I chose, it would depend on ourselves to be avenged upon those haughty and insolent fellows." The Doge, discerning in this man an accomplice and a tool, made no effort to pacify him, but showed a kindly interest in him, obtained some details from him as to how his companions were disposed, and dismissed him even more excited than when he entered the Ducal Palace. Scarcely outside the door, the man started off to gather his friends together, armed himself, and proceeded to the palace of his adversary, uttering loud threats of vengeance. The patrician, finding himself held up to the animosity of a large body of arsenal laborers, denounced Israël Bertuccio (this was the name of the injured superintendent) to the Signory, who summoned him to appear before them. In presence of the members of the College, over which tribunal he by right presided, Marino Faliero was forced ostensibly to blame Israël; he even threatened him with death if he continued to incite the workmen of the arsenal against a patrician. But at nightfall Marino sent a messenger to summon the man he had treated so severely before the senators, and had him admitted secretly into the ducal apartments, where he found the Doge alone with his nephew, Bertuccio Faliero, who had espoused his uncle's quarrel.

This interview was the first step in the crime of conspiracy against the State; but it was not decisive. Marino had seen a man outraged like himself by a noble, like himself full of resentment, and belonging to a body which, he believed, was ready to take up his quarrel; he acquainted himself with the temper of Israël Bertuccio's companions, calculated their numbers, and found out what means he had at his disposal. The first name pronounced by Israël is one illustrious in the arts, though comparatively unfamiliar because of the early date to which it belongs; it was that of Filippo Calendario. This Calendario was at once an engineer and sculptor of great ability, and a distinguished architect; he had rapidly passed through all stages of promotion, and from a very low position, as a working shipbuilder in the arsenal, had risen to be director of public buildings to the Signory. He was a kind of inspector-general, or director of public works. To him we owe the splendid fabric of the Ducal Palace; he also gave the general plan of St. Mark's Place and the Piazzetta. Fired by the love of art, and in a true spirit of progressive enterprise, he conjured the Senate, in an eloquent speech, to make of this beautiful piazza, where the basilica already stood, a forum and a sanctuary of art. If we are to believe Marin Sanuto, the great Venetian chronicler whose narratives serve as a basis for all the histories, Israël Bertuccio gave the name of Calendario as a

man ready for anything that might humiliate the pride of the nobles. But Selvatico's notice of Calendario suggests another explanation; for there we find that Calendario was Israël's son-in-law, and this seems reason enough for his having espoused his quarrel. Marino Faliero had been the artist's patron; by his interest he had appointed him to one of the first positions in the State that could be held by a man whose profession was civil and military engineering and the fine arts; he knew that this Calendario was a fiery and adventurous spirit, and much engrossed in politics. Perhaps, too, the attempts of Pietro Gradenigo against the independence of the Venetian people, the memory of Marino Bocconio, of Giovanni Baldovino, of Marco Querini, and of Bayamonte Tiepolo had left in the soul of the artist a desire for vengeance; perhaps, in short, he belonged to that party of the "oppressed" who considered themselves vanquished in the great struggle, of which the fourteenth century had been witness, between the nobles and the people in Venice. Whatever the motives may have been which drove him into the conspiracy, it is certain that Calendario entered completely into the ideas of the Doge and of Israël Bertuccio the superintendent of the arsenal.

There were several secret meetings, all held in the Ducal Palace, and the plan of the conspiracy was determined with the Doge himself and Bertuccio Faliero. Sixteen chiefs were chosen, one from

every quarter, and each of them were to secure sixty well-armed followers, or barely a thousand men for the whole city. At break of day, the Doge undertook that he would set the great bell of the basilica ringing, and at this signal, alarm was to be sown among the people in every quarter by the announcement that the Genoese fleet had appeared in the lagoon. This gives us the clue to the anxieties of the moment. Doria the Genoese commander had become the bugbear of the Venetians, and they looked upon the Genoese as always ready for an invasion. When the tumult was at its height the conspirators were to group themselves on St. Mark's Place and to massacre the nobles as they entered the Council. This plan was to be carried out on the 15th of April, 1355.

Israël Bertuccio and Calendario had not deemed it prudent to divulge the object of their rising to all the conspirators; however, those who were to a certain extent leaders of the masses had to be made acquainted with the projects they were employed to carry out. A furrier called Bertrand, who had a part of some importance to play in the action, had received some kindnesses from a noble, and wishing to show his gratitude, he warned him not to leave his house on the 15th of April. This noble was a senator named Nicolo Lioni; he kept on his guard, but at the same time insisted upon knowing the solution of the mystery. Bertrand entreated him to

profit by his advice without inquiring further; Nicolo refused to hold his tongue, and on the contrary had Bertrand arrested and threatened to denounce him to the Senate. The frightened conspirator, imagining himself already before the supreme tribunal, did not hesitate to take credit to himself for his crime, and revealed all he knew, and although he was acquainted only with the acts to be accomplished and not with the end to be attained, the senator learned enough to guess that there was a plot afoot, not only to change the form of government, but at the same time to give a final blow to the aristocracy. Nicolo hurried to the Doge (for Faliero's name had not been mentioned), and denounced the conspiracy to him; the Doge answered that he knew of it already, and that the noble was certainly exaggerating its importance. At these words Lioni began to suspect Marino Faliero, and ran to Giovanni Gradenigo, and from him to Marco Cornaro; and as Bertrand was still in custody, they all went together to the palace where this accomplice of Israël's was detained, and questioned him. As he knew nothing except from Bertuccio and Calendario, he informed against them; and the patricians, for whom by this time the Ducal Palace had become a place of suspicion, met in permanent sitting at the convent of San Salvatore. Thither was convoked the College, the Council of Ten, the advocates of the Commune, the chiefs of the Forty, the Signors

of the Night, and the chiefs of the six divisions of the city. These authorities had the public force at their disposal; they first of all arrested Israël Bertuccio and Filippo Calendario, and put them to the torture; these prisoners disclosed the names of some of their accomplices, and the means by which the plot was to be put into effect, and even designated the Doge. The first thing was to hinder the accomplishment of these plans by preventing the signal being given from the top of St. Mark's; next Calendario and Bertuccio were hanged from the window of the Ducal Palace which overlooks the Piazzetta and lights the voting hall.

On the very day when the plot laid by Marino Faliero was to have been realized, he was dragged before a tribunal composed of the Council of Ten, and twenty nobles elected by the Great Council. On the 15th the tribunal proceeded to his examination; he appeared in state apparel, the ducal cap on his head, the gold and ermine robe on his shoulders, and confessed all, giving the reasons for his determination. It was in keeping with the spirit of the Venetian government to proceed rapidly and to act promptly. The Doge had been arrested on the night of the 15th–16th; he had confessed; on the 16th judgment was given; the pain of death was unanimously pronounced. On the 17th at the dawn of day, the preparations for the execution were made; the gates of the palace being still closed,

Marino Faliero was led to the first steps of the Giants' Staircase, and on the very spot where he had received the ducal robe and coronet his head was cut off in the presence of the Council of Ten, of the delegates of the Senate, and of a certain number of the highest functionaries of the State. The execution accomplished, the chief of the Council ordered the doors thrown open; the noise of the sinister ceremony spread through the city;—the people thronged the court of the Ducal Palace and there beheld the body of him who had been the chief of the Republic lying dead on the ground. To give a public sanction to the execution, the whole Council of Ten repaired to the voting hall, and the president, holding the still bloody sword in his hand, solemnly announced that justice had been done to the traitor who had conspired against the State.

For a long time, acts of reprisal occurred and researches were made in order to punish all who might directly or indirectly have been concerned in the plot. Out of nine hundred and sixty conspirators, more than four hundred were discovered and condemned to death or exile; the two principal leaders, Israël Bertuccio and Filippo Calendario, having been the first to be executed. Calendario lived at San Severo; on the night of the 15th of April he had been asleep when he heard a violent knocking at his door; it was Angelo Micheli, the Captain of the Republic, with his armed police, who had come

to secure his person. As has been said, Calendario made a full confession; neither his services nor his exceptional talents were taken into consideration; he was hung with Israël from the red prophyry column of the great window of the palace, looking out on the Piazzetta. Calendario's wife was a daughter of this same Israël Bertuccio, and this fact explains the prominent part he took in the conspiracy. The widow dragged on a miserable life for some few years after and soon died. A son, Nicolo, who had not been convicted of any share in the plot, was nevertheless kept in prison, and died in one of those dungeons of the Ducal Palace called "the wells;" dungeons on a level with the soil of the Court and panelled inside with wood; gloomy places, no doubt, but of which the horrors have been exaggerated by novelists and poets like Cooper and Lord Byron.

Bertrand, who had betrayed the conspiracy,—on the strength of his information, which he said had saved the Republic, made bold to ask the Senate for Marino Faliero's palace and lands; and not satisfied with this, claimed the patriciate for himself and his descendants. The Senate rewarded him brilliantly. In his "Life of the Doges" Marin Sanuto says he had only heard that it was intended to admit the informer to the Great Council as the price of his information; but Andrea Managero, who is quite as serious an historian, goes into fuller particulars, and

here are his own words: "Bertrand, by a decree of the Council, was granted a pension of a thousand gold ducats for himself and his heirs direct; he was given a house worth two thousand ducats and was admitted to the Great Council. But he declared himself not satisfied, and claimed besides the county of Val Marino, which had been confiscated in favor of the Doge. The Senate having refused him this, he went about the city accusing the College of ingratitude and railing against its members. These reproaches came to the ears of the Senators; they passed sentence upon him and he was condemned to the gallows; later his sentence was commuted to ten years' exile at Ragusa."

The history of Venice has rung with the fame of this conspiracy of Marino Faliero. Romance, poetry, and the drama have laid hold upon it, and its tradition lives after more than five hundred years; yet it ought to be remembered that this conspiracy did not take its rise in the ambition of any single man; it was the passion of jealousy and anger alone which drove a venerable man of eighty, the head of the Republic, to attempt to seize the sole power, and perhaps it is to this very character that this bloody episode owes a fame which has surpassed that of the great but purely political conspiracies of Marino Bocconio and of Bayamonte Tiepolo. Even to this day, the traveller who visits the Ducal Palace, when he follows, in the frieze which ornaments

the ceiling of the Great Council Chamber, the portraits of the Doges who have succeeded one another from the creation of the ducal office to the fall of the Republic, stops with emotion before the empty frame where the painter has written on a scroll—"Hic est locus Marini Falethri, decapitati pro criminibus."

DANIEL MANIN.

Episodes in plenty there are in this history to furnish the writer with chapters brilliant or sombre, tragic or splendid, black as the dungeons of the Council of Ten, or dazzling as the Queen of the Adriatic herself on a summer's day. Who could help being moved? At every step the city breathes history; every stone is eloquent. Here, in the twelfth century, before the great door of St. Mark's, Frederic Barbarossa bowed the knee to a proscribed pope; there, nearly seven hundred years later, the citizens of the same Venice, fallen, dethroned, enslaved, repaired to the prisons to claim freedom for the last champion of her liberty, Daniel Manin.

Let us suppose ourselves in 1177; after the great struggle of the Lombard league, the Republic has triumphed over the Emperor, the Venetian fleet has captured and brought into St. Mark's port forty-eight German galleys, and on board one, Barbarossa's own son who was in command. Peace is signed, and Frederic comes to humble himself before the fugitive Pope. The historian Sabellicus

relates the scene in a dramatic style; and more than one painter has taken it for the subject of his picture. The Emperor, on the approach of the Pope, threw off his mantle and prostrated himself to kiss his feet. Alexander, seeing before him on his knees the prince who for twenty years had pursued him from one place of refuge to another, could think of nothing but the two rival powers, Pope and Emperor, and forgot himself so far as to put his foot on Barbarossa's head, quoting the words of the psalm, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." At this the sovereign proudly raised his head, and, grasping the pontiff's foot, exclaimed, "It is before Peter that I humble myself, and not before thee." Alexander, instead of checking himself and controlling his own movement of anger and pride, insisted the more, saying, "Before me and Peter both—*Et mihi et Petro.*"

Does not the charm of history add itself at every step to that of art, when we replace pictures like these in their proper frames? On that same Piazzetta where we have seen Pisani carried in triumph by the people, Daniel Manin also was received with acclamation and carried on the shield; this was yet another day of glory for Venice, the effort of a downcast people who in struggling to rise fall only the more heavily, till the day comes at last when liberty is restored to them for good.

The name of Daniel Manin is the last great political name in Venetian history. Italy was not yet constituted, the idea of unity was scarcely more than a vague dream in the heads and hearts of a few far-sighted politicians and ardent patriots. The kingdom of to-day may claim Manin as a citizen of Italy, since Italy is one; but he was essentially a Venetian, of the great race of the Michieli, the Pisani, and the Mocenigo. He was born in Venice in 1804. His father was a lawyer; he himself was a doctor of laws at seventeen, but as he could not practise before the age of twenty-four, he set himself to his studies again, and became a profound jurist. From his early youth he had felt a deep depression at the thought of his country's subjection to Austria; he began a secret propaganda, and formed the project of a rebellion. Shut up in a little carpenter's shop at the very top of the house in which he lived at San Paternian, he drew up and printed, with the help of a lithographic stone, an appeal to arms which his companions slipped by night under the door of every house in Venice.

In 1838, in the discussion of some question of local interest, he knew how to find a response in the heart of the masses by openly attacking the government which was oppressing the country. This is the real starting-point of his popularity. The subject in question was the plan of a railway to run between Venice and Milan. However indirect and

foreign to the question of political emancipation this might appear, the people understood Manin's action and his character; they had found the leader of the movement which was by and by to take shape and lead to the departure of the Austrians. Manin lost no opportunity of speaking. He received Cobden, and welcomed Cormenin; when the patriot Padovani was confined as a lunatic, he made a legal protest and unceasingly claimed his liberation; when Domeneghetti, a young and enthusiastic student, ventured to cry "Long live Pius IX.!" and was forced to enlist in a German regiment to expiate his crime—for it was at this time considered a crime, as the Pope was the representative of liberal ideas in Italy—Manin took his cause in hand and defended it with the greatest vehemence.

On the 21st of December, 1848, Daniel urged the liberal deputies to demand reform from the Austrians; he directed the demonstration in which the poet Tommaseo openly, in full Athenæum, attacked the censorship of the press. At last, on the 18th of January, 1848, he was arrested and avowed his part in all liberal manifestations; Tommaseo soon shared the same fate. The population of Venice, anxious to show their sympathy with the prisoners, left the theatres empty; many put on mourning; and at four o'clock in the afternoon they came in crowds before the prison, the men uncovering their heads and the women waving their handkerchiefs. On the 5th of

February, hearing that the Neapolitans had obtained a constitution, they resolved to repair to the Fenice; all the women of fashion had agreed to wear tri-colored ribbons, and when La Cerito danced the Siciliana, she was thrown three wreaths, one of red camellias, another of white camellias, and a third of green leaves. The governor Palfy ordered the house to be cleared, but that the carrying out of this might not be left to the *sbirri*, Comello, a young Italian who had already requested all the ladies to leave, appeared in one of the front boxes crying out "Fuori tutti"—and the armed force found the hall empty. There was at this time the most perfect understanding between all these oppressed citizens; the drawing-room and the street, the palace and the garret, were agreed, and all hearts beat in unison; the patrician and the gondolier suffered from the same grief. The patriots decreed that there should be no more smoking, in order to deprive the Austrian government of the benefit of the duty; every evening, at the hour when the soldiers came to play on St. Mark's Place, these music-loving Italians retreated to their houses. Such demonstrations, added to those of Milan and Florence, led to the proclamation of the state of siege at Venice. The revolution of February broke out in France; it communicated its effects to Germany, and Venice became more and more excited. Agitation showed itself in a hundred ways. The Duke of Ragusa was insulted in the

streets; the purport of councillor Zanetti's report was known, he had declared Manin and Tommaseo innocent, and their release was now demanded, and obtained at last by intimidation. The whole people rose, revolution was imminent; they hurried to the prison to tell Manin he was free, and carried the great patriot on a shield all around St. Mark's Place, where he harangued the people; thence they went to the little house at San Paternian, the modest dwelling in which he lived with his family, and which is still an object of pious care to the Venetians.

While Manin was embracing his daughter the people hoisted the Italian flag and paraded it through the streets; a German actress, Goldberg, threw two more flags out of a window of the Procuratie, which were hoisted on the masts of the Piazza. The governor, seeing this, had the alarm-gun fired, and the Piazza occupied by the military. A struggle followed, blood was shed; street fighting is easy in Venice when the bridges are cut. Manin continued to counsel legal resistance, but was overpowered; it was then he accomplished a great act which saved Venice from anarchy—the organization of the civic guard.

The Austrian government granted four hundred guards, Manin raised four thousand, and defended the people against their own excesses. On the 15th of May, 1848, the Austrians having at last promised

a constitution, and the agitation continually increasing, the German regiments began to waver, and the governor to lose his head. An officer of marines called Salvini managed on the 19th to reach Manin, and announced to him that in face of the insurrection the Austrians had decided to bombard the town, and that the only way of saving it was to take possession of the arsenal. From that moment the idea worked in Manin's mind, and he put it into execution with incredible firmness and energy. Without firing a shot, forcing Marshal Martini to give way before the threatening insurrection, substituting for him with his own consent a Colonel Graziani, arming the workmen and distributing them into companies, seizing the guns, the arms, the entire arsenal, he stationed there trustworthy officers, and finally repaired to St. Mark's Place to proclaim the Republic to the characteristic cry of "Viva San Marco!" A provisional government was nominated, and the same day the Austrian government signed its capitulation. Venice was herself once more; the Patriarch sang the Te Deum; Manin was acclaimed President, and Pius IX. did not hesitate to bless the new Republic. For eleven months Manin, standing ever in the breach, played there the part that Lamartine played in Paris from February to the end of April; appeasing the grumblings of sedition, rendering justice, repressing excesses, speaking night and day to control the seething passions of the time.

On the 23rd of March, 1849, while Venice was celebrating the anniversary of her Republic, Charles Albert fell at Novara. This was a new danger for Venice, and accordingly, on the 27th of March, the Austrian general Haynau sent a message to the chamber of duputies summoning them to surrender the city to its lawful masters. Manin convoked the representatives and obtained a decision to this effect: "Venice will resist at all costs; and to this end Manin is invested with discretionary power." The red flag was hoisted from the Campanile of the Piazza. Thirty thousand Austrians encircled the lagoons with an immense park of artillery and all the necessary materials for a long siege; and Admiral Dahlrup blockaded Venice on the side toward the sea.

The siege of Venice is epical as the Odyssey. The Venetians under Manin's leadership accomplished miracles of valor. M. Anatole de la Forge in his *Histoire de la République de Venise* has given a moving narrative of the daily events of this drama. The bombardment was terrible, and the cholera added its horrors to those that fell upon the mighty city. Manin attended to everything; by turns engineer, statesman, diplomatist, at one moment taking part in a sortie as a private soldier, at another organizing the defence or electrifying the spirits of the besieged by his eloquence. The people called incessantly for him before the windows

of the Ducal Palace—"Fuori Manin"—and Manin by turns stirred or stilled the tumultuous masses.

The people were heroic, Manin was sublime; at every moment he braved the bayonets of the Austrians—even those of his fellow-citizens, for there were internal risings to be put down. At length, when the last bit of bread was eaten, the last ducat spent, the last ball fired, Venice capitulated on the 24th of August, 1849.

Manin was exiled, and set out for France. His wife and daughter both died on the journey. In Paris he lived from hand to mouth by giving lessons in Italian. He was great in his fall as he had been in his triumph, steeped in calumnies, but crowning by virtue and unostentatious poverty one of the most loyal, pure, and noble careers of modern times.

Seventeen years afterward, Venice, rescued from the Austrians, claimed from France the body of her heroic son, and brought it back in splendid state to St. Mark's on board the *Bucentaur*, feeling that the soil of the land of exile would weigh too heavily on the great patriot who had so loved his country.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARCHIVES OF VENICE IN THE MONASTERY OF SANTA MARIA GLORIOSA DEI FRARI.

In the mind of the trained student of historical manuscripts, the whole past of Venice lives again when he visits the ancient monastery Sta. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, and sees there the astonishing collection of documents which constitute the famous Archives of Venice. M. Armand Baschet, an amiable friend and scholar who was my guide in the first steps I made toward the study of Venice, has devoted to this subject a very important volume, which is indispensable to all who desire to work for themselves at these archives. To give the reader a succinct idea of this prodigious collection of documents, we should have to make a résumé of M. Baschet's work entitled: "*Archives de Venise—Chancellerie secrète de la République sérénissime*," but we prefer to borrow from the author himself a short account—a brief but comprehensive view of the subject. The reader will certainly lose nothing by this, for it may be unhesitatingly said that with the exception of the keepers of the

archives themselves, and a few special historians, M. Armand Baschet is the writer who knows the subject best.

Strangers visit these memorials of the past just as they do a museum or a famous palace. Every one receives a warm and liberal welcome. With what delight one wanders through these vast rooms where the archives are preserved and classified! with what amazement one stands before the mass of documents which compose the "Ducal Chancery!" With what keen interest one penetrates into the little chambers known as the "Secret Chancery," the holy of holies of this temple! The lover of autographs will stop first at the cases in one of these rooms, to devour with covetous eyes the interesting and rare signatures which are here artistically arranged. In due course he will come to the great and small registers of the Council of Ten, who were formerly of such mysterious fame; some simple folk will wonder at not finding them bound in black with death's heads at the four corners.

The building which now contains these great vestiges of the policy and administration of Venice, used to be called the abbey of "Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frati minori conventuali." The title is long, and for shortness it was familiarly called "dei Frari." The grand and beautiful church remained a place of worship after the suppression of the religious bodies in 1810; and the convent, one

of the largest in Venice, unoccupied at first, then turned into barracks, was some years later appropriated to the custody of all the political, administrative, judicial, financial, territorial, and other papers, which had been dispersed in different places since the fall of the Venetian Republic on the 12th of May, 1797.

It would be a mistake to suppose that, while the Republic subsisted, there was any single place in which the archives of the various offices of state were deposited. The immense mass of documents, which is now to be seen in the interminable halls and chambers of the Frari, proceeds from a comprehensive scheme of collection and preservation, for which there could have been no motive so long as those offices were still at work. Each department had its own archives; and the phrase "State Archives" was not even used; they said "Ducal Chancery," "Lower Chancery," "Secret Chancery," to designate one of several special collections of documents or written evidences which the State was interested in preserving as containing the record of its political and administrative life.

To realize that two hundred and sixty-four vast halls and chambers scarcely suffice to hold the papers collected together, it must be remembered that the actual collection contains not only the archives formerly distributed among the hundred and thirty or forty separate magistracies or depart-

ments of which the official world of Venice was composed, but also the whole of the documents produced by the six governments which have successively administered the Venetian provinces since the 12th of May, 1797. Under the Doges, the political archives properly so called were kept in what was known as the Secret Chancery; those belonging to the Council of Ten were arranged in presses and cabinets adjoining the great Council Chamber; and those of the State inquisitors were confided to the care of the secretary of that dreaded tribunal. These different depositories, which were protected from any indiscretion by regulations of extreme severity, were all in the Ducal Palace. Several fires, of which two in the sixteenth century were the most destructive, caused irreparable losses to the Secret Chancery; it was thus that many precious series of diplomatic correspondence during the Middle Ages, and from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks down to the death of Francis I., have been destroyed. Venice was then one of the great powers of Europe, of whom all the rest had to take account. Her statesmen had won universal respect by their diplomatic talents. We must therefore regard as an immense loss to history the destruction of such important political documents as the despatches and reports on the various countries which weighed in the balance of European and Oriental politics during the fifteenth century.

These archives underwent still further vicissitudes at the fall of Venice in 1797. They were dispersed. France appropriated a small number, which she had to relinquish to Austria; Austria next had to restore them to France, who claimed them for Italy; and all this in the space of nine years (1797–1806). But this game of give-and-take can hardly be free from risk to the component items.

In 1807 the Italian government did what it could to concentrate in different localities of Venice the principal divisions of the archives belonging to the old Republic. The ruins were still smoking. All that was possible was done to restore and re-unite. The political division was brought together at San Teodoro, the judicial in another place, and the financial in a third. This state of affairs continued till April of 1814, when the Austrian rule began. The hatred to this rule was not then what it afterward became. Austria governed without too much annoyance to herself or to the Venetians. The Emperor Francis, who up to that time had known his empire only in agitation and disquiet, began to relish the joys of peace, and the provinces experienced the good result. Venice was well governed and treated in some degree as a favored capital. Among other salutary steps resolved on in her honor, was one taken on the 13th of December, 1815, to concentrate in one place all the archives of all the ancient public offices of the city. *Inde fortuna . . . et salus.*

Thus, in 1815, was agreed upon, and admitted in principle, the foundation of that splendid collection which a few years later was inaugurated under the official title of Imperial and Royal general Archives of Venice.

The decree of concentration once signed, it became necessary to choose a suitable building. But a short and quick procedure was but little known to the Austrian administration at that time; nothing was accomplished without taking ten times as long as was necessary. Three years passed in selecting the right place, and four more in appropriating it to this use. The place chosen was, as we have said, the ancient monastery of Santa Maria Gloriosa. And in truth no better could have been found. It was in 1822 that the archives of the Most Serene Republic, increased by those which had since accumulated, were definitively installed in that vast and picturesque resting-place, the aforesaid convent of the Frari, where the traveller visits them to-day.

From the Campo, where this great and beautiful church stands, the public entrance to the Archives will be found to the left, after crossing two bridges closely connected by a small quay. After passing under the archway of this entrance, which in itself is in no respect remarkable, we enter a large and rather dilapidated court flanked by wide arcades. From this entrance-court, the great court of the convent, a singular and majestic enclosure called the

Court of the Trinity, is separated by a block on the left. The principal parts of the building look down upon the great court in question, which must in old days have been the chief promenade of the monks. The appearance it presents is due to the combination of grandeur and singularity which cannot fail to astonish all visitors. The reddish tone of one part of the walls, the gray tint of the round arches, the extent and width of the balustraded terraces, the triumphal fountain in the middle, the pavement blackened with time, the brick bell-tower strongly dominating the picture; the exterior flank of the church, the long and narrow pointed doorway delicately piercing the right-hand arcade,—all these architectural contrasts, brought together, certainly, with no presiding idea of harmony, produce an astonishing effect. After the early morning, when the chattering women and children of the neighborhood come to draw water from the great well at the hours fixed for the supply of the various adjacent quarters, silence reigns supreme in these cloisters; and when the hot southern sun flings into poetical relief all the parts of the noble group, the imagination can desire no more striking spectacle than this Cortile of the vast Venetian monastery. The buildings rising from each side of the two courts, and opening out also on the half-cultivated gardens which separate them from the little church of Saint Roch, contain the innumerable series of registers and portfolios

forming the bulk of the Venetian archives. If we had to explore the labyrinth of rooms the visitor is invited to go through, and to describe the contents of each one of them, our narrative would have to extend to encyclopædic limits. Here, however, are a few accurate notes meant to give some idea of this colossal collection of papers.

The systematic arrangement which has been made comprehends four divisions: the Political, the Judicial, the Commercial, and the Territorial. Each of these has its subdivisions, to which are attached the sections in connection with the multifarious official departments of the extinct Republic. It is, to say the truth, a kind of labyrinth, in which one must have had special practice to know how to look properly for what one wishes to find. A trustworthy guide is indispensable.

The number of documents collected together in the Frari has often been exaggerated by writers, as well as the the area of those parts of the building which contain them. We will have nothing to do with such extravagant figures as those sometimes quoted—14,000,000 documents, 2,275 archives, 400 halls and rooms, etc. These are fanciful figures. Did not the geographer Andrea Balbi, in a rare pamphlet published in 1835, undertake the absurd task of setting, and pretending to solve, inconceivable problems as to the material bulk of the Archives? His calculations are past belief. A

geographer through thick and thin, he proves that the shelves containing the classed portfolios, if ranged one after another, would form a line half as long again as the distance between Paris and Versailles; he affects to show that the separate leaves, numbering approximately 693,176,720, would form a band 1,444,800,000 feet long, going eleven times round the circumference of the earth. He is at last quite carried away by his geographical enthusiasm, and compares these Archives first with the Ocean, and then, moderating a little, with the Adriatic; but in the end, soaring beyond all bounds, he inquires whether the Venetian Archives could not on their surface give standing room to the entire human race! In some fantastic tale of Hoffmann's with a Keeper of Public Documents as the hero, this fanciful calculation would have the credit of an original invention; but in a geographical writer, whose first duty is accuracy, it becomes childish paradox. Let us come to the facts: following the most moderate and sober calculations, we may say that the Archives of Venice are distributed in 264 rooms; that in the division anterior to 1797 there are 121 archives, comprehending 100,752 portfolios and registers; and in the modern division 110 other archives containing 102,462 portfolios and registers; that finally, of separate documents on sheets of parchment, the number is ascertained to be 52,878. Here are trustworthy, and assuredly sufficient, figures.

We have said that to find one's way about the building is no easy matter. The entanglement of the rooms, in spite of their being numbered, is in truth so intricate as almost to necessitate a compass; and it would be very difficult to describe systematically the interior arrangements. There are some rooms which are no larger than an ordinary drawing-room, and there are others, such as the two ancient refectories of the convent, which are large enough to have held as many as 1800 monks on certain ecclesiastical occasions; others, again, have the full length of the nave of a great church. There are shelves ranged all along the walls, and on these shelves registers and bundles carefully docketed. Inscriptions in white on a blue ground indicate the most important classes. On getting to the first story by the grand staircase built against the back of the ancient refectories, we arrive at the largest halls, which are in the form of a Latin cross. This is the part of the building which contains the choicest of the ancient documents. Here are chronologically arranged all the papers relating to taxes, title-deeds, civil and criminal cases, and papers concerning finance, the mint, the public health, the arsenal, war, sumptuary legislation, maritime possessions, navigation, public instruction, orders of nobility, commerce, the arts, trades, and liberal professions, the departments charged with the inspection of monasteries and public services, the ordinary police

(under the picturesque name of "Signori della Notte al Civile e al Criminale"), waters, forests, mines, State loans, communal properties, and a multitude of other *Uffizi* or offices, ramifications of these different great departments.

Turning south, we come to a lofty and beautiful chamber, which used to be the library of the monks, but is now set apart, under the name of "Mani-morte" for the collections of the acts of the confraternities and convents; eight of the upper rooms in succession are reserved for the same subjects. At the far end of this magnificent room, a large window opens on the little Campo di San Rocco, and from it can be seen the admirable façade of that well-known and frequented monument, the Scuola di San Rocco.

On leaving the "Mani-morte," if we retrace our steps we reach the long space which is partly devoted to the collection of the Ducal Chancery. On the right of this two small Roman doors are to be noticed. One of these leads to the collection of the Secret Chancery, the other to that of the Council of Ten. These two low doors in the great sides of the Ducal Chancery, each opening into a suite of eight chambers, among which two of the largest belong to the department of the Inquisitors, represent altogether what one may well call the body and soul of the polity of ancient Venice. Chroniclers, publicists, political historians, historians of manners, diplomatists, negotiators, lawyers, and the merely

curious, may all find here what they seek. The ground here to be cultivated is rich and fruitful enough to admit of all reaping from it the rarest products.

Since the decree of December 13, 1815, ordering the general concentration of the archives in one building, they have been under the charge of six successive directors. The first of these was Jacopo Chiodo, of whom it is said that he was born *in* and lived *for* papers. He had in fact served the Most Serene Republic under the last two of her doges, first as coadjutor to the Chancery, and then as keeper of the archives to the Senate; afterward charged with a division of the archives, of which Count Marini had been principal director under the Italian government, he was in his turn appointed director in 1815; presided at the general installation at the Frari in 1822; and remained in this position, one well suited to his powers and tastes, until 1840. Signor Ninfa Priuli succeeded him, and continued in charge for seven years. He did little, or rather nothing at all. He was a man of no special parts or zeal. Then came the Cavaliere Mutinelli, appointed in 1847; during his administration there occurred the revolution of 1848; but he was not dismissed under the government of Manin, and when the Austrians returned to power, he still remained in favor.

Signor Mutinelli was a distinguished man of letters; he had a quick and vivacious mind, and undertook various reforms in the great establishment

committed to his care. He was not a liberal in politics, and had many and bitter enemies in Venice. Still he knew how to stand out against the storm with which the Viennese government threatened the archives in 1852. Vienna in fact secretly coveted the possession of the most precious part of the State papers of the extinct Republic; and intended nothing less than to plunder the whole Secret Chancery of ancient Venice, all the despatches, all the reports, all the diplomatic element which was one of the historic glories of the famous State. As soon as he was warned of this well-laid plot in the regions of imperial power, Signor Mutinelli, devoted though he was to the Austrian government, addressed a statement to the sovereign so forcibly reasoned that the Emperor's hand was stayed on the very eve of signing the fatal decree. We must, then, do Signor Mutinelli the justice to remember that it was he who saved for Venice the most delightful, interesting, and honorable part of her documentary treasures. It was during the later years of his administration that his immense depository began to be more easy of access to the studious visitor. Up to that time admissions to consult these papers were so rare that it would have been easy to name and count them. The Cavaliere Mutinelli retired in 1861, and was succeeded by Count Dandolo. It is from his appointment that we must date the liberal era of the archives; there was little more closing of

doors thereafter. Even the secrets of the Council of Ten were accessible. But the venerable Count, less fortunate than his predecessor, had during his administration to sustain the rudest shock that can be given to the head of a great establishment. Upon him fell the lamentable duty of having to record in his protocols the famous depredations ordered by Austria, and carried out with the strong arm, in this edifice intended only for quiet study and patient research. A benedictine monk named Beda Dudik, with a lieutenant who had made himself his paladin, had orders to see the spoliation accomplished. The struggle between the invaders and directors lasted two days. But armed force was called in, and against might the unfortunate Count had nothing to oppose but right; and on such occasions the power of right, however excellent from an abstract point of view, is of little avail to check or throw an adversary. And in this case the spoiler took away 1336 registers and portfolios from among those most valuable and necessary for the historical study of Venice, and 1000 tariffs, commercial treaties and the like; this happened on the 22d and 23d of July 1866. This is the spoil which Austria agreed to restore by the 18th article in the Vienna treaty of the 3d of October. The article was duly carried out.

Count Dandolo was succeeded as director of the Archives by M. Tommaseo Gar, a name respected

and loved by every one, whose valuable writings, accomplished scholarship, and well-proved powers of administration, naturally pointed him out for this coveted position. After him came the Cavaliere Toderini, who died recently, and was succeeded by Signor Bartolommeo Cecchetti, the learned author of various careful and valuable historical memoirs.

It must not be supposed that such a prodigious number of documents could serve to illustrate local history alone. The reports (*relazioni*) of the Venetian ambassadors are true political monuments. They supply an inexhaustible source from which the students of European history in general have drawn and will continue to draw. The whole drift of modern historical work is toward researches of this kind; history is coming to be more and more written from authentic records or contemporary documents; and no more fruitful source can be consulted by the scholar than that which we have just described. It is just to add that nowhere will he find custodians more eager to facilitate his studies, or be put upon the right track with more inexhaustible and disinterested kindness.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMMERCE OF THE VENETIANS—THEIR NAVIGATION.

Even from the first, the Venetians gave so wide an extension to commerce, and the spirit of exchange was always so strong within them, that if the Serene Republic has played an important part in the world, the fact is chiefly due to the wealth created by her trade. Her maritime genius was the precious fruit of necessity. The Venetians took refuge in the inaccessible islands of the lagoon to escape from the barbarians who were ravaging Italy; and from the very precariousness and isolation of their position, turned to account with unequalled prudence and subtlety and inspired by a spirit of adventure which never flagged, sprang up this rapidly-acquired prosperity, which had attained its greatest height at an epoch when most other nations of Europe were yet but gropers on the path of progress, and knew no other boundaries but those of their own frontiers.

I shall sketch rapidly, following Carlo Antonio Marin and Fabio Mutinelli, the main outlines of the history of Venetian commerce and navigation.

In the fourth century of our era, the Gothic King

Theodoric reigned at Ravenna. The aim of his policy was to consolidate his power, to civilize his people, and to obliterate all traces of the invasions and disorders attending the fall of the Roman Empire. Already established in their refuge amid the lagoons, the fisher people who were to be the founders of Venice made themselves useful and even indispensable to the conquerors, who had neither ships nor salt, and who had to beg them of the founders of Venice, by the voice of Cassiodorus, senator and commander of the guard to Theodoric. Here are the words in which Cassiodorus addressed the tribunes who were the magistrates of the new-born Republic: "We can live without gold, but not without salt." The salt-beds of the coast accordingly served to supply the wants of the barbarians; by means of their flat-bottomed boats the Venetians skimmed the surface of the lagoon, made their way up the rivers, and appeared in the midst of the Gothic towns. They brought them also olives and wine from the coasts of Istria. Thus they laid the foundation of their nascent industry.

They were quick to understand the great advantages to be derived from these natural salt-beds of their lagoons, and from those which might be artificially established along the neighboring coasts. They began therefore by perfecting the art of extracting salt, signed treaties of commerce with their neighbors, bought from them the right of trading in

this product of their shores, and either by way of the Adriatic, or by the rivers which empty themselves into the basin of the lagoons, found an easy means of transport, which enabled them to provision Italy and the coasts of the Levant at a lower price than any other producers. These salt-beds of the lagoons furnished in considerable quantities the salt known by the name of Chioggia salt. They improved the beds of Cervia, which belonged to the Bolognese, started the excavations of Istria and Dalmatia, and extended their works to Sicily, to the shores of Africa, and even to those of the Black Sea.

These relations once established, the Venetians founded regular establishments, managed and regulated like our fisheries, in the different places where this work of extracting salt was carried on. Little by little obtaining for themselves a complete monopoly of the trade, they penetrated as far as the interior of Croatia, and into central Germany, to extract the fossil salts. By advantageous contracts, and more often by underselling all other competitors, they secured the supply of the whole of north Italy, and in the exercise of a rather arbitrary authority, closed their port and even the entrance to the Adriatic against all competitors. Thence arose the palpable necessity of supporting their claims by force, and, as an immediate result, the necessity of increasing their war navy.

The Republic never ceased to regard this branch of trade as one of its most vital resources, and the great merchants of later days introduced into the most solemn treaties in the history of Venice purely commercial clauses, stipulating that they should supply the conquered State with salt. To show how far in advance of other nations the Venetians were in perception of their own interest, and in the spirit of commerce—in 1516, on the day after Marignan, when Pope Leo X. deprived the Venetians, then his own allies, of the commission to furnish salt to the whole duchy of Milan, and took it for himself together with those great salt-works of Cervia which had at an earlier period been ceded by the Bolognese to the Republic,—that Republic had already been in possession of this right for more than seven centuries. This throws the signing of the first treaty as far back as the eighth century.

Out of the necessity of administering these great properties, the source of such important revenues, grew the creation of a special magistracy, that of the "provveditori al sale." They were so jealous of these rights at Venice, that the Senate made laws forbidding the use of foreign salt throughout the territory of the Republic. Any infraction of these laws was punished by perpetual banishment, and the house of the culprit was razed to the ground. The public store-houses of salt were very numerous in Venice; the principal one opened into the ware-

houses of the Dogana or Custom House, which face the entrances of the Giudecca Canal.

As early as the year 450, incredible as it may appear, the spirit of policy showed itself in the Venetians; their prudence coupled with duplicity prompted them, while serving the Goths and deriving immense advantages from transactions with them, not to neglect the Greeks of the Byzantine Empire, who were soon to come to Italy to fight the barbarians. The Venetians became the auxiliaries of the Greek generals Belisarius and the eunuch Narses; when the latter arrived at Aquileia there was but one way left open for him by which to reach the enemy, who barred the road to Italy on the Lisonzo; and that way led through the marshes and lagoons. Narses had to ask the Venetians to escort the imperial troops under the walls of that same Ravenna, which but yesterday bought its salt of them. The rendering of this service opened the gates of Constantinople to the commerce of Venice; and immediately commercial treaties and contracts of exchange were signed between Venice and the Eastern empire.

Narses, a traitor to his country, invited the Lombards to that part of Italy which he had conquered; they came from the remotest parts of their wild home in Pannonia, and fell upon Ravenna; but they brought with them two terrible scourges, plague and famine. These two scourges, making

one vast cemetery of the vanquished country, turned nevertheless to the profit of the Venetians, who conveyed flocks and supplies for the famished Lombards from Apulia at the other end of the Adriatic. In exchange, the tribunes demanded for the Venetians security, protection, and exemption from all dues throughout the whole kingdom of Lombardy; they obtained permission to build houses, caravanserais, or *fondachi*, for their travellers and merchants, to establish and supply permanent markets on the coasts, where the inhabitants and subject populations should come and buy Venetian salt, foreign grain, and ordinary merchandise.

At the end of the eighth century, the Emperor Charlemagne, king of the Franks, takes possession of Lombardy. It is now no longer the dull race of Pannonia who reign at Ravenna, but the subtle Franks, the lovers of pleasure and luxury. The Venetians soon perceive the advantage they can draw from this circumstance, and, already masters of the commerce of the East, the home of splendor and opulence, they bring rich tissues, perfumes, carpets, purple and silk, peacock feathers, ivory, ebony, pearls and gems, to tempt the conquerors. They establish an annual fair at Pavia, which soon acquires the fame that has belonged in later days to that of Nijni, Sinigaglia or Beaucaire. In 989, the great Carlovingian succession having expired, the power of the Saxon Otho succeeded to that of the

Lombards and Franks in Italy. Pietro Orseolo, at this time Doge of Venice, wishing to develop still further the commerce and resources of the Republic, sent an ambassador to Otho, who received him at Mülhausen, and confirmed the Venetians in all the privileges which had been previously accorded to them by the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks in turn; he abolished all taxes, fines, and tributes. But this was not enough; the Emperor Otho conceded still more, and gave the Venetians a port and market very advantageously situated for access from Germany by way of the northern provinces of Belluno and the Trevisan. Hitherto, the Venetians had but had their genius; henceforth they had wealth and power; and every patriotic German sovereign continued to find advantage for his own people in granting privileges to the city of the lagoons.

This same Doge Orseolo, at the beginning of the eleventh century, obtained new rights for the Venetian shipping from Basil II. and Constantine VIII., Emperors of the East; and at the same time demanded of these sovereigns confirmation of the existing treaties of commerce with Constantinople, and with all the ports of Greece, Thrace, Cyprus, and Crete. The better to secure the good graces of the Eastern court, the Doge in his turn led the galleys of the Republic in person to the assistance of the imperial fleet before Bari, which was being besieged

by the Saracens, at this time masters of Apulia. The combined forces succeeded in raising the siege: and this important service drew still closer the bonds between the two powers.

But though they had thus contracted commercial alliances and signed innumerable treaties, the Venetians, shut up as they were in their lagoon, and possessing only a few leagues of dry land, experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring wood for building. Accordingly they took advantage of the arrival of the Normans in the Adriatic to embark on an enterprise which was destined to bring them full possession of Istria, Dalmatia, and the ancient Albania, regions at that time abounding in forest, though now cruelly despoiled of all vegetation. The Greek Emperor saw Durazzo besieged by the Normans, and found himself powerless to defend it; Venice came to the rescue and delivered Alexis Comnenus, who after that set no further bounds to the mercantile liberties of the Venetians, and even authorized them to found counting-houses and fondachi at Durazzo; he also levied a rate from the Greek empire toward the support of the church of Venice, and went so far as to compel the people of Amalfi, who had been the allies of the Roman pirates, to pay a large annual contribution to the Basilica of St. Mark. But this was not enough; the Venetians had a more important object. The Eastern emperors advanced a claim upon Dalmatia, and the Venetians,

who had just taken possession of that region, did not enjoy their rights without opposition. The Doge Vital Faliero sent a solemn embassy to demand that the Eastern empire should abandon its pretensions to these colonies. The empire was at this time a prey to dissensions and usurpations; and Alexis Comnenus, remembering with gratitude the help he had received before Bari, ceded to the Venetians all his rights over Istria and Dalmatia (1084). The effect of this act was to open up the forests to them, and put it into their power to construct those mighty fleets, which, put into action by the great commercial wealth they had acquired, were to render the Venetians masters of the Adriatic.

We now reach the moment when the Italian populations begin to claim their liberty. It is the epoch of the famous Lombard league, and of the internal quarrels of the Italian towns, each in arms against its neighbor. The commerce between Italy and Venice languishes, but Venice had a wide field, and every time one of the towns, having declared war against its neighbor, seeks the help of Venice, she makes them pay for this help by an advantageous commercial treaty. An immense enterprise, destined to change the face of the world, and forming one of the turning-points of human history, was about to give the Venetians another opportunity of displaying their prodigious resources. Peter the Hermit preached his crusade against the Turks, who had

already taken possession of Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, and Nicæa, where Soliman had established the seat of his empire. Constantinople was not yet in danger, but the East was threatened. Venice did not hesitate; was it religious zeal only which urged her on?—no, it was also the love of gain, the commercial instinct, the boundless ambition of this former settlement of fishermen. They armed two hundred galleys, commanded by Giovanni son of Vitale Micheli, and went to the help of the Crusaders. At the time of the fourth Crusade they were at the very zenith of their wealth and glory.

The French had no fleet large enough to carry their army to the East; they therefore addressed themselves to the Venetians, who contracted to undertake the transport for the sum of eighty million gold marks. In vain the French commanders sell their lands, and melt their plate and treasure; they are still thirty million marks short. Then the Senate proposes a singular compact. Lara, the capital of Dalmatia, was in revolt against Venice. It was agreed the French should help to reduce the rebel city, and, not being able to acquit themselves of their debt with gold, should pay it with their blood, and in this way fulfil the contract by which they were to be permitted to deliver the Holy Sepulchre. But before proceeding to their final task, they were tempted by the Senate into a new

enterprise which nearly brought upon them the excommunication of the Pope;—namely, the attack of Constantinople, their ally of yesterday, where the Emperor Alexis, son of Angelus Isaac, had been dethroned by his brother. It was the Doge Enrico Dandolo who had perceived the gain that might accrue to Venice from this enterprise. And in fact, the capital of the Greek empire once taken, there was no question of restoring the deposed sovereign; the throne was handed over to Baldwin; and the Venetians, who were not anxious to take over an empty sovereignty subject to so many accidents, and always threatened by the Turks, labored to secure for themselves only such imprescriptible advantages as would give them facilities for trading in all parts of the world. They had already rights over one part of the empire; now they possessed themselves of a half of Constantinople itself; they made themselves masters of all the islands of the Archipelago, and numerous ports in the Hellespont and in the Morea; they bought the island of Candia from the Marquis of Montferrat for a million gold marks; without drawing the sword Marco Dandolo and Jacopo Veniero took the city and territory of Gallipoli; Andrea and Girolamo Gisi seized Tenos, Mycon, Syra, and Scopolo; Rabano Carcerio took Negropont; Pisani triumphed at Pio, Quirini at Stampolia, Veniero at Paros, Navagero at Lemnos, and finally Marco Sanuto entered Naxos, adding

later to his conquests Antiparos, Santorin, Sisante, and Policandros.

The Venetians were now to put the crown upon their power by undertaking commerce with India through the Tartars. Samarcand was the great depot of merchandise in the East; thence by way of the Caspian goods reached the mouths of the Volga; from the Volga they were transported to the Don; the Venetians having there established a commercial settlement which afterward became very famous at La Tana (now Azof), they increased it by degrees till it became a very wealthy and important fortified colony, protected by the interests both of the Tartars and of its founders. From this time forth Venice may increase her glory, but she will never increase her wealth; she has laid the foundations of a prosperity destined to endure for seven centuries, and in proportion to the narrowness of her territory, unequalled in the world. France, as we have seen, already begged ships of Venice at the time of the Crusades; in the sixteenth century we shall find her negotiating loans from the Senate. The Venice of those days can be compared in wealth —relatively, of course to the difference of times and conditions—only to England, supported by her Indian colonies with their hundred and eighty millions of English and native subjects, and with mighty empires subject to her dominion.

From the thirteenth century Venice had so in-

creased her commerce, and had made such numberless treaties with the populations of Europe and Asia, that at certain periods her quays were filled with strangers, attracted by exchange and trade, and provided for by commercial friends who showed them hospitality. The Senate, full of anxiety to develop everything that tended to the glory or riches of Venice, thought to facilitate the sojourn of all these strangers by founding for them *fondachi*, a kind of caravanserais where they might be lodged gratuitously on reporting themselves to certain magistrates whose duty it was to establish their identity and station. The Germans were the first to have their Fondaco, situated on the Rialto itself; it has been rebuilt several times, and unfortunately nothing now remains to be seen of it but an architectural mass without special character, and of purely modern appearance.

Three nobles, with the title of Vis Domini, presided over the administration of establishments of this kind; there was a public weigher who took note of the weights and nature of the merchandise, and was employed in sorting and storing it in the warehouses attached to the fondaco. It will be seen that this was on the same principle as our docks, with the difference, that the owners of the cargo were lodged in the building itself at the expense of the State. Below the weigher was the *fonticaio*, or keeper of the building. In this same thirteenth

century the Armenians were also favored by the government; and a certain Marco Ziani, a nephew of the Doge Sebastian, who had a strong affection for them because his family had lived for a long time in Armenia, bequeathed them his palace, that known as the palace of the Ziani in the street of San Giuliano.

The Moors also had their Fondaco, close to the Madonna del Orto, at the Campo dei Mori, where a number of houses may yet be seen ornamented with sculptures of camels bearing merchandise, and figures in Moorish costume.

In the seventeenth century the Turks received for their share that superb palace on the Grand Canal which still bears the name of Fondaco dei Turchi, which the city has lately restored and appropriated to civic use as the Correr Museum. This palace is one of the oldest and most remarkable in Venice, and must be about contemporary with the Ducal Palace and the façade of St. Mark. It faces the lagoon, and was the property of the Duke of Ferrara. But long before the seventeenth century, so early as the fourteenth, the State had provided for the Turks in the street called Canareggio, and afterward in that of San Giovanni e Paolo, near the statue of Colleoni, one of the most beautiful localities in Venice, where stands the wonderful church of San Giovanni e Paolo. But it must not be forgotten that these Turks, so useful from a commercial

point of view, were infidels; therefore the windows of their Fondaco were ordered to be walled up, the rooms were lighted from an interior court, the building was enclosed by a wall, and two corner towers, which might have served as a defence, were thrown down. A Catholic warder was appointed, who closed the doors at sunset. Women and children were not permitted to cross the threshold, powder and arms were deposited in a safe place in front of the entrance; and to complete this series of restrictions, it was forbidden to lodge an Ottoman in the town.

The Tuscans, who, as every one knows, were great merchants, and had become very wealthy by means of banks and counting-houses, had their Fondaco on the Rialto; and the people of Lucca had theirs at the Via Bissa, in the part of the town which lies between the Rialto and San Giovanni Crisostomo.

The Greeks and Syrians were so numerous, and on such good terms with the Venetians, that they lived in all parts of the town. As for the Jews, they had been the objects of innumerable regulations; but they could not be excluded because of their peculiar aptitude for trade. As early as the sixth century, they had claimed the monopoly of money-changing, and most princes who knew their own interests, protected and encouraged them to live in their cities. In the thirteenth century the Lombards and the Florentines had in their turn succeeded in

getting the monopoly of large transactions; envy arose against those who were amassing and preserving such immense wealth; and the spirit of the Crusades, in awaking Christian feeling, also excited public animosity against the race. Still Venice remained open to them, a privilege they used, and no doubt abused, for they were soon forced to take refuge at Mestre, a little place which in our day is the meeting-point of the railroads which converge at Venice from north and south. Banks in the proper sense of the word did not yet exist; pawnbrokers were unknown, consequently the Senate after a time readmitted the Jews to the city with a view to developing petty as well as wholesale commercial interests, and of encouraging business generally. The time of their sojourn was limited, so that the privilege should not have a definite character, and they were forced to wear a distinctive badge in the shape of a small piece of yellow material sewn on the front of the dress, for which later a yellow cap was substituted, and later again a cap covered on the top with red. They were forbidden to buy houses, lands, or real property, or to enter the liberal professions, except indeed that of medicine. If a Jew was convicted of misconduct with a woman of the Rialto, he was fined 500 lire and imprisoned for six months; and in other cases he might be imprisoned for an entire year. Cruel to these men, whom they nevertheless sought out for their pro-

verbial intelligence, and by whose abilities they profited, the Senate assigned them, as at Rome, a special district to live in, the Corte delle Galli, between the streets of San Girolamo and San Geremia; they gave it also the customary name of Ghetto. The Jews were made to pay dear even for this unhealthy abode, and a walled enclosure was built round it, to separate them from other citizens; they were in the identical position of the Jews of Morocco in our own day; constrained to close their doors from sunset to sunrise, and with two Catholic warders, paid out of their own money, charged to keep watch over the place. On holidays they were strictly forbidden to go out. Two armed galleys guarded their outlets to the sea. They could not attend a synagogue in Venice, for no place of worship was allowed them within the city; they were obliged to go to Mestre for this purpose; and for their burial-place they were grudgingly conceded a desolate strip of the sea-beach.

But we are not now concerned with the position of the Jews in Venice, only with their commercial relations toward the people of the Republic; let us therefore return to the fondachi, or residences granted by the State to the representatives of foreign trade.

Two fondachi have become famous and still exist at Venice; that of the Turks aforesaid, and that appropriated to the use of the Germans. The Fon-

daco dei Turchi stands to this day on the Grand Canal at San Giacomo dell' Orio.

Travellers who visited Venice thirty years ago must have remarked, in passing down the Grand Canal, this ancient building with its open loggia on the upper story ornamented with marble columns having Byzantine capitals. The antique façade, set with slabs of Greek marble, and encrusted with circular escutcheons, was falling into ruin, and earth and moss were choking the interstices. The Turkish custodian still lived there, and might be seen leaning sadly and silently against the last arch of the loggia, with Eastern immobility, indifferent to the gondolas passing and re-passing under his eyes, looking, but seeing nothing. A poet unacquainted with that placidity of the Oriental, which looks like dreaming and is yet so dreamless, might have imagined that he read a look of wistfulness in this man's eyes, and that the forlorn warder was thinking of other days, and of the ancient glory of Venice. This building, known by the name of Fondaco dei Turchi, was built in the thirteenth century by the family of the Palmieri of Pesaro. Pietro Pesaro, the last ambassador of the Venetian Republic at Rome, and the last of his name, could not bear to see the downfall of his country, and died in exile. The Pesaro were not always masters of this building. In 1331 it was bought by the Republic, and given to the Marquises of Este, Lords of Briare, who afterward became

Dukes of Este, when they gave splendid entertainments in this building, at which Ariosto and Tasso were sometimes present.

Pope Clement VIII. took possession of the beautiful domains of the Dukes of Ferrara, and gave them to his nephew Cardinal Aldobrandini, who in 1618 sold them to Antonio Priuli, Doge of Venice. The Republic, seeking a favorable locality for the sale of Turkish merchandise, hired Antonio Priuli's palace from him, which thus became the residence of the Turks and the depot of their merchandise. Extremely severe laws regulated this establishment. By and by the Fondaco came back into the hands of the Pesaro, Maria Priuli having brought it as a marriage portion to her husband Leonardo Pesaro, Procurator of St. Mark's. The last descendant of the Pesaro bequeathed the Fondaco dei Turchi to the Count Leonardo Marini, his nephew, who sold it in 1828 to a merchant, and he in his turn in 1859 ceded it to the city of Venice, which remains in possession. Count Sagredo, a Senator of the present day, was the first in our time to interest himself in this palace. He has written an excellent monograph upon it, in which the portions relating to art were treated by the skilful architect Frederic Berchet, who with great care and true feeling prepared a plan for restoring the structure. The commission, under the direction of first Count Alessandro Marcello, and then of Count Luigi Benito, welcomed the proposal;

Count Benito began the execution of it, which was carried on with precision and promptitude. Besides the Chevalier Berchet, who made a name for himself by this undertaking, we ought to mention the practical superintendent of the works, Sebastien Cadet, and the sculptor of the carvings, Jacopo Spura, who has been able to restore the ancient marbles without losing the character of their original workmanship. After so many vicissitudes, this ancient building, so judiciously restored, remains finally the Museum of Venice.

The Fondaco dei Tedeschi (of the Germans) has been so disfigured by successive restorations that it is necessary to consult history, as well as to make an effort of the imagination, before one can bring oneself to pay any attention to this large and massive palace, without beauty or proportion, which rises on the left of the Rialto as one comes from the railway. Tradition says that at the beginning of the sixteenth century its exterior walls were splendidly decorated with frescoes, the work of Giorgione and Titian. This is the first time we hear of Giorgione as the decorator of the exterior walls of a palace; but as the Senate, *d'ordine pubblico*, had decided on the decoration of the Fondaco, it is quite certain that they would have employed the famous Barbarelli (Giorgione), that great poet in form and color. It would be interesting to look among the records left by the officials concerned, in the

Archives of the Frari, for the financial accounts of the Fondaco, which should certainly be there; we should then know whether these great potentates and politicians were really able to employ the genius of Giorgione for this work. But without searching the archives, we may accept the assertions of great writers and specialists in things Venetian, who speak of having still in their time seen this splendid decoration, defaced and ruined indeed, but still showing indubitable marks of the master's genius. Selvatico has left a notice of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi; he attributes this building to Fra Giocondo, the famous Dominican who built the Consular Palace at Verona, and the Château de Gaillon in Normandy, one façade of which has been transported to the court of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. It seems that the Fondaco had existed from time immemorial on its present site; and when, in 1540, an extensive fire destroyed the building, the Senate, eager to show its interest in the cause of commerce, and in particular of a nation with which the commercial relations of the Republic had been so close for centuries, decreed that a new building of regular style should be raised upon the site of the old. But, if Selvatico asserts that Fra Giocondo was the architect chosen by the Signory, others say that it was Girolamo Tedesco who received the order. After a description of the building and its position on the Grand Canal, with its entrance to the sea, and its stairs by the water-

side for the unlading of merchandise, Selvatico expresses himself in words which leave no doubt as to the richness of the decoration. "The profile of the windows is poor, but they are disposed symmetrically enough to produce a simple and noble effect; and in truth they needed no further ornament, since all the plain parts of the walls were covered with splendid frescoes by Giorgione and Titian, frescoes which have been almost entirely destroyed by the hand of man and the agency of time together. At the two angles of the façade overlooking the canal, there stood at one time two towers, on which might be read two important inscriptions. But a few years ago, when the building was restored, the two towers were overthrown, the inscriptions effaced, and what is still more irreparable, two magnificent figures by Giorgione which might be regarded as the best preserved of all, were destroyed."

There is therefore no doubt that the most famous artists of the Renaissance helped to decorate public buildings of a civil or commercial character with exterior frescoes. This shows the immense importance which the Signory of Venice attached to commerce, and gives the highest idea of the magnificence of the time, and the intelligence of the counsellors of the government.

It is, however, difficult for us to form any idea of the splendor of these merchants of Florence and Venice. I find in Mutinelli the following lines,

which are well calculated to set the lovers of art dreaming:

"When the news of the victory of Lepanto reached Venice, the Germans were the first who wished to celebrate it by a splendid illumination in their Fondaco on the Rialto. All the other merchants followed this example; and those who most distinguished themselves were the Jewellers, the Tuscans, and the Mercers. The well-known portico of the Rialto, where the drapers' shops are, was entirely hung with turquoise blue fabrics spangled with gold and lined with scarlet. Each shop had its decoration; there were panoplies of oriental arms taken from the Turks, and in the midst of these trophies were to be seen pictures by Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Sebastian del Piombo, Titian and Pordenone. At the entrance of the bridge, an arch was raised on which the arms of the allied powers were represented quartered on the same scutcheon. Banners and festoons hung from every arch and every window; torches and silver candelabra placed on every projection illuminated the streets, and turned the night into a bright and splendid day."

And to show still further what luxury these powerful goldsmiths displayed, here is a passage from a MS. in the library of St. Mark, entitled *Chronicle of Venice—How the City was Built:*

"Thursday was the festival day of the Doge, Thomas Mocenigo; great stands were raised in tiers

on St. Mark's Place for the women. The goldsmiths placed two silver helmets in the midst, with their enamelled plumes which cost a hundred ducats apiece. Then came a procession of three hundred and fifty goldsmiths, dressed in scarlet and mounted on richly-caparisoned horses (each harness costing three ducats) preceded by trumpeters and musicians, who marched round the piazza in regular order. Then followed the companies of the Marquis of Ferrara and of the Lord of Mantua, the first composed of two hundred and the latter of two hundred and sixty horsemen; it was a great consolation to behold so many coursers, so many devices and ornaments and flags and streamers. The tournament lasted from seventeen o'clock (four) till twenty-two o'clock (nine), and it was a marvel to see so many gentle deeds. One of the silver caskets was presented by the goldsmiths to a knight of the Marquis of Ferrara, and the other to the Lord of Mantua, and it was a great triumph to behold. On the Sunday following, the 28th of March, 1415, there was a joust, a noble sight to see, with all these lords and their companies and devices."

At the time of the Renaissance, commercial relations were destined to extend no further; the most that remained to be done was to establish some counting-houses in the East, and to sign a few new treaties designed to consolidate those already existing. The nobles had no longer the power of occupy-

ing themselves with commerce; they were forbidden by strict decrees; exchange was concentrated in the hands of a special body, a class which thus became enormously wealthy, and in calamitous times, when titles of nobility came to be put up for auction, bought them for handsome sums in hard cash.

The fleet started from Venice every year under an escort of galleys, so as to escape the dangerous parts of the Adriatic which were infested by pirates, the famous Uscoques, whose haunt was in the Quarnero. The art of navigation was naturally developed with the habit of commerce, but to maintain her claims to dominion over the Adriatic Sea, the Republic had to concentrate all her forces on the construction of ships, and to make of her arsenal one of the most prodigious maritime establishments of the world.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARSENAL OF VENICE.

A NAVAL arsenal of formidable power and completeness, considering the date of its creation, was the natural outcome of that spirit of commerce and instinct for barter on which we have so much insisted. In it also the Venetians found the most powerful seconder of Venetian ambition; they had chosen, as a practical matter, to conquer the sovereignty of the Adriatic; they were therefore bound to be in readiness at any moment to defend their claim, against all who might be tempted to dispute it, by help of a fleet powerful enough to make up for the weakness of their theoretic right. The Sieur de Saint-Didier, author of a volume called *La Ville et la République de Venise*, and an eye-witness of all he narrates, declares that the arsenal properly represents the power of Venice; that it was, in his day the admiration of all strangers, and "the foundation of the whole power of the State."

The Turks, who were the constant and powerful enemies of the Republic, and often brought her within an inch of destruction, always looked with envious eyes on this establishment, then unrivalled in the

world. When the Grand Viziers gave audience to the ambassadors of Venice, they were never tired of asking for details concerning the organization, resources, and power of the arsenal. Strangers who visited the city hurried to the arsenal to admire both its wonderful order and its colossal extent; it seemed to be the moral force of Venice in a palpable form, the symbol of her power and the source of her wealth. Here one could lay one's finger on the working springs of Venetian strength and realize the inexhaustible resources of a nation which founded its greatness on the construction and maintenance of a fleet greatly out of proportion to its territory, and whose supremacy over the waters extended to all the coasts of the Archipelago.

We have seen that the Venetians were the first of all modern nations who understood the art of shipbuilding on a great scale; as early as the time of the Crusades, as I have said, they undertook the transport of the French army; and it was not enough that they should carry troops, they had also to defend them, and if necessary to provide a convoy. The heavy galleys had seventy-five feet of keel, and the light ones measured a hundred and thirty-five feet in length; the vessels called *coques*, specially used for transport service, could carry up to a thousand men-at-arms with their stores; the galeasses, which were rowed like galleys, had their prows made cannon-proof, and were armed with fifty pieces of

artillery of the highest known calibre; sixteen hundred soldiers could fight easily on board one of them. When such masses appeared on the scene of battle, the effect of their attack was irresistible and decided the victory. For more than a century the rival nations were unable to procure means of action powerful enough to oppose these war-ships of the Venetians. But naturally, the Genoese, who were great navigators and redoubtable adversaries, like the Spaniards and the Turks, tried in their turn to arm ships strong enough to sustain the contest, and at last succeeded. From this resulted, in Venice, a constant development of warlike resources, successive enlargements of the arsenal, and improvements continually effected under the impulse given by the rivalry of other nations. One superiority remained to the Venetians in their artillery. In every naval battle which they won, it is stated that the fate of the day was decided by the good marksmanship of the Venetian gunners. All their ships, even to the lightest, were armed with cannon; the small galleys, which were so quick in movement and useful in attack, penetrating in every creek of the bay, were also able, thanks to the fifteen pieces of artillery which they carried, to resist the shock of the enemy.

At the outset, the arsenal was only a dockyard for the construction of merchant vessels and galleys; it occupied, in the eastern part of the town, the site of the ancient islands of Gemole or Gemelle (twins);

the place was open, and it was not till long afterward that it was enclosed by walls and organized as a national establishment. Up to that time dockyards were improvised, wherever room could be found, according as they were required; thus in 1104 and in 1298, fifteen large galleys were put on the stocks, in the place where the Royal Gardens now are, on the very edge of the water. From the thirteenth century the arsenal was firmly established, and the Senate devoted all its power to enlarging it; they bought the neighboring grounds, dug new docks, dry-docks, and repairing and building-yards to which they gave names which still indicate that they were acquired by degrees. Many times the ruin of the arsenal was the great object of the enemy; a continual watch was kept; the square towers at the corners, the circuit of the fortifications, were constantly guarded by a picked corps. Once, during the war with the Genoese and Turks, spies or paid emissaries of the enemy attempted to set fire to the arsenal. In 1428, a Brabançon was prosecuted, who, it was said, had been bribed by the Duke of Milan to destroy the establishment; he was condemned to be quartered on the Piazzetta; and his body, tied to the tail of a horse, was dragged along the Riva de' Schiavoni.

At the close of the fifteenth century, so says a visitor who has left a descriptive memoir, Venice employed sixteen thousand workmen, caulkers, car-

penters, and painters, and thirty-six thousand seamen. It was about this period, in 1491, that the Senate created the special magistracy of "Provveditori al arsenale."

These magistrates remained in office two years and eight months at a time; they had to leave their palaces in Venice, and live in three houses specially built for them, the names of which, Paradiso, Purgatorio, and Inferno, are kept to this day. Each official magistrate had to be a fortnight at a time on duty, and while his turn lasted he was obliged to sleep in a room prepared for him within the fortified enclosure. He kept the keys of the arsenal in his room, made his rounds every day, and answered with his head for the safety of the place. There was a secretary attached to these three magistrates, "il fidelissimo segretario del reggimento." There was but one passage out of the arsenal, short of scaling the high wall; the small iron gate which opens on the little Campo was the only means of egress.

Everything concerning ship-building and armament, the direction of the works, the purchase of wood and iron, the organization of the workshops, the discipline of the workmen, the commanding of the troops, the training of seamen, store-keeping, provisioning, and contracts, all appertained to the "provveditori." They formed among themselves a committee for testing and examining new inventions

proposed to them by their fellow-countrymen or by foreigners. The artillery formed a separate department in the arsenal, under the special management of another magistrate, the "Provveditore all' artiglieria."

The outward aspect of the arsenal has scarcely changed since the middle of the sixteenth century, as we learn from an interesting engraving by Giacomo Franco, which represents the workmen leaving the yard after receiving their pay, and shows the same style of architecture and decoration which we still see there now, with, however, one point of difference: the great lions which now stand at the entrance were not yet there. These strange sentinels of granite, which give such a singular character to the building, are works of antiquity brought from Greece by the conquerors of the Peloponnese, of which their new owners made bold to assume that the origin, or at least the original employment, was for the commemoration of the famous battle of Marathon. These monuments were planted in their present place only in the seventeenth century. The learned authors of the celebrated compilation, *Venise et ses Lagunes*, say that one of the lions stood on the road which leads from Athens to Lepsina, the ancient Eleusis, and that the other, the sitting one, was at Piræus. There is a passage which leaves no doubt as to the removal of these two trophies by the Venetians: "The gate is now

called Porto Draco, or Lion's Gate, because of a colossal marble lion which was placed on a great pedestal near the mouth of the harbor. It was ten feet high, sitting on its haunches and looking toward the south. As the mouth was pierced it was supposed to have been intended for a fountain in other times. In 1687 this lion was conveyed to Venice by the Venetians and planted at the gate (*port*) of the arsenal in that city."

The workmen were a picked body, and the Republic counted so much on their fidelity that the guard of the Grand Council and Senate was entrusted to them. They were not only artisans, but soldiers, with a military organization, and brigaded and inspected at their work by the same men who commanded them as officers; and often this body of ten thousand—sometimes as many as sixteen thousand—men was the secret guarantee of the internal safety of the Venetian government.

Side by side with the provveditore and subordinate to him ruled the "admiral" or chief superintendent of the dockyard, who received this naval title rather on grounds of general association than from the actual nature of his duties; for he was an artisan, but one of the highest class, of acknowledged ability and high authority in his trade. He had the general direction of the works and the superintendence of all the building-yards: he enjoyed some much-envied privileges, and at ceremonies wore a

state costume which gave him almost the appearance of a noble; he had a robe of red satin, covered with an outer vest reaching to the knees, and for head-dress a *toque* of violet damask with a gold cord and tassels.

At great State festivals, or when official visits were paid to the arsenal by the Doge, the Senate, or any sovereign, the "admiral" occupied the post of honor and conducted the great men to the docks which were his special domain. On the day of the Sensa, when the Doge, accompanied by the Council and the ambassadors, went with great pomp on board the State ship, the *Bucentaur*, to perform the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, the high admiral acted as pilot. He was even responsible for bringing the Signory back safe and sound to shore, and had the power, if the weather was doubtful, of insisting that they should only cross the channels of the lagoon, without venturing into any waters which might be dangerous.

The arsenal contained three divisions, for ship-building, small arms, and artillery. In construction the Venetians surpassed all other people, and this superiority was attributed to two causes: the skill of the workmen and the quality of the timber they employed. They had adopted the plan of putting the administration of the forests under the naval department, and all other purposes for which timber is used, the building of houses and monu-

ments, fuel, etc., were made subordinate to the necessities of ship-building. Timber was bought in the province of Treviso, in Friuli, in Carniola, in Istria and Dalmatia; but these provinces did not supply enough, and recourse was perforce had to Albania and even to Germany. The timber, duly measured and stamped, and cut into solid beams, was floated in the Adriatic near the Lido, and was kept thus seasoning for ten years before it was used.

The different pieces of which a galley was composed were prepared beforehand in the workshops, cut and ready to be put together; and such was the perfection of the system that, on the day when Henri III. of France came to see the arsenal (1574), while he was attending a banquet in the Great Hall, in two hours a galley was put together and launched. It is needless to say that this was a prodigious feat, and that the governors would hardly have trusted the life of the Doge to this improvised vessel; but it was a way of exhibiting the powerful means at their disposal. In times of sharp political crisis, the activity here displayed surpassed all imagination. During the famous League which was crowned by the victory of Lepanto, a new galley left the arsenal every morning for the space of a hundred days continuously. To give, by a single authentic detail an idea of the means employed to secure this degree of efficiency, the State laid a permanent requisition on all crops of hemp grown upon its territories,

and opened special storehouses for its sale, to which all purchasers were compelled to have recourse, and to buy what they needed at a price regulated by law, after the government had first appropriated sufficient for the wants of the public service. Hence the superior quality of the cordage of the Venetian over that of any other navy.

The second department of the arsenal included the armament of the galleys, the manufacture, preservation, and repair of small arms, etc., as in our modern arsenals, the serving out of fresh armaments to each branch of the service as required.

The artillery department included the foundries, parks, gunners' training schools, all under the responsible superintendence of the provveditore of artillery. In the sixteenth century the foundries were under the direction of the famous brothers Alberghetti, who had formed a regular school of cannon foundry; artists like these impressed a stamp of their own on every piece which came from their hands, and hence it is that whenever one finds a gun of Venetian make in the modern artillery-museums or historical armories of Europe, it is almost always a masterpiece not only of casting but of design. Besides these branches of the service, there was also a "chief constructor" of military machines, who was bound to keep himself acquainted with the progress of mechanical inventions pertaining to the art of war.

Moreover the Venetians were the first to introduce the use of cannon of any kind into Italy; this they did about the year 1376, in the course of the war declared against them by Francesco Carrara, Lord of Padua. In a chronicle of Andrea Redusio da Quero, printed in the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, we read as follows: "It (the cannon) is a great instrument made of iron, having a wide mouth, and hollow along the whole of its length. You load it with a round stone rammed upon a portion of black powder made of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal; you light this powder by a hole, and the stone is driven forth with such violence that never a wall can stand against it. You would think it was the very thunder of God." We see by this passage that we are still in the days of stone-shot, and that the pieces in question are guns of position and not field-guns. It was in 1380, during the defence of Chioggia against the Genoese, that bombards or mortars were used for the first time. These pieces were only fired once a day. Daniel Chinazzo, in his chronicle of the war of Chioggia, gives the names of the two of highest calibre. One was *la Trevisana*, the other *la Vittoria;* the former shot stones of 195 pounds weight, the second of 140. It was on the 11th of April, 1512, the day when the battle of Ravenna was fought against the Venetians by Gaston d'Orleans (who fell in the fight) for the French, Fabricio Colonna for the Romans, and Peter

of Navarre for the Spaniards—it was on this day that the Spaniards for the first time turned the cannon into a field-arm, by mounting it on carriages and driving it to the front among the attacking lines. From that time, the Venetians adopted the same system, and substituted light artillery for heavy, for use in the open field. The famous condottiere Bartolommeo Colleoni, whose equestrian statue stands upon the Piazza San Giovanni e Paolo, was the first to use these deadly engines for the advantage of the Republic in her campaigns.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOGE OF VENICE.

Chosen by the Grand Council, the Doge of Venice was elected by a system of successive ballotings designed to guarantee the integrity of the vote. He bore the title of Most Serene Prince. He enjoyed rights and privileges presently to be described, but was bound to duties and obligations innumerable, and, in spite of the authority attaching to his name, possessed only the shadow of real power. He was essentially a symbolical personage, the personification or incarnation of the Republic before all the powers of the world as represented by their ambassadors. The true practical ruler was the Senate, and the action of a chief magistrate having other than nominal power, and capable of antagonism with the policy of the Grand Council and the Senate, would have opened the door to conflict and embarrassment. In appointing their Prince, his electors imposed upon him, with the robe of gold and ermine, conditions harsh and difficult of fulfilment. A Doge must forego political initiative for the rest of his days; he must move beneath the ever-jealous observation of men; he is covered with honors but kept

close in sight; he is no longer a free agent, he has, so to speak, to lay by his individual existence. He must not answer a question without the advice of his councillors; he must not open, still less answer, a despatch without communicating it to those who are set to attend, assist, and keep eye over him by night and day, in his private as well as his public life, and even within the chambers of his palace. True, he is the official president of the College or Council of Ministers, but the Wisemen wait for the Doge and his Privy Council to withdraw, before they discuss the proposition which he has laid before them; and when their resolution is taken, submit it to the vote of the Senate; and in this vote, the voice of the Doge counts for no more than that of any other of his brother members of the high chamber, but is taken on equal terms with those of all the rest.

The coinage of Venice, however, was stamped with the effigy of the Doge, and every possible outward sign of royal dignity was granted him. Following after the Pope, Emperor, and King, he took precedence of princes of royal blood. Yet, once become the gilded idol, the majestic image of St. Mark, all power of will, all aspiration, all liberty, was for ever gone. From a kind of Machiavellism in policy, the Senate never chose the man of strong individuality, of prompt and resolute spirit, of profound political capacity, for the head of the government; all these qualities would be nullified by the very conditions

of the office, and those who possessed them could turn them to much better account in less exalted offices. The direct action of the Doge could not be injurious to the Republic; he had no power to compromise a negotiation, to raise a conflict, or to take a dangerous decision; for if he happened to drop an imprudent word, to give way to a movement of irritation or a moment of weakness, the Senate solemnly disavowed him without pity. By an irrevocable decree, of which we have frequent examples in history, the sovereignty given could be taken from him. And yet this state of complete dependence did not lower the dignity of the office in the eyes of the Venetians, a fact much to their credit. There was on the part of the people an innate feeling of deference and respect for the office, as well as of personal regard for the citizen who accepted the stern law of the Republic, and sacrificed to it in the decline of his days, and despite so many hard conditions, what remained of the sinking fire of his spirit.

In a word, the Doge is generally for the State an ensign, a symbol of glory, and in himself a stately ruin yet erect. According to the traditional ideas of the governing caste, the qualifications most befitting the Ducal dignity are a renowned old age, an honored name, the yet unforgotten fame of some great victory or successful treaty, high birth and public services, and all these united at a stage in

life's career which bespeaks its not too remote termination.

On closely examining the statutes regulating the office, which we should now call the Charter or Ducal Constitution, and which were then called the *Promissiones* or *Promissi*, the number of restrictions that surrounded the Serene Prince are almost incredible. Following the growth of these restrictions in history, we see how, little by little, the circle contracted round the Chief of the State. At the dawn of the Republic he was a real sovereign, but at the height of its power he had become a slave, till the day when, by a movement of true patriotism, the commissioners appointed to study and revise the ducal constitution, with the object of depriving the Prince of the last right which yet remained to him, declared before the Council that if the great days of the Republic were no more, if each year that passed saw the prosperity of Venice fading away, the cause might perhaps be found in these very restrictions set upon the initiative of the Doge. The Committee of Revision found no opposition in the Grand Council, and tried to restore to the Doge that prestige which the nobility had done their best to diminish on the occasion of every successive vacancy for the last eleven centuries; but it was too late; in a few years more the Venetian Republic had ceased to exist.

Let us try, with the help of contemporary documents, to reconstitute the *mise en scene*, the splendid

ceremonial, with which the Republic of Venice surrounded its Serene Prince. The Doge is elected, he enters St. Mark's, which is the ducal church; there he receives the consecration of the Church, and thence he goes to receive the sanction of the people. Carried by the workmen of the arsenal in that singular chair which was called "the well," he scatters largesse to the people assembled in St. Mark's Place. Having entered the palace, he clasps the ducal *corno* round his head at the top of the Giants' Staircase, the gold and ermine cloak is thrown over his shoulders, and the statutes to which he swears obedience are read to him. After this investiture, he signs a solemn deed in the chamber called the Piongo, receives the flag of the Republic from the hands of the Primate of St. Mark's; and at last retires to his private apartments, where he gives a banquet to all his electors.

In public acts he is "Messer il Doge," but in despatches the ambassadors call him, "il serenissimo Principe;" and these same despatches, which he has not the right to read alone, are addressed to him personally. He sits on a throne, presides by right at the great Councils of State, and receives the ambassadors from foreign courts. When he enters, whether it be the Grand Council, the Senate, or the College, the whole assembly rises. Many engravings of the time, some of which are now very rare, show us the Doge in the exercise of his functions and in

the brilliancy and splendor of great public ceremonies. A drawing of the year 1560, signed C. V. (Cesare Vecellio?) represents him presiding over the College. He is there shown in the exercise of the ordinary duties of his office; it is the daily sitting where business is transacted, and we may see the whole arrangement of this chamber of the Ducal Palace in which the Council of Ministers was held: it is the very life of the time, the habitual course of affairs drawn from nature by a contemporary artist, no doubt the nephew of Titian himself. Despatches are being read, the secretaries stand in their places, the Grand Savii and the Savii of the distant provinces are listening, discussing and noting. Now let us look at the Duke and Duchess of Venice in great robes of state, after Messer Jacques Boissard of Besançon (1581). We may mistrust this evidence, singular as it is; Boissard is really a Frenchman, he has not the blood of Venice in his veins, and, as in art a man always betrays his origin, there is something strange and far-fetched in the character of the two figures to the right and left of the throne which we see in his picture—in which also three inscriptions in three different languages bear witness to the cosmopolitan character of the work. Nevertheless the print has an historical value. The shape of the ducal chair is peculiar, and recalls the style of decoration which belonged to Vittoria and Nicolo del Abbate. Of quite a different character is the precious

memorial, engraved on eight blocks, called "The Procession of the Doge." The sale catalogue attributes the design of this print to Titian, but this may be doubted because of a certain stiffness, a want of firmness in the setting of the heads, and a woodenness of action in the figures. The engraving, which is marked "extremely rare," is by a certain Matteo Pagani; it is of the highest historical value for the costumes and manners of Venice. In it we seem to take part, on St. Mark's Place—from which the balconies of the Procuratie can be seen filled with beautiful and noble ladies—in a ceremony then so frequent, the triumphal procession of the Doge on some great Venetian holiday. In it the art of plastic representation supplies a living commentary on the ceremonial as prescribed by official authority in those days. In front are the eight standards with their ribbons floating in the wind (*otto stendari*), the heralds (*commendatori*), after them six silver trumpets *(sei trombe)* so long and heavy that young pages have to support them near the mouth. The ambassadors and their retinues follow, then more music, bass instruments and flutes *(trombe, pifferari)*, the Esquires of the Doge *(scudieri)*, the Canons of St. Mark and the Patriarch of the basilica *(canonici, patriarca)*; the silver candelabra carried by a page, which preceded the ducal coronet *(corno)* carried by a squire on a gold dish. The Secretaries, the Chaplain, the chair covered with cloth of gold, and the

cushion, and special belongings of the Doge, precede one of the highest dignitaries of the State, the Grand Chancellor *(il Canziller Grande)*; finally the Most Serene Doge, over whose head is carried the *ombrela.*

In front of the Prince walks a child splendidly dressed like a little Signor; this is *il Ballottino*, and his business is to receive the ballot balls. In the suite of the Prince walks the Pope's Legate, *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*,—thus the ambassador of France is styled without even adding the name of his country,—and the envoys of the different European courts. Between the ambassadors and the College is borne the sword of state, *la Spada*,—an emblem of the power conferred by Pope Alexander III. The procession was closed by the Signory, that thrice illustrious body, composed of its three several orders of Wisemen. Every period, from the fifteenth century down to our own days, has left us evidences and memorials of all kinds to tell us of historical facts, of ceremonies, and public and private festivals, though there are few to be found of such importance as this which we have just described. It may safely be affirmed that from Carpaccio to Longhi there is no break in the chain of evidence that we possess; the sixteenth century, however, can boast of giving us the fullest details; moreover, the artists of that age having lost the awkwardness of their predecessors, who knew little of perspective,

have yet enough natural freshness left to preserve the truth of evidence.

From this point of view, where—after the procession attributed to Titian—could be found a memorial of more pre-eminent importance than the print in fourteen blocks by Jost Amman, a German who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century? This piece, which the catalogues of the most celebrated cabinets of Europe also mark as "extremely rare," measures over four yards square and represents the view of St. Mark's Place at Venice, with the cortége of the Duke at the ceremony of the "Marriage of the Sea." The procession here deploys its sumptuous length; in the above-mentioned print we had a series of details, here we have the whole; the same procedure is followed in the cortége, but the *Bucentaur* is already alongside, and the Doge is about to embark. On the waves of the lagoon, quaintly tossed by the wind and rendered with a peculiar touch, we see gondolas thrown into collision, State gondolas carrying companies of richly-apparelled women, official gondolas carrying Turkish and Dalmatian visitors.

Other processions of a religious character pass along the Riva bearing sacred relics; some come from San Zaccaria, others enter St. Mark's. But what really attracts us most, in this great composition, no doubt the largest woodcut known next to the "Passage of the Red Sea" after Titian, is not so

much the representation of a State ceremonial, for we have in fact just seen all that in Vecellio's picture; but the accessory episodes which set before us the life of the quays, the retail commerce going on in the ground-floors, the ladies on the terraces, over the balustrades of which they have thrown rich oriental carpets to lean upon. At the time Amman engraved his fourteen blocks the Libreria Vecchia of Sansovino did not yet exist at the corner of the Piazzetta, and there is seen in the angle one of those small and characteristic houses of which there are still two or three remaining near the Sotto Portico San Zaccaria.

This ceremony of the "Marriage of the Sea" is certainly the most characteristic of all the public ceremonies peculiar to Venice. It is held on the day of the Sensa; to it all the great dignitaries of State repair in their robes of office, accompanied by the ambassadors of foreign powers, who have their place of honor in the cortége. The embarking of the Doge takes place, to the sound of bells and the noise of trumpets and guns, on the Quay of the Piazzetta itself, exactly between the two granite columns The company takes its place on board the floating palace, all bright with gold and decorated with rich arras and hangings; the six standards float at the bow.

The Doge occupies a small saloon in the stern, with the Patriarch of Venice at his side. The

Bucentaur is towed along by twenty boats, and rowed besides by a crew of dockyard workmen. The gilded keel glides slowly over the lagoon, and moves towards the channel of the Lido, steered by the "high admiral." A thousand small boats follow in the wake, a motley flotilla carrying the population of Venice. As soon as the point of the Lido is doubled, where is the entrance to the open sea, the *Bucentaur* lays her head to the Adriatic; the forts thunder in full salvo; the great Bissonne, holiday gondolas with bands on board, make the air of heaven resound; the bells peal out together from all the bell-towers of Venice; and the whole multitude, from the mightiest to the humblest, uncover and rise to their feet. The Patriarch blesses the marriage ring,—a gold ring of which the signet is made of three materials, onyx, lapis-lazuli and malachite, and which is engraved with a book as emblem of St. Mark. He then presents the ring to the Doge; an assistant priest, standing by with a great vase of holy water, pours this into the sea, and into the ripples where it falls the Doge drops the marriage-ring with these sacramental words, "Sea, we espouse thee, in the sign of true and everlasting dominion." The return to Venice is effected in the same order, and with the same ceremonial; the Doge giving a prodigious banquet in the hall of the Great Council, and in the evening there is dancing at the

Ducal Palace. The workmen from the arsenal have a dinner of their own, also at the Palace, under the presidency of their "high admiral," assisted by the *gastaldo;* the Doge sends them four flasks a head of Greek Muscat wine, a box of comfits bearing the ducal arms, a bag of medicines intended to cure them in case of accidents in their trade, and a parcel of silver medals. The custom of the day—a custom repeated to the last—required that each workman should be free to carry home the drinking-cups, napkin, knife and fork, and everything which had served him at his dinner on that day.

Of two of the most celebrated Doges, Luigi Mocenigo, and Antonio Priuli, portraits have been left us by two anonymous painters, one of the sixteenth and the other of the seventeenth century. The portrait of Mocenigo has a special interest, as setting before us the Doge in full armor, breastplated and sword in hand; while Priuli wears the gold robe of office. Mocenigo is surrounded by vanquished Turks, bound in the midst of trophies; Glory reaches him her laurel, and Victory blows a point upon her trump; while the less warlike Priuli has no attributes but those of Peace and Plenty. A portrait of a more penetrating character than these is that which has been left us by Giovanni Bellini of Leonardo Loredano, who was Doge for the twenty years from 1501 to 1521. This admirable work

was formerly an ornament of the Grimani Palace at Venice, and is now in the National Gallery in London. It would be easy to multiply examples of portraits of the several Doges; for the whole series, with the single exception of Marino Faliero, appear along the frieze of the hall of the Grand Council.

In order to complete our picture of their Serenities the Doges, some examples may be referred to of arms and armor which can with certainty be identified as having belonged to them. The admirable collection of sixteenth century treasures belonging to Baron A. de Rothschild in Paris contains the magnificent sword which that famous amateur had the taste to single out, at the sale of the Séchan collection, and the spirit, undaunted by the hottest fire of bidding, to make it his own. No price can be too high for so incomparable a work of art. This marvellous weapon without doubt belonged to some illustrious Venetian captain (possibly to Sebastian Venier the victor of Lepanto); thus much is proved by the character of the weapon, the exquisite taste of the design, and especially by the appropriateness of certain attributes, as for example the silver crescent on the hilt, which is the emblem of a victory over the Turks. A second example has great historical interest. It is the sword of Morosini, the famous conqueror of the Peloponnese. It is much inferior to the sword of the Rothschild collection, and furnishes, in its vulgar rococo design, a striking

example of the art of the decadence in contrast with that of the sixteenth century. The weapon is preserved in the treasury of St. Mark's. It is a State or show weapon, and was presented by Pope Alexander VIII. to the Doge who had driven the Turk from the Morea. Inasmuch as the great dignitaries of the Republic were forbidden by law to receive presents from strangers, and as, on the other hand, such a tribute from a sovereign pontiff could not be refused, the present was made national property. Among the trophies which the Austrians carried off to Vienna in 1866 were a shield, a helmet, and a sword which belonged to the family of the Ziani, and were formerly included in the Museum in the hall of the Council of Ten. They are still preserved in the Imperial Palace, although nearly all the other treasures removed from Venice at this time—public documents, works of art, and historical memorials of all kinds—have since been restored to the kingdom of Italy. Strange mistakes have been made concerning these particular pieces of armor, and they have been catalogued as belonging to the Doge Ziani. Now as the date of Sebastian Ziani is 1173, and that of Pierro 1205, it is plain that neither one nor the other can have had anything to do with a buckler and headpiece which, by their character, clearly belong to the sixteenth century, nor yet with a sword patterned with fleurs-de-lys, which, though much older than the other two, is

certainly not later than the end of the fourteenth century. But what gives a real value to these relics is that, mistaken attributions apart, they certainly did have a place in the hall of the Council of Ten, and therefore must have belonged to some illustrious owner.

In a magnificent volume familiar to bibliographers, printed at Venice in the seventeenth century as a monument to the glory of the family of Barbadigo, *Numismatica Barbadica Gente*, is an illustration representing the attributes of authority of the Doge, arranged in the form of a trophy—the crown—the throne—the sword—the trumpets—the torches. In the possession of the popular French painter M. Florent Williams, is a precious casket intended to hold the *corno* or horned cap of the Doge; it bears the symbol of the lion, and the iron-work is worthy of the finest time of Venetian art. It is a thing to bring the water to the mouth of Barozzi, the courteous director of the Municipal Museum at Venice.

The reader may be here reminded of the origin of the symbolic attributes of the Doge. The Most Serene Prince enjoyed in perpetuity, after the year 1173, certain privileges granted by Pope Alexander III. to the Sebastiano Ziani of that day. The Pope, driven from his States by the Emperor Barbarossa, had sought the help of the Venetians, who encountered the imperial fleet in a sea-fight and destroyed it. Hereupon, wishing to show his gratitude to the

Republic and to honor Venice in the person of her chief magistrate, the Pope ordained that the Doge should walk henceforward preceded by officers carrying a lighted candle, a sword in its sheath, a chair of state, and a cushion covered in gold, and by heralds bearing the standards of St. Mark unfurled to the wind to the sound of silver trumpets. The Doge also received from the Holy Father that singular and poetical privilege of wedding the Adriatic Sea upon Ascension-day, in commemoration of the victory won by the Venetians on the day of that festival. The privilege which constituted the one technical title of the Venetians to their claim of possession over the waters of the Adriatic was granted by the Holy Father in these words: "Receive from my hand this ring, and let it be the sign of the lordship which you hold over the sea. Take her in marriage every year, you and your successors, in order that posterity may know that she, the sea, belongs to you by right of victory, and shall be subject unto you as the wife unto the husband."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ART OF MEDAL ENGRAVING.

It would be a difficult though not uninteresting task to attempt to give an idea of Venetian numismatics by framing a sketch of the catalogue of the medals struck by Venetians or having special reference to Venice, and great reserve would be necessary in such an undertaking. Venice may, indeed, claim a large share in the whole art of Italian medal-engraving. If the pieces directly illustrating Venetian history are not, as specimens, so fine as those connected with the history of Milan or of the Florentine Republic, still the majority of the designers who illustrated the history of Italy on medals, if not actually Venetians, were at least subjects of the Republic and born in her territory. Venice can in fact claim as her own Vittor Camelio, one of the greatest medal engravers of the Renaissance, and Vittor Pisanello, an admirable painter, a yet more admirable sculptor, and an incomparable engraver. Pisanello was a subject of the Republic born at Verona. It was there that this beautiful art took its rise; a whole group of skilful medallists formed themselves there and went out to become famous in the different

cities of Italy: Matteo de Pasti, Della Torre, J. M. Pomedello, J. Carotto, were also Veronese; Sperandeo, whose signature we find at the foot of some of the medals of the Doges, came from Mantua; Guidisani and Boldù, again, belong to Venice, and the Bellini themselves, who hold so illustrious a place in the Venetian school, did not remain strangers to this movement.

However, except the medals of the Doges, which are historical monuments of the highest value, the art of Venice proper in this field is not so rich as one would expect, and we find at the foot of the specimens but few signatures of the great men such as Camelio, Pomedello, Guidisani and Sperandeo. It is fair matter for surprise that the subjects of the Republic should have had to carry their talents into foreign countries and so seldom devoted them to reproducing the features of their Doges and nobles. The name of Pisanello, for instance, appears but once or twice in the list of Venetian works of this kind.

I should more willingly find the reason for this anomaly in the very instincts of the people than in certain restrictive laws decreed by a Senate jealous of letting distinguished personalities predominate in the State. Where was so little homage ever rendered by the State to individuals, no matter how great the public debt to them for some crowning victory? Where are there fewer statues erected to

special persons, nobles, statesmen, soldiers or artists? Even when the times changed and the laws became less jealous and the Republic less austere, a quite exceptional value was set upon any public homage rendered to a single person. The funeral monuments are there no doubt, to protest against this by their pomp and grandeur; but tombs are only erected for the dead, and the dead do not conspire: accordingly the Republic did not oppose display of this kind. If the statue of Colleoni stands proudly on the Piazza of San Giovanni e Paolo, it was not there till the great Captain had been in his grave for some years; and even so, the Senate discussed passionately whether it should accept the legacy he left to the Republic, because this legacy implied a contract between the dead man and the State, and when the Pregadi did decide to accept it, instead of erecting the bronze statue on St. Mark's Place they relegated it to that of San Giovanni e Paolo.

CHAPTER VII.

ARCHITECTURE—ITS SUCCESSIVE TRANSFORMATIONS.

After the purely Roman remains existing on Venetian territory in the shape of altars, sepulchral urns, tombs, walls, and fragments of ruined triumphal arches—after these the earliest architectural monument of the district is the cathedral of the island of Torcello, which belongs to the period styled by the Italians Romano-Christian. Its foundation dates from 641. Naturally, the lapse of twelve centuries has left its mark upon these ancient memorials of the devotion of the first settlers among the lagoons. The church has been tampered with and restored, but its original form has not been seriously altered, and it constitutes even now a very complete and very interesting example of the art of Venice in the days just preceding the influence of the Byzantine style.

The island town of Torcello owes its origin to the destruction of the mainland town of Altinum by the barbarians. The people of Altinum sought a refuge from the devastation constantly wrought upon their homes by the violence of these hordes as they passed

to and fro; they found what they wanted in the islands of the lagoon, and to that new home where they settled in nakedness and desolation they transported their manners and customs, the tastes and instincts of architectural construction. They were people of Latin race, and they built in the Roman style. Selvatico is even of opinion that, in the boats which had served them for their flight, they plied afterward between their new home and the ruins of their old, and brought away the dismembered friezes and capitals and precious marbles to build and decorate their new house of worship. The only other building at Torcello of the same antiquity as the Cathedral is its dependency, the Baptistry. The Cathedral belongs to the type of building of which there are such beautiful specimens at Rome—with the three aisles, the central one ending above the altar in a demi-cupola adorned with mosaics, the steps in the form of a semicircular amphitheatre, the episcopal chair of Peter surmounting these steps in the middle, and all this part of the church separated from the rest by a stone barrier or railing carved out of the solid, and generally pierced with open work.

San Fosca in Torcello is a church of another period, and a period interesting to students because it exhibits the transition between Romano-Christian and Byzantine architecture at Venice. From internal evidence, the building might be ascribed to

the ninth century, but the only documentary evidence of its antiquity is a deed of gift executed by the sisters Maria and Buona, making over an annual payment to this church as the church of their parish; and this deed is dated 1011. It is needless to say that here as everywhere else the builders have turned to account fragments of ancient workmanship. The characteristic feature of the style is the use of the Roman arch, with a new richness and curiosity in decoration, with incipient influences of Oriental exuberance, the overloaded friezes of Arab art, the fretted pendentives, and similar enrichments. The design is no longer on the old Roman plan, it has the Oriental characteristics of the cupola, and of the Greek cross for ground-plan. Sometimes, indeed, the local architects do not understand the new style sufficiently to give regular construction and completeness to the cupola, or to make its external form correspond with and explain its internal; but in principle this feature always forms part of the design.

San Donato of Murano is another church belonging to the Byzantine period, with the Arab influence already asserting itself; the exterior adornment of its apse, and a double tier of open arcades,—the openings of the upper tier filled in with balustrades, and the arches, approaching horse-shoe shape, carried on double columns,—recall the arcading system of the Arab mosques. The end of the

tenth century is generally given by the chroniclers as the date of this church.

The great Basilica of St. Mark is a building essentially Oriental. The splendor of Byzantium proclaims itself in every stone of this prodigious reliquary, this sumptuous monument raised to God by a people of merchants, soldiers, lawgivers, who became the envy of the world by their wealth no less by their fourteen centuries of inviolate freedom.

Some chronicles give the year 828, others 831, as that in which the body of St. Mark was transported, by means of a surprise or pious thief, from Constantinople to Venice. The Doge Partecipazio decreed that a church should be built in honor of the saint, to which his relics should be transported. The decree was carried into effect before the end of the ninth century; but this first church of St. Mark was burnt, along with the Ducal Palace, on the occasion of a revolt against the Doge Candiano in 976. It was rebuilt, more sumptuously than before, by Pietro Orseolo. Additions made in 1043 by Domenico Contarini gave it very nearly its definitive and present form. Its enrichment was the special work of Domenico Selvo, at whose bidding all captains, travellers, and merchants sailing between Venice and Greece or the East, brought back for the adornment of St. Mark's the spoils of numberless monuments of antiquity. This task of ornamenting the church was completed in 1071.

It has been maintained that the task was directed by architects from Constantinople; but Cicognara, the great Venetian writer on art, vehemently maintains the contrary; demanding, not without warmth, how—since the Italians had made colored glass from the ninth century, while in the twelfth a certain Hubert had executed mosaics at Treviso, while in 1008 the church of Torcello had been restored and its original character retained, and while eighty churches had been built at Venice before St. Mark's, —how then could the Venetians possibly need to go to Constantinople for artists to build their Basilica? Selvatico, on his part, takes the same side for reasons intrinsic to the subject. He compares the plan of St. Mark's at Venice and that of St. Sophia at Constantinople. However this may be, the Byzantine influence in the building is at any rate undeniable. St. Mark's is an Italian church; but a people cannot escape its own genius or the consequences of its own history, manners, and life. It was natural that the Venetians should show in their architecture the influence of Constantinople, whither they were wont from the first to resort as travellers and merchants, and which they were soon to enter as conquerors. The art of Venice was an art at once partly Oriental and profoundly national.

St. Mark's, being a building of the Byzantine period, has an extremely curious crypt, beneath its high altar, characteristic of that period. This

crypt is comparatively little known, and was filled with water for several years after we ourselves were first acquainted with it. It had been closed to the public for three centuries, and numbers of people in Venice had not so much as a suspicion of its existence. We had the opportunity, during a stay of unusual length in the city, of watching the progress of the works which have now rendered it accessible. This is an excellent achievement, for, of all crypts which we know, this, if not the most ancient, is at any rate the most remarkable in form. It is well known that the shrines and altars raised in the early days of Christianity over the tombs of those martyred for the faith, were called crypts or confessionals. During the ages of persecution, the burials of the faithful used to be conducted secretly in the subterranean chambers of the ancient basilicas; and after the close of that age, altars were raised above the tombs which enclosed these precious remains, the remains of those who had become the tutelary saints of the basilicas beneath which they lay. And as such memorials always had their place in the underground parts of the building, they were called crypts (*κρυπτὰ*, hidden places) or under-confessionals.

The Doge Partecipazio, who set on foot the original construction of St. Mark about the year 829, followed the usage of primitive times; he prescribed, as a part of the plan, a subterranean

crypt of monumental proportions, and charged his son John, who succeeded him in the Ducal office, to deposit beneath the principal altar the body of St. Mark, who became thenceforward the guardian saint of Venice. It was by Bono, tribune of Malamocco, and by Rustico da Torcello, that the bones of the saint had been brought to Venice from Constantinople. The crypt was built in the form of a cross, and occupies all the space beneath the presbytery of the church and the two lateral chapels of St. Peter and St. Clement. It is simple in construction. Its dimensions are twenty-five yards long and twenty-eight wide and its total area two hundred and eighty yards square. The highest point of its vaulting is immediately under the pavement of the central altar in the basilica overhead. The side walls are irregular and broken up with niches. The ceiling is vaulted and was intended to be painted in fresco, of which decoration some traces still remain. It is carried upon sixty columns of Greek marble, each six feet high, rising from the floor without bases, and having Byzantine capitals. The centre altar of this crypt was placed immediately beneath the high altar of the basilica, and the four famous sculptured columns of the baldaquin of the high altar above are repeated in four other columns, expressly designed to sustain their weight, and correspondingly placed, in the subterranean structure. The altar of the crypt itself, which

encloses the relics of St. Mark, is an enormous mass bedded upon a square block and buttressed by four heavy columns which are bound to one another by smaller ones. The sacristy occupies the left side, on the right stood another altar; the crypt was lighted by five windows opening to the interior courts of the Ducal Palace.

As St. Mark's is built upon one of the lowest levels in Venice, the crypt has ever since the sixteenth century been damp and subject to flooding. The account-books of the sacristy show that in 1563 the floor of the subterranean structure had to be entirely renewed at great cost. The works then executed were not enough; the wet constantly increased, until the priests were obliged to abandon the crypt. In 1580 they got leave to meet in a chapel of the basilica which is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, instead of in their subterranean place of worship. Some years later, when they wished to obtain possession of the guardian image of the Virgin which had been left in the crypt, they sought permission from the Doge Marino Grimani; and on the 3d of July, 1604, a descent was made with great ceremony into the dark and deserted subterranean sanctuary. The company consisted of the entire confraternity and a deputation of members of the Senate. The floor was found to be entirely under water, and it was necessary to lay down layers of bricks before the sacred objects

could be brought away. The image of the Virgin and Child that stood upon the marble altar, and the statues of St. Peter, St. Mark, St. Catherine and St. Ursula, were deposited in the reliquary of the church, where they are still to be seen; and the crypt was closed again, although the idea of re-opening and setting it in order on some future day was by no means abandoned.

With a view to this restoration the Doge Marco Foscarini and the artist Flaminio Cornaro, celebrated for his drawings of the churches of Venice, went down at different periods into the crypt, in each instance with the idea of having it dried; but as yet nothing came of the project. It was abandoned again after the death of Foscarini; everything was walled up, and it seemed as if the thought of rëopening the crypt had been laid aside, until, in our own century, certain ecclesiastical arrangements led to a renewal of the attempt. About the beginning of the century, St. Mark's was made the cathedral church of the city instead of the original Cathedral of San Pietro di Castello. In consequence of this change, the old high altar of the basilica was found too small, and demolished to give place to another more worthy of the dignity of a cathedral; and in the course of this demolition a coffin was found in the centre of what had been supposed to be the solid structure of stone beneath the ancient altar; and upon the strength of certain evidences,

afterward fully verified, this coffin was from the first supposed to be in all probability that containing the body of St. Mark. A few years later, in 1811, a commission, consisting of Count Vendramin Calergi, Count Filiasi, and Antonio Diedo, again examined the crypt, and the results of their examination were given in the drawings published in the work, at this time in progress, of Count Cicognara. Beneath the stone structure was found a wooden coffin with silk and woollen coverings; some openings were made in it; and by the date it was evident that the actual remains of the body of St. Mark had been discovered. The coffin was taken out in the month of May in the same year; in 1835 it was solemnly deposited within the new high altar of the basilica. Meanwhile, in 1830, after some repairs had been made to the pavement of the presbytery, the thick layer of mud which covered the floor of the crypt was removed; lateral openings were made in order to admit a free current of air; but once more it was found necessary to give up the hope of stopping the process of gradual infiltration of water from without, and so establishing free access to the underground edifice.

It was not until our own time that this task was at last accomplished. A Prefect of Venice, the Commendatore Torelli, having been struck by the surprising results achieved elsewhere with Bergamo cement, proposed to employ this material for the

restoration of the crypt of St. Mark. He entrusted this difficult undertaking to the engineer Meduna, giving him for a colleague Milesi, who had just completed the construction of the bridge over the Adda at Rivalta. Signor Milesi came to Venice, assumed the direction of the operations undertaken by the Bergamo Company, and had them conducted under the personal supervision of his son. The works were begun in February and finished in April. The floor was completely renewed, and covered with a composition made of the sand of the Brenta, *grès de Sile*, and Bergamo cement. All the old windows were restored and new ones were opened, in order to light this underground portion of the church. The outer wall, toward the Canal, was carefully covered with a thick bed of the same cement as had been employed in the inside. Lastly, the staircase leading upward from the crypt to the church above, and the altar in the centre of the crypt, were restored to their primitive condition. The block in the crypt which contained the body of the Saint corresponds in its elevation to a sort of columbarium. Thus this ingenious piece of restoration, which the Doge Marco Foscarini had vainly attempted, was achieved after three centuries by the modern administration of Venice.

It is certain that the spoils of Roman antiquity form part of the enrichments of St. Mark's. It is commonly said that the marble capitals and bas-

reliefs come from the East; but the most trustworthy historians are disposed to hold that, when the barbarians destroyed Aquileia, a town so powerful that it was called a second Rome, and Altinum, one of the most important cities of Italy, all that was left whole among these ruins was transported to Torcello and to Venice. There is a solitary garden at Trieste, where the present writer has spent many an hour, a garden full of relics and fragments of the old Aquileia, having been chosen by the Austrian government as the place of keeping for all antiquities found scattered between Trieste and the Lisonzo. This garden is called the "Lapidario Aquilense." How much more justly the same title might be given to the church of St. Mark, enriched as it is with the stones of that famous city overthrown by the barbarians!

In the detail of the ornamentation of St. Mark, certain points are absolutely Greek; the two fantastic peacocks drinking in a cup are an Oriental design; the same symbols recur at Damascus, in the churches of St. Sophia and St. Theotocos and at San Vitale at Ravenna, which is a strictly Byzantine edifice, built by Justinian in 547. It is just as much part of a regular scheme or system of ornamentation as the well-known wave pattern or any other Greek ornament. The Greeks had taken this design from Asia, the Venetians borrowed it in their turn and applied it not only to ecclesiastical but also to civil

architecture, as is proved by examples from palaces on the Grand Canal.

Two very famous specimens of Oriental art, which do not form any integral part of the basilica but are among its external ornaments, are those which stand at the right-hand extremity of the façade at the gate called Paper Gate *(della Carta)* because it was in the vestibule within this gate, at the foot of the Giants' Staircase, that the secretaries used to sit and write. These Oriental monuments consist of two enormous pillars decorated with Greek crosses and fruit-bearing vines springing from vases. They are said to have originally belonged to the church of St. Saba at Acre, and to have been brought to Venice with other trophies by Lorenzo Tiepolo after his victory over the Genoese. The Sivos Chronicle tells how a quarrel arose at Acre between the Venetians and Genoese, who both had commercial establishments there and to whom a church had been allowed in common for the services of their religion. The Genoese claimed the sole occupation of this church, and shut themselves up within it as in a fortress. There they were besieged by the Venetians, who stormed the church, destroyed it that it might not be defended against them again, and in order to preserve a memorial of their victory sent these two pillars to Venice; the very decree of the Senate is preserved, according to which the place is appointed where they are to be set up.

In architecture, everything has meaning, and the stones of Venice are the confirmation of her written history. We know that St. Saba of Acre was built in the sixth century; these pillars, then, constitute a rich and admirable specimen of the Byzantine carved work of that age, so that we can compare in close neighborhood Torcello and Acre, that is to say, the Romano-Christian and the Oriental schools of one and the same period.

Taking the two churches of Torcello and St. Mark's together, we have the type of that architecture which prevailed at Venice from the seventh to the tenth century. It is a mixture of Roman and of Byzantine elements, but soon we shall perceive the introduction of a third element which will serve to give the art its national and distinctive character. We mean the Lombard element, the style which, first invented in Lombardy, soon spread over all Italy and to which at Venice the name of Italo-Byzantine is given for the sake of exactness. The Fondaco dei Turchi, and the well-known palace called "dei Santi Apostoli" in the quarter of the Rialto, near the Traghetto of the same name, are among the finest examples of this style.

The famous twin columns of St. Mark's Place belong to the same period; but these enormous shafts of solid Oriental granite do not properly belong to Venetian art. Three such shafts were brought from Constantinople; one of them fell into the water at the

moment when it was being raised. The two which remained were long left lying on the ground for want of adequate means to set them up. One day a Lombard named Nicolo Barettieri proposed to take in hand this difficult task; he achieved it successfully, and received, besides a handsome reward, the lucrative privilege of keeping a gaming-table at the foot of the pillars. On the summit of one of them the Venetians placed the lion of St. Mark; on the other a statue of St. Theodore, who was regarded as the patron of the town before St. Mark. The lion, so vigorous in outline and so spirited in its archaic and monumental design, was specially made for this destination. In 1797 it was removed to Paris and placed for a time in the Louvre. The Venetian historians allege that it came back to its native land without its eyes, which had been made of precious stones; however that may be, certain it is that the lion is blind, and the Venetians, who felt so cruelly the destruction of their State, have a saying that this is in order that it may be saved the sight of Venice fallen from her greatness.

Naturally, the basilica of St. Mark's, a monument of many styles, which continued to receive successive additions from the eleventh century onward, offers many features which belong to the Lombard period. The period next following is the Gothic, or as some prefer to call it, the "Arab Pointed Arch" period, since there are learned writers who contend that the

style had its origin in Arabia and Egypt. Inasmuch, however, as tradition represents the style as coming from the north, and its graceful aisles, its slender arcades and solemn vaulting, as being the likeness of the stately glades of northern forests, we will not take upon ourselves to disturb the received denomination, and without raising the question of names we will describe in order of date the most important buildings of this style, with the exception of those monuments of civil architecture which we describe elsewhere in our account of the most beautiful palaces. The Casa al Campo dei Mori, the Casa Falier, and the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, which last is a kind of Venetian Pantheon, are strictly of this period. The arrangement of this church of the Frari is like that of our own cathedrals, with great pointed arches carried upon piers and dividing the side aisles from the central nave. But its various parts are not all of the same period, and we find in it certain examples illustrative not of the Gothic style, but of the Renaissance. Of the same period as the Frari are the churches of the Servi, the Volto Santo and San Giovanni e Paolo, the last being one of the most prodigious monuments of the age. It is supposed to have been begun in 1234, but appears in fact to have been still unfinished in 1450, which explains the differences of style to be observed among its various parts. It was in a chapel of this church of San Giovanni e Paolo that

one of the famous masterpieces of Titian, the Death of Peter Martyr, was destroyed by fire a few years ago. It was placed above the altar, and the candles used in the service having been carelessly left near some hangings, set fire to this portion of the building; the loss of a series of precious bas-reliefs was another consequence of the same accident.

Among the most splendid examples of this Gothic period must also be cited the lagoon front of the Ducal Palace, which belongs to the year 1424. Filippo Calendario is the Venetian architect whose name stands connected with several of the chief buildings of this time. He was engineer, sculptor, and director of public works all at once. But it seems that the two famous façades of the Palace, those facing respectively the lagoon and the Piazzetta, must not be attributed to him, as the highest Italian authorities in the history of art have proved that he was dead before the Palace was built.

Let us pause a moment again at this name and personality of Filippo Calendario. There is a school of historical inquirers at Venice who pretend that he was not even an architect, but only a superintendent of works who put into execution the designs of others; nevertheless he is represented as having promoted, in the measure of his power and length of days, the embellishments which we see still subsisting, and which are proved by documentary evidence to belong strictly to that period,

the fourteenth century, of which we are now speaking. Calendario was in the first instance a man of the sea, and probably a ship-builder; his habitual residence was the fortress of Marona. He rose gradually by the force of his own genius; he studied in solitude; abandoning the compass and ship-building tools for the architect's pencil, he produced after a time works so remarkable that his reputation reached the Senate, and whenever there was a question of building or repairing a public edifice, he was employed as consulting architect to the State. A little later, called in due form to the Council, he made a complete design for St. Mark's Place, urged the Senate to schemes of architectural display, and when, as wealth abounded, his ambitious scheme was accepted, he was named "Capo Maestro del Palazzo pubblico," Chief Master of the Public Palace. That is the real title which he held; but we shall be on the safe side in not affirming too positively that the conception of the palace was his own. The Doge Marino Faliero was so much Calendario's friend as to have recommended him warmly to the Signory, but the artist was not a man who spent all the fire of his nature upon the exercise of his art, or who stood aloof from political passions and interests. His was rather the ardent nature of a man ready to rush, dagger in hand, into the streets in defence of his own opinions or of the cause of his friends or patrons. The day when the Doge Faliero,

out of patience with the insolence of Michel Steno, formed that conspiracy against the nobility and the Council of Ten of which we have already told the tale, Calendario flung aside his art to espouse the cause of the Doge.* In the night of the 15th of April, 1354, the artist conspirator was sleeping peacefully in his house at San Severo, when Angelo Micheli, with a numerous company of men-at-arms, knocked suddenly and with violence at his door. Calendario understood at once that the enterprise had failed and that it was all over with him. He suffered himself without resistance to be led to the Ducal Palace, where the dreaded tribunal was sitting, and at the first question confessed his share in the conspiracy. He was hanged between the two red columns of the beautiful balcony of the Ducal Palace which looks upon the Piazzetta. His father-in-law Israël Bertuccio suffered the same fate, and his son Nicolo, innocent as he was of all share in the conspiracy, died in the State prisons. Thus, says the

* We have already told the story of Marino Faliero, his conviction in 1354 of the crime of conspiracy against the State, and his beheading on the Giants' Staircase. The subject has been treated in two well-known pictures of the French school, one, by M. Robert Fleury, the painter of the "Conference of Poissy" and of the picture of "Charles V. at Santa Justa" which formerly belonged to the Marquis of Hertford and passed into the possession of Sir Richard Wallace; the other by Eugène Delacroix, and in our opinion his best picture after the Massacre of Chios, which was long in the Pereira Gallery and is now in like manner the property of Sir Richard Wallace.

chronicler, perished a family of which a man of such high deserts was the head.

What, then, is the part which Calendario really took in the building of the Ducal Palace, since it is denied that he was the architect of the existing façades? The original Palace, of which no traces now exist, had been raised by Pietro Orseola in the course of the twelfth century. It had not only been ravaged by fire, but had fallen into premature decay from its imperfect construction, so that it became necessary not to restore but to rebuild it. The idea was entertained as early as 1301; the Voting Hall was built, but Calendario was too young to have had any share in the operations then. By and by the magnificent hall of the Great Council was added; but it has been proved by an unimpeachable authority in these matters, Cadorin, that at the date of this addition, from 1342 to 1349, the Director of Public Works was a certain Pietro Baseggio, a Venetian by birth. Baseggio at his death left the charge of the works to Filippo Calendario, who became his successor, and who, it is evident, had already had some connection with them and was an artist in high repute, having in some form or another been a valuable coadjutor to Baseggio. Thus it seems that, so far as the Ducal Palace is concerned, Filippo will have been Baseggio's foreman or clerk of the works; such, neither more nor less, was the extent of his co-operation. In 1424, the Senate decreed the de-

molition of the two old façades with a view to their rebuilding; but Filippo had been dead and hanged, more is the pity, in 1354. Nevertheless his name has remained famous among all the *capi maestri* of the fourteenth century. He must have been, we can see, the guiding spirit of all the architectural undertakings, the overseer and distributor of the tasks, whose part it was to prepare comprehensive schemes and to assign to sculptors and builders each his part in the construction of a great whole, of which every portion is a monument complete in itself, and sufficient to win fame for the hand that executed it.

The name of another famous architect of that time has come down to us—that, namely, of Andrea Pisani, who conducted the works of enlargement at the arsenal under the Doge Gradenigo at the beginning of the fourteenth century. He has left the mark of his hand in a beautiful Gothic doorway which belongs to the system of towers destined to give shelter, at certain points of the wall, to the sentinels on night duty.

In the modern arsenal of Venice it is a difficult matter to discover traces of the ancient construction. At the moment of writing I am fresh from a careful visit of examination paid to the institution in company with the officer in command, the honorable Senator and Vice-Admiral Acton, who has done me the honors of the place with a courtesy for which I desire to thank him here. The enclosing wall

certainly bears the marks of the date when it was built, and so far its architectural character is in accordance with the chronicles quoted by the learned Cicognara. A first enclosure had been built 1001, under the Doge Ordelafo Faliero; in 1304 it was reconstructed with a more monumental character. The battlemented walls were flanked with fourteen small towers and had two gates communicating with the lagoon. One of the sea-gates, the older of the two, stood in the same place where are now the two famous towers, painted red, of the Ponte del Paradiso; the other was built later to facilitate the passage in and out for ships of war. It is closed by a monumental structure, a square tower of fine profile, in the upper part of which was placed the machinery for fixing the masts and hoisting the heavy guns on board vessels.

The wall and towers, then, in spite of their evident marks of restoration, belong to the ancient structure. But the rest is fifteenth-century work, and the grand gate with the two lions regardant belongs, in its design and arrangement, to 1440; its decoration is later; the grading and statues, indeed, did not exist at the date (1579) when Giacomo Franco published his "View of the Entrance to the Arsenal." It was in that year only that Antonio da Ponte gave to this gate, called *della tana*, the character which it still retains, and which was completed by the addition of the lions conveyed from Athens.

The Casa Doro, that famous palace on the Grand Canal, belongs also to this period, and has been claimed by some as the work of Calendario. This palace belonged to Madame Taglioni—the "modern Terpsichore," as the old-fashioned guides have it. She had it carefully restored, but inasmuch as the architect, for the exigencies of modern life, had permitted himself some slight modification on the ground-floor, the men of taste in Venice (and Venice numbers many men nurtured in the traditions of fine taste) expostulated in the journals of the day. Whence, you ask yourself, this name of Casa Doro, which some write d'Oro, as if the name was derived from the gildings, now devoured by time, which formerly adorned the front? There was once in Venice a family of Doro, though it has been extinct for centuries, and hence more probably the derivation of the name. The building is in a Gothic style already somewhat flamboyant and corrupt, but it must nevertheless be placed in the category which we are here considering, and which immediately precedes the Renaissance. We might, to be complete, quote further, as among the finest examples of the civil architecture of this period, the Palazzo Cozzi, that of the Giustiniani and Foscari, so fortunately placed at the bend of the Grand Canal; the Palazzi Bernardo, Toppan, Cavalli; the Palazzo Danieli, which has now become the most reputed hotel of Venice on the Riva, and the Palazzo Pisani at San Polo.

In a recent excursion among the ancient Venetian colonies of the Adriatic from the shores of the Istria as far as Albania, we found in all the towns of the coast beautiful specimens of Venetian Gothic architecture. At Polo, at Parenzo, at Sebenico, at Spalato, at Ragusa itself, the open squares, built on the model of the Piazza of the mother city, bear the stamp of the Venetian style; the bell-towers, built on a scale proportionable to those humbler but still graceful cities, carry the thoughts of the traveller to the Queen of the Adriatic, and the haughty lion sets the mark of his mighty paw on rampart and bastion.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARCHITECTURE—THE RENAISSANCE PERIOD.

All Italy, from Venice to Palermo, shared in that prodigious and many-sided effort of the human spirit which had its origin in the fifteenth century and its full development in the sixteenth, and which we know by the name of the Renaissance. And of all the cities in Italy, none bears more strongly than Venice the marks of this great movement, inspired as it was by the enthusiasm of those generations for the classic past, by the knowledge they had newly gained from the discovery of ancient manuscripts, by voyages to the shores of Greece, and by the publication of ancient writings hitherto unknown. For Venice—that half-Oriental State, the mother of famous travellers and adventurous merchants, of patricians and magnificoes enriched by commerce—Venice had borne the foremost part of all in the discoveries of this age. She took an uncontested supremacy in the new art of printing, that strong disseminator of the acquisitions of the mind, and what was more than all, she possessed the wealth needed to put in execution the conceptions to which

the spirit of the age gave birth within the minds of her artists.

It is only with this latter aspect of the movement, with its influence upon the forms of architectural design, that we are in this place concerned. I shall point out the principal examples in the city which illustrate this great artistic transformation. The ten *Books of Architecture* of Vitruvius, which were brought to light in this period, had no doubt the chief influence on the ideas of the time; they found translators and commentators on all hands. Among books published at Venice alone there exists a whole literature on this subject. Among all that mass of difficult or almost impossible reading, the prolix, undigested, blundering work of the early gropers in the subject, which is justly forgotten and neglected by all except collectors of rarities, there are three men only whose writings have retained their value. These three are Alberti, Daniele Barbaro, and Francesco Colonna; the first with his volume *De Re ædificatoria*, the second in his *Commentaries*, and the third in the *Hypnerotomachia*, a work more fantastic than instructive, of which we shall have more to say by and by. These three works all contributed much to bring back architecture to its antique origins, and to make known at Venice the precepts derived from the great Latin authority.

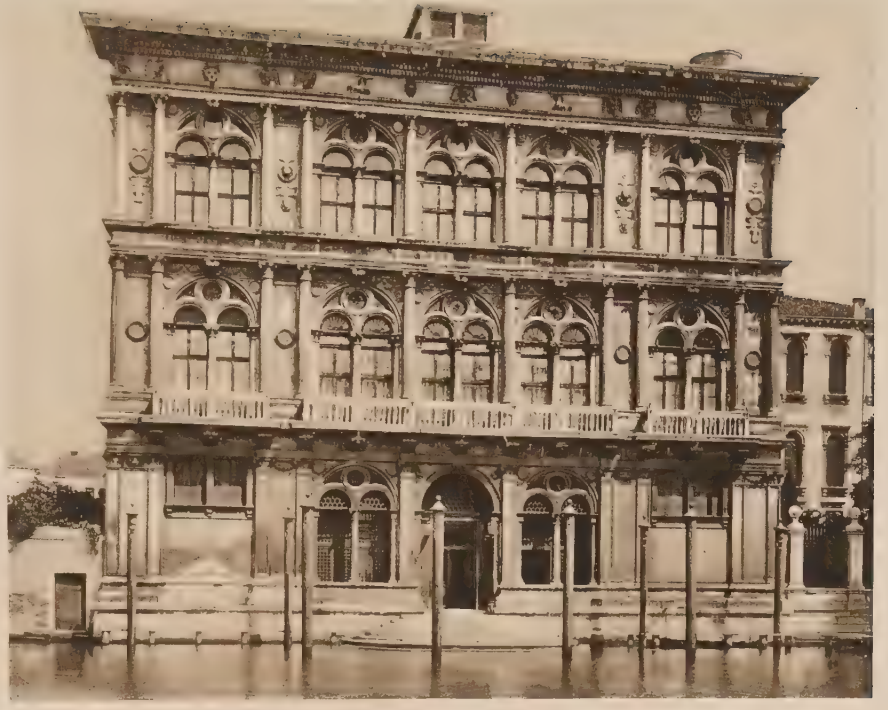
To characterize in the simplest way possible the architectural transformation at Venice, we may say

that it consisted in substituting for the elements of the Gothic style the antique elements of the column, the round arch, the architectural frieze and pediment, but with this singularity, that it retained in the structural design the same system as before, the same dispositions dictated by the needs, manners, customs, climate, temper and character of the Venetians. The new style freely appropriated the essential elements of classical work; the individual genius of the architect and of the artist who worked with him regulated the ornamental treatment in individual cases. Fairly enamored of antiquity, seized with a veritable idolatry for Greek and Roman forms of the great periods, for the statues, the bronzes, the gems, the gold ornaments of the ancients, for those little masterpieces in terra-cotta discovered at Naxos, those Campanian vases, those gods and goddesses rescued from the bowels of the earth—admiring and idolizing all these things in the same degree as they admired and idolized the classic literature, the patricians of Venice could not admit that those who had been the greatest philosophers, the leaders of mankind in the kingdom of thought, the peerless orators, the inspired poets, the miracles of science and genius, had not also been sovereign architects, whose genius it behooved the modern world to make its own. Accordingly, as the art of any time reflects the ideas and influences of the time, it came about that the architects of Venice went to make studies in Greece,

to measure the monuments of antiquity, to make and publish accurate drawings from them. Those admirable remains which exist at Pola, Parenzo, Spalato, and along all the shores of Istria and Dalmatia, which were at that time colonies of Venice, became the objects of a universal enthusiasm. Serlio and Palladio published their studies of these monuments, and were followed by a host of imitators. For all that, it must not at the same time be supposed that the architects of the Renaissance were mere plagiarists of antiquity. First of all, as we have said, the wants of the two ages were different, and it was not in reason possible to apply the ancient forms literally to buildings absolutely different in plan. Next, the genius of the Venetian artists would not have lent himself to this servile function of the copyist. Never, in truth, did the imagination of men allow itself to be less hampered by the strict rules imposed by the masters of Rome and Athens. Those rules were a bridle, a check, but the great artists of the day launched, notwithstanding, with signal elasticity of genius, into the most original combinations. There resulted a transitional art which holds a special place of its own, and which, from the name of the artists who chiefly created it, is called in Venice the art of the "Lombardi." Among the finest examples existing at Venice should be quoted the choir of the church of the Frari, of which we have repeatedly spoken already.

The work belongs to the year 1475, and while it retains in part the Gothic expression, retains it in connection with Roman features. In sculpture—and this is an accomplishment altogether new, which in course of time will be pushed to the extreme and lead on to decadence—in sculpture, the chisel at this time learns to care not merely for the outlines of the statue, but for the expression of life in the body, with its variety of surfaces and its breathing fabric of bones, nerves and muscles. The altar of the chapel of St. Peter in the same church of the Frari belongs also to this period; but perhaps the most important example at Venice is the splendid gate of San Giovanni e Paolo facing the Canal. The Roman influence is perceptible and something more in the columns, friezes, and pediment. The gate has the general form of a parallelogram; but its arch is still the Gothic arch: we are on the eve of the Renaissance proper.

It was to the Dominicans before all others that the diffusion of classical knowledge at this period was due, and to the Dominicans also belong the most distinguished Renaissance architects of Venice. Among them it is just to quote that fantastic spirit Francesco Colonna, the author of the *Dream of Poliphilo*, or *Hypnerotomachia*, of which I have already spoken. Francesco Colonna was not himself a builder, but the inspirer of other builders. Another Dominican, Fra Giocondo, was certainly



the most famous Venetian architect of his time. He was born at Verona in 1430 and entered the order at eighteen; he carried on the study of antiquity during a long residence at Rome. By turns archæologist, man of letters, and architect, he published with a dedication to Lorenzo Magnifico a very learned manuscript in which he brought to light a number of ancient inscriptions. In 1496 he came to France, and published in that country, with a dedication to Louis XII., the manuscript of the letters of Pliny the younger. He was entrusted with the building of the bridge of Notre Dame, which, notwithstanding repeated restorations, retained until a very recent time the main lines of its original construction. Vasari says that Fra Giocondo covered France with buildings commissioned by the king; but these are vague phrases; one building at least which can with certainty be ascribed to him is that masterpiece in its kind, the Château de Gaillon, which has been saved in our own generation from total destruction by being proposed as a model to young artists. Its façade proves that, steeped as Fra Giocondo was in classical precedent, he had nevertheless preserved his artistic independence, and combined his forms without too scrupulous a regard for Vitruvius. For the rest, the famous and marvellous palace of the Council on the Piazza della Signoria at Verona, one of the most perfect buildings in Europe and a model of strength, grace and

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elegance, gives the full measure of his genius at its best. In 1516, the Venetian Senate, jealous of seeing a citizen of the Republic devote talents so conspicuous to foreign service, recalled the master and put him at the head of certain engineering works of great importance, the construction, namely, of the canals of the Brenta and Bretona.

Thus the architecture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has its source in antiquity. Thus Pietro, Tullio, Sante, Martino, Antonio, and Moro Lombardi—the members of that extraordinary family, with their hereditary genius—thus Antonio Scarpagnino, Bartolomeo Buono, Giovanni Giocondo, Antonio Rizzo, Alessandro Leopardi, Jacopo Colonna, Guglielmo Bergamesco, all really drew the best of their inspiration from ancient sources; but at the same time, like the poet who is said to have set modern thoughts to ancient verse, they were all full of the special temper, needs, and predilections of their time; they were not imitators but creators, and out of the antique elements they fashioned a style which was altogether Italian, Venetian, and their own.

The mark left by the family of the Lombardi was such that the name of "Architettura Lombardesca" was given to the style of the period in general. Venice is full of their work. The Palazzo Vendramin-Calergi is the work of Sante Lombardi; the Palazzo dei Camerlenghi del Comune, that admirable

building which stands on the left of the Rialto as you go to the railway, is by Guglielmo Bergamesco. The Giants' Staircase of the Ducal Palace is by Antonio Rizzo, and the whole art of the brothers Lombardi is concentrated in the wonderful church of Nostra Donna dei Miracoli, the most exquisite, dignified and purest in design of all the churches in Venice, and for severity with grace worthy to rank beside the finest monuments of antiquity. The interior of the basilica of San Salvatore is by Tullio Lombardi. The Scuola di San Rocco, close to the church of the Frari, is a fine specimen of the same style designed by Scarpagnino. The impetuous genius of Tintoret can only be studied in this building, within which he has accumulated works too numerous for the life-time of any other artist; here he has determined to create as it were a sanctuary from which his fame should go forth as from a centre; and here accordingly he has been careful to paint his own portrait over the door of one of the chambers.

The sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon had also its influence at Venice. At Rome the Italian Renaissance was nearer to its ancient sources, and had followed the ancient rules more scrupulously. After the sack, a number of artists and men of letters took refuge at Venice, which was then at the height of glory in the arts. Among these was Fatti, known as Il Sansovino, an architect and sculptor at

once, and one of the greatest of the artists whose genius has added lustre to the city; the masterwork by which he is recommended to posterity is the Libreria Vecchia. Then came Palladio, to whom are due the churches of the Redentore, San Giorgio Maggiore, San Francesco della Vigna, and many others. He was a strict observer of the Vitruvian rules, and only at the last disengaged himself so far as to give proof of an originality which some have denied him altogether. After Palladio, again, this prolific epoch produces Nicolo da Ponte, of whom we spoke at some length in connection with the Rialto; then again Sammicheli, a very distinguished artist whose special province was military architecture. Reaching maturity at the time when Sansovino was already old, he takes the first rank in the following period, and his special attainment does not prevent him from excelling also in civil architecture, since some of his compositions in this kind, such as San Andrea del Lido, the Pellegrini chapel at the church of San Bernadino at Verona, the Grimani and the Corner palaces, may take rank as models of art. In a recent tour in Dalmatia we saw whole towns fortified by Sammicheli; thus at Zara, not content with making his dispositions like a skilful military engineer, he has also chosen to set upon these stern structures the stamp of art, and has made of his bastions first-rate examples of the robust architecture of the Renaissance, both by the compo-

sition of the general lines and by elegance of moulding and detail. The land-gate of Zara is a masterpiece; and in general these Venetian colonies in Dalmatia owe to Sammicheli much of the interest which they still possess for the traveller.

After these matters, we reach the beginning of the decadence in the person of Scamozzi. To him is due the change made in the character of Sansovino's admirable Libreria Vecchia by its continuation along the northern side of the Piazza and the addition of an order to the height; this new order is heavy and injurious to the general effect. The Palazzo Contarini is regarded as his finest work.

From Scamozzi it is a still further fall to Bartolommeo Longhena in the seventeenth century. Longhena was still a man of genius, and his church of the Salute is one of the most celebrated in the town, and to the traveller the most striking after St. Mark's; there is an effect which cannot be forgotten about its general aspect, its lofty bulb-shaped domes of a silvery-gray color buttressed with reversed consoles. In combination with the pinnacle of the Dogana, with its golden ball surmounted by the figure of Fortune and blazing with sunlight in the foreground, this church of Longhena's, albeit a work of the decadence, takes its place admirably at the entrance to the canal, and forms as it were a prologue in perfect keeping with the spectacle to be unfolded before the traveller, as he glides in his

gondola between the double line of palaces from the entrance of the lagoon to the railway station. It is well known that the Republic decreed the erection of this church of Our Lady of Safety in commemoration of the deliverance of the city from a great pestilence. Longhena, to whom the commission was given by the Senate, proceeded to set the stamp of his age upon the building, and made it one of the richest churches in existence for the splendor of its marbles, gold, and general materials. There was something of an incontestable nobility about this artist; err in taste as he may, yet in power of conception he fairly belongs to the race of Brunelleschi, Bramante, and Buonarroti. Like all artists who care more for the conception than the form of their works, he saw his pupils and successors exaggerate his own failings. Such was the case of the Tirali, the Bernardino, and the Macaruzzi. Among these architects of the decadence must not be forgotten Giuseppe Benoni, who built the Dogana or Custom House. This singular monument, which rises in the immediate neighborhood of the church of the Salute, at the extreme point between the lagoon and the Grand Canal, is one of the most original of the time, and illustrates the remark that to an architectural fabric, whatever its destination, the Venetians insisted on giving a monumental character, since even that part of the edifice destined for shops is not without its artistic stamp and grandeur.

The most interesting architect among those of comparatively recent times is certainly Scalfarotto, to whom is due the church of St. Simon the Apostle. Then comes Tommaso Temanza, the author of *Lives of the Italian Architects*, who held the post of Director of Public Buildings under the Republic. He built the round church of the Magdalene, and trained some good pupils, among others Giannantonio Salva, who built the Fenice theatre, an enormous hall admirably planned for acoustical purposes, but unluckily destitute of façade. He was also the architect of the church of Gesù, by no means a commonplace edifice though it has the cold regularity of the period. The architects last named can scarcely be called in any especial sense Venetian. Before their time the national genius was exhausted; that brilliant fancy, that union of strength and grace, that quick and free intelligence which adapts ancient forms to modern needs, and stamps with a special character of its own a style of architecture which, if not universal, had become the adopted style of almost all European countries—all this was lost before now. The Renaissance had been followed by the Baroque; the Baroque in its turn by a pedantic classicism devoid of grace, life, and individuality,—until at last it seemed as if enfeeblement had overtaken even the studies of archæology, and the restorers of ancient structures show themselves in their restorations both inexact and dull. Last of all

the Republic falls, the French take possession; the ruin is accomplished, and such is the power of the French Empire that even the architectural style of its predilection has influence in Italy and at Venice itself. There rise, indeed, no more public edifices; Venice lies in sadness and chains, and when, in yet later years, she becomes an Austrian prefecture, we shall see the German style of such buildings as date from the rule of the Emperors Joseph and Francis forming a painful contrast to the proud conceptions of the Leopardi, the Lombardi, and the Sammicheli. We cannot but honor the pious sentiment which dictated the erection of a monument to Titian beside the other sepulchral monuments of the Malipieri, the Giustiniani, the Bragadini, and Marco Sanudo; but for the architectural expression which this sentiment received it is impossible to feel any admiration; indeed, this tomb erected by Ferdinand I. for the prince of Venetian painters is of a style so cold, impotent, and characterless, that the heart of an artist feels chill within him as he looks upon it. You think of that age of glory when art was in the very air, and when a high tradition served instead of genius even to men of inferior gifts; and you ask yourself by what privilege it is that one age concentrates all greatness in itself, while those that follow, exhausted as it were by the exuberant production and lavish spiritual expenditure of the past, can yield no fruits but such as are ill-shapen, savor-

less and shrivelled. That indefinable quality of art which is called character will disappear; the laws of harmony will be broken; and when at the beginning of our own century the Venetians attempt to continue the work of Sansovino on St. Mark's Place facing the Basilica, they will no longer be able to copy it with any fidelity to its spirit, and will set such an incongruous finish upon the façade as that strange attic which we see there to-day.

Venice herself, however, will not lose that character which is hers. The law which presided over her building preserves her from too lamentable mischief; palaces may be modified according to the fancy of their possessors; but one municipality after another will have respect enough for the past and its glories to avoid taking any of those deplorable resolutions which permanently destroy the very traces of its monuments. Step by step, year by year, century by century, it will still be possible to trace out the history of the city. Her inscriptions will be left intact, and to her State museums will be piously transported such remains of her sculpture and architecture as may serve to guide the studies of the artist, the archæologist, and the historian. That great living museum of Venice will remain erect and almost scatheless, the honor of Italy, the stately memorial of a past most full of greatness, the splendid witness of the majesty of the Queen of the Adriatic.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIALTO.

Rialto, one of the most familiar names of modern Venice, is the one that, with the Lido, recurs oftenest in her history and in her popular songs. At first, the point at which the Rialto rears itself was the heart of Venice; it was one of those islets of the group which afterward were to constitute the town itself (Rivo-Alto); the Rialto, as the ancient chroniclers call it, is used for a general designation of the site of the city. For a long time the only bridge thrown across the Grand Canal, serving as a means of communication between the two great groups of islands which that canal divides, was the bridge of the Rialto. From time immemorial (at least from the twelfth century) there was a wooden foot-bridge there continually renewed until the day when the Signory, determined to bring the Rialto into harmony with the stately buildings of the city, decided to invite for that purpose the greatest architects and engineers of the time.

I have had the curiosity to look for the portfolios relating to the Rialto among the Venetian archives. The documents, which are extremely numerous, do

not go back farther than the beginning of the sixteenth century, and give the most interesting details on the construction of the bridge as it now exists, with original papers enough to make it possible to write the history of that construction. For all that concerns the state of the building, or the history of the spot itself before the sixteenth century, recourse must be had to the Venetian chroniclers, and first of all to Sansovino. It is thought that from the eighth century the necessity was felt for a more rapid mode of passage between the groups of islands than could be had by boats, and that, at a period which naturally remains uncertain but which must have been contemporary with the building of St. Mark's, a bridge was made at the Rialto composed of flat boats called *soleole.*

In 1180, an engineer whose name, Barattieri, has been preserved, made a permanent bridge of this temporary one; and in 1260, the system of boats being definitively given up, piles were driven in, and abutments were constructed to carry a wooden drawbridge, not a stone bridge as some historians have said. This is the bridge we see represented in the famous picture of Carpaccio, "The Patriarch of Grado healing One possessed by an Evil Spirit," which is in the Academy of Venice. In 1310, on the occasion of the conspiracy of Bajamonte Tiepolo, at the moment when the conspirators were about to take possession of the Ducal Palace, they found St. Mark's

Place guarded; precipitately flying to the other side of the canal, they cut the bridge behind them to make sure of escaping. After this the bridge had of course to be rebuilt at once, but the work was done too hurriedly; and little more than a century later, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Ferrara, the rejoicings were so tumultuous that the bridge gave way under the crowd, and serious injuries resulted. This being the only passage, it was too useful to remain long interrupted; and for the broken bridge there was substituted a bulky structure filled up with shops on either side of the footway, and with a water-passage left sufficient for large boats.

It is very interesting to see the exact aspect of the Rialto of that time in the admirable picture of Carpaccio which I have just mentioned; we have here an invaluable piece of evidence for the history of Venetian architecture. One might have thought this restored building would be permanent; but any one who knows Venice and her history will understand that the perpetual traffic necessitated a still more substantial construction. The Fondaco dei Tedeschi rises on the right, the palaces of Camerlenghi on the left; the *Fabbriche nuove*, and the jewellers who have their shops there, and the fish and vegetable sellers who are collected on either bank, occasion such continual going and coming that a very strong bridge is required to withstand the wear

and tear. From 1525 nothing was heard on all sides but complaints about the precarious condition of this indispensable bridge; and the promise of a really durable structure began to make itself heard. Till 1587 nothing was done; Fra Giocondo, the designer of Gaillon and the bridge of Notre Dame, had once planned a bridge for the Rialto; so had Palladio in his turn; at last, on the 6th of December, 1587, the Senate invited a competition. As usual in Venice, a commission of inquiry was nominated, composed of three personages, all senators, whose especial task was to collect information and look for the anterior plans signed by Giorgio Spaventi, Fra Giocondo, Scarpa Guino, Jacopo Sansovino, Andrea Palladio, Jacopo Barroccio da Vignola, and, it is said, by the great Michelangelo.

The best of all proofs of the truth of the assertion that Michelangelo made a plan for the bridge, is furnished by the subject of a painting which adorns the Casa Buonarroti at Florence and which represents "Michelangelo, received with honor by the Doge Andrea Gritti, presents to him a drawing for the Bridge of the Rialto."

Out of twenty-four plans of architects and engineers the committee pointed out to the Senate and Grand Council the three which seemed to them most worthy of notice, those of Scamozzi, Antonio da Ponte, and Albisio Baldù. The work was entrusted to Da Ponte; it took three years to build, and cost

the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand ducats, or thirty thousand pounds of our money, which at that time was a considerable sum. Sansovino says that ten thousand piles of elm timber would have to be driven in to a depth of sixteen feet; a large galley armed should be able to pass under the key-stone of the arch with lowered mast, and withal the height of the bridge should not be great enough to render the communication between the two quarters of the town difficult.

The platform of the bridge is about twenty-four metres in length; it is reached by an easy ascent of steps, and is wide enough to hold a row of shops under arcades, so that it is in reality a suspended street, as full of life as a market. The central arcade is left clear and forms an open gallery over the keystone of the bridge; between the parapet and the shops runs a balustraded passage carried on strongly projecting corbels. The span of the arch is twenty-seven metres fifty centimetres, and its rise, from the usual level of the waters of the Grand Canal, measures seven metres.

The traveller who delights to linger on St. Mark's Place, in the Basilica, at the Ducal Palace, in the museums and churches, should also halt long and often at the Rialto. This is a corner with a character quite its own; here crowd together, laden with fruit and vegetables, the black boats that come from the islands to provision Venice, the great hulls laden

with *cocomeri*, *angurie*, with gourds and watermelons piled in mountains of color; there the gondolas jostle, and the gondoliers chatter like birds in their Venetian idom; there too are the fishermen in their busy, noisy, black-looking market, an assemblage of strange craft and strange types of humanity; and as a pleasant contrast, on the steps of the bridge and stopping before the jewellers' shops, are girls from the different quarters of Venice, from Canareggio, Dorso Duro, San Marco, and Santa Croce, and from every corner of the town, come to buy the colored handkerchiefs they deck themselves in, and jewellery of delicately-worked gold, or bright glass beads from Murano, or glass balls iridescent with green, blue and pink; while, wrapped in old gray shawls and showing only their wrinkled profiles and silver locks, the old women of the Rialto drag their slippers up the steps, and glide among the crowd, hiding under the folds of their aprons the strange viands they have just bought from those keepers of open-air provision stalls who ply their trade on the approaches to the Rialto.

CHAPTER X.

VENETIAN SCULPTURE—SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS —BRONZES.

In this marvellous Venice, where each monument seems to claim a monograph which should be a volume in itself, the churches, like our cathedrals, served as Pantheons for great men and as resting-places for the nobles, benefactors, and priests who had administered in them. A special part of our chapter on architecture should be devoted to sepulchral monuments, for the art of the sculptor has nowhere given its measure so exactly as in these small structures, some of which are of exquisite delicacy, others ambitious, and so to speak tumultuous, in their design; while a third class, though limited in size, are of such noble proportions, so strong and pure in outline, that they constitute so many masterpieces in architecture. It may be affirmed that the patricians of Venice and the heroes of the Republic have the noblest and most beautiful funeral monuments in the world. Not Florence where the great Michelangelo reigns in all his glory, not Burgos, not Granada, not Rome herself, can rival Venice when it is a question of perpetuating the memory of a

great man, or when the pride and ostentation of some noble would bequeath to posterity the memory of one of his ancestors.

We must again adopt for these monuments the nomenclature which we have used for architecture: the Roman period, the Byzantine, the Gothic, the Renaissance, and lastly the Baroque, as they say in Venice—that is, the decadence in all its manifestations, more or less creditable.

All the churches contain tombs, and there are even some of slight pretensions in which are collected the ashes of the greatest citizens. Such and such a Doge, or Procurator, or Admiral of the Sea, Ducal Councillor or illustrious Ambassador, having lived in a certain quarter in Venice and patronized the modest chapel which stood near his palace, would desire that after his death his body should rest near the altar before which he had so often knelt. But the three great Pantheons of Venice are the Frari, San Giovanni e Paolo, and San Marco; for this last —St. Mark's itself—had originally been used as a burial-place for the Doges, though the usage was early given up.

The most ancient funeral monuments are preserved at the Frari and San Giovanni; none of the first period exist, or at least the examples we possess are too fragmentary for study. Nor is there any interesting example of the Byzantine style; and as the most important specimen of the Gothic period we

must take three early fourteenth-century tombs, all designed upon one motive, in the Frari. The image of the dead man lies on a sarcophagus under a Gothic daïs carried on columns; the monument is in each case fixed against the wall. The first sarcophagus contains the ashes of Arnoldo, a knight of the Teutonic order who died about 1300; another, important for the beauty of its sculpture, contains the remains of Duccio degl' Alberti, ambassador of Florence when that city was in alliance with Venice in the war against the famous Mastino Cane, Lord of Verona; the ambassador died about 1336 at Venice, and the Republic undertook the expenses of his funeral.

At San Giovanni e Paolo, in the same form, that is to say with the statue recumbent on its bier and the Gothic daïs, are to be seen the tombs of Jacopo Cavalli and the Doge Antonio Venier. Somewhat more simple, but of the same period, is that of Paolo Loredano, who together with Pietro Mocenigo succeeded in crushing the rebellion in the island of Candia in 1365. One of the most famous Doges of all the Golden Book, Marco Cornaro, who died at eighty-two in 1367, also has his tomb in San Giovanni, adorned with five statues which may be attributed to the most distinguished Venetian sculptor of the Middle Ages. Besides Marco Cornaro rests the magnificent Michele Morosini, who died in 1382. In treading on a tombstone, the natural desire of the

cultivated spirit is to know what was the life of him who lies beneath; this Morosini had become dear to the Republic because, hearing in the East, where he had gone for purposes of commerce, the present peril of the Venetian State in the great war against the Genoese, he had put up at auction all the merchandise and wealth he had amassed in trade, and sent the price to the Senate to help toward the expenditure of the war.

We shall cite here only the tombs which bear the recumbent figure of the deceased carved on the sarcophagus; there exist two of this kind at St. Mark's, that of St. Isidore, which dates from 1350, and that of Andrea Dandolo in the chapel of the baptistery. In this one, the figure of the Doge laid upon the coffin is protected by a curtain held up by two angels.

There are still a good many more specimens of this period, but as we advance we find that the natural idea of representing the deceased recumbent on his own tomb is given up. At San Giovanni e Paolo we find the tomb of Marco Giustiniani, who died in 1347, that of Andrea Morosini, and lastly those of Giovanni Dolfin and Pietro Cornaro, who died respectively in 1360 and 1361. We come to the fifteenth century with the splendid mausoleum erected to the Dogaressa Agnese Venier by her family in 1411. Tommaso Mocenigo, who died in 1424, reposes in San Giovanni e Paolo; and this

example may be taken as illustrating the transition from the mediæval to the first period of the Renaissance. It must be noticed, to the honor of Venetian taste, that never from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, that is to say from the date of Byzantine influences to the Renaissance, did the work of their Gothic period become exaggerated or overloaded with ornament, or fall into that mistaken system which we observe in the flamboyant Gothic of Northern regions. Milan did not escape from that extravagance, witness its celebrated cathedral; but this is not surprising when we consider that most of the artists who took part in its ornamental sculptures were Germans. In the whole of Venice, the writers and chroniclers who serve us as guides in architecture can only cite three or four examples of the influence of this style; and these are, at St. Mark's, the two tabernacles decorated with marbles to the right of the choir where the lamps hung, and before which kneels the crowd of the faithful; at San Zaccaria, three altar fronts carved in wood, which were made as a setting for the precious works of Giovanni and Antonio of Murano in 1445; lastly, at the Frari, a Gothic wood-carving against the wall near the lateral door.

We must make mention also, in speaking of the sepulchral monuments of Venice, of those tombstones of the Middle Ages which, taking the form of slabs let into the church pavements, furnish examples

of an art much more limited in scope than that which we have considered above, but far from being without interest. The greater number of such slabs, which belong to the fourteenth and to the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, alike in France, in English Gothic cathedrals, or in the churches of Venice, bear in bas-relief the likeness of the dead in his military or religious attire. At San Giorgio Maggiore may be seen that which covers the remains of Bonincontro de Boaterii of Bologna, Bishop of Torcello, who died in 1380. Sculptured in bas-relief, the figure of the bishop is represented in his episcopal robes and pointing to the holy Scriptures with his finger; the period is distinctly indicated by the Gothic pointed arch which rises over his head. In the same church of San Giorgio Maggiore, another memorial slab of the same style covers the remains of Tommaso Tommasini, Bishop of Feltre, who died in 1446, and another at Santa Maria dell' Orto, those of the sculptor Giovanni di Sanctis.

With regard to funeral monuments, it may be concluded that this period of architecture, beginning in 1300, lasted a century and a half at Venice, and until 1450 it remains free from all mixture of styles. It is in the ornamentation that the characteristics are easy to seize; there is, for sepulchral purposes, the simple Gothic style of which the features are purely architectural—the pointed arch, the dwarf column, the trefoil pattern, and some scanty band or

frieze of decoration for the daïs; there is, next, the elaborated Gothic in which sculpture plays a great part beside architecture, and the design is enriched with all the resources which floral forms suggest to the decorative carver. But in each variety alike, the Italian Gothic remains unmistakably Italian and national; it has its own stamp and character; in accepting this style for a hundred and fifty years, just as they had formerly accepted the Byzantine, the artists of Italy, whether they borrowed it from the North, according to the common opinion, or whether, as Selvatico maintains, from the Arabian Khalifs, at all events impress it to a great extent with their own individuality.

The sepulchral monument of the Doge Vendramin, in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, serves admirably to open the series of works of this style which must be classed as belonging to the Renaissance. The work is by Leopardi, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century, and was then already at the zenith of his talent. This Leopardi, to whom later we shall devote a separate chapter, was a metal-founder; the admirable pedestals of the masts which still stand before the doorway of St. Mark's, and from which floated the standards of the Republic, are of his workmanship. One of the characteristic features of the Renaissance is the versatility of talent among its artists; this Leopardi was by profession a founder; it was he who cast the

celebrated statue of Colleoni, on the piazza San Giovanni e Paolo, of which the famous Andrea Verrocchio was the sculptor; but notwithstanding this mechanical vocation he showed himself great enough as an artist to be entrusted both with the design and execution of the famous candelabra of the Academy; with the tomb of Vendramin, which is really not a tomb but an entire monument complete in all its parts and arrangements; with the direction of the construction of St. Giustina of Padua, and with a considerable number of works of a nature to demand at once the knowledge of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter, not to speak of his technical specialty. At the same time that he was casting the horse for the Colleoni statue, Leopardi was also carving the exquisite pedestal upon which it rises in all its glory; and neither the Lombardi, nor Bergamesco, nor Antonio Rizzo could surpass him for skill of arrangement, admirable taste in distribution, mastery of execution, and science of modelling.

This sepulchral monument of the Doge Vendramin is perhaps one of the purest works of Venice; as regards taste it has all the nobility and grace of the antique, with a reticence, a reserve, and a purity in the cast of the drapery which is perhaps even beyond Greek art, hazardous though such a judgment may seem. The science of proportion has reached its highest point; and it is impossible, among the pompous and disorderly composi-

tions of the eighteenth century, of which we shall speak later on, and the dry designs of earlier centuries, not to be carried away by uncontrollable admiration for the prodigious period in which a man of genius, being by trade a working founder, was capable of designing such a masterpiece, of superintending and following out its execution, and working as a sculptor at his own architectural design, adorning it with a world of figures, allegorical statues, patrician portraits, theological virtues, images of the Virgin and Saints, symbols and chimeras which harmonize so well with the mass that we feel one thought and one genius have inspired the monument, which is the work no less of one single hand. A certain Lorenzo Bregno, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, erected at the Frari some funeral monuments which are worthy of attention; among these we count that of Benedetto Pesaro, one of the commanders of the naval and military forces of the Republic, who died in 1510, and was buried in this church. This is again another example of the grand style of the sepulchral monuments of the Renaissance; architecture and sculpture have combined to make nothing short of a triumphal arch of this tomb, in which all the emblems showing the character of the great captain are found united. At San Giovanni e Paolo, again, this same Lorenzo Bregno, with more animation but much less correctness of design than the Lombardi and Leopardi, has also

erected the monument of Luigi Naldo da Briseghella, General of Infantry to the Republic, who distinguished himself in many battles during the league of Cambray, and died in 1510. We may also mention an admirable sarcophagus in the same church, that of Pasquale Malipiere, and among those of the purest style, the monuments of Matteo Giustiniani, Bartolomeo Bragadino, Michel Steno, Giovanni Battista, Boncio, and Girolamo Canale.

At San Fantino, in the same style and of the same period (1517), is the monument of Vinciguerra Dandolo; at San Zaccaria, the church which was built by the Lombardi and has one of the finest façades of the Renaissance, the same in which lies the great sculptor Alessandro Vittoria, is also to be seen the monument of Marco Sanudo, that miracle of eloquence and learning. It is thought that this tomb may be attributed to the Leopardi.

At San Stefano is buried Suriano, a celebrated physician, and this tomb, although of the purest Renaissance time, shows the great practitioner lying on his sepulchre in the manner of the earlier style. Jacopo Marcello, Admiral of the Sea, who died under the walls of Gallipoli in 1484; Generosa Orsini, wife of Luca Steno, Procurator of St. Mark; Melchior Trevisani the great Captain, conqueror of the Duke of Milan at Cremona, who died in 1500 of grief, having failed in the taking of Modena; lastly Pasqualigo Brugnolo the great Professor,

who died in 1505, and Pietro Bernardo, all have their tombs in the Frari. These tombs, all more or less rich, all more or less beautiful in form, belong without exception to the period of the Renaissance, and show at what stage the art of ornamental sculpture had arrived in Venice at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

From the thirteenth century down to this time, this art of sepulchral architecture and decoration had been kept within very sober limits, even for occasions the most important, and when the memory to be celebrated was that of a citizen no matter how great by birth. Generally the monument consists of a stone coffin or sepulchral urn, more or less ornate, sometimes protected by an arch thrown over it; this is carried on a projecting cornice, of which the weight rests on consoles or console-like figures of crouching men or animals, and its decoration consists of friezes, scrolls and bas-reliefs. If the tomb is a very rich one, and engaged in the wall of the church, it will be a representation, as it were, in relief, of a complete monument in the round, and will be composed of a base or sustaining member, an order of columns, or sometimes two such orders one above another, and each intercolumniation will be recessed with niches filled with emblematic personages or figures of saints. The urn, in such cases, reposes under a stately arch; and above the centre of that arch, crowning the whole composition like

the apex of a pyramid, will rise most likely the statue of the deceased hero, doge, or captain. But the later we come down, the greater grows the pomp, the pride, the exuberance, the artist's extravagance and caprice, of which these monuments bear the evidence. One of the first examples of this decadence is the monument of Grazio Baglioni at San Giovanni e Paolo, constructed in the first half of the seventeenth century. Let us glance for a while at this period, which has received, after the Italians themselves, the denomination of Baroccio or *Baroque*.

The author of a well-known work, *L'Architecture et la Sculpture à Venise depuis le moyen âge jusqu'à nos jours*, holds that a very fatal influence was exercised by the equestrian statue of Colleoni on the Piazza San Giovanni e Paolo. In truth I fail to understand how a work of such admirable beauty can have been injurious to the cause of art; what I suppose the author to mean is rather that, as this kind of pompous representation did not always bear a strict proportion to the deserts of the person represented, and did not remain an isolated example justified by the transcendent claims of the subject, so the sepulchral art of Venice declined by degrees into the pretentious and absurd, and monuments both ambitious and tasteless came to be erected in honor of personages insignificant enough. In the first instance, Gattamelata having his equestrian

statue by Donatello on the Piazza at Padua, that brilliant *capitano di guerra* known as Colleoni must needs follow suit and have his in like manner (for it is an entertaining fact which posterity is apt to overlook, that the monument was due to the care of the hero himself). After these two really illustrious precedents, every soldier of fortune in the service of the Republic insisted that his effigy should be carved on horseback on his monument or tomb. This fashion was out of harmony with the sober style of the earlier monuments; it soon broke up the severity of their architectural lines; and by and by the altitude at which such monuments were placed, the insufficiency of the space, the cramped dimensions of the pedestal, the necessity of showing that colossal horse foreshortened in perspective—all these conditions combined in the degeneracy of the taste to produce an art picturesque indeed, but nevertheless an art of the decadence.

From this time the funeral monuments of Venice can no longer be quoted as works of art to be either imitated or admired. No doubt their materials are rich and their general aspect sumptuous; but there is an extravagance of fancy almost amounting to delirium in these immense "machines," as the French say, of which the most singular type is the Pesaro monument in the Frari. Human pride breaks away from all bounds, and must have nothing short of the sepulchres of Babylon. Longhena, the

architect of the church of La Salute, puts his considerable talent at the service of those patricians who think more of the glory of their grandchildren than of that of their ancestors, and who dedicated to them a sepulchre carved in the rarest and most costly marbles. The last tomb worth quoting is that of the famous historian, Paolo Paruta, at the Spirito Santo; this again may safely be identified as designed by Longhena in the second quarter of the seventeenth century.

Hitherto we have spoken of Venetian sculpture exclusively as applied to tombs; and in truth it is a part and parcel of these splendid monuments which they adorn that the choicest sculptures of that school have to be sought and studied. Nevertheless a school of sculpture independent and properly so called did exist at Venice; inspired at first by the Florentines, it developed itself and reached its highest point in the hands of the Lombardi and Leopardi; it became pompous, elegant, and mannered in those of Vittoria and of Giralamo Campagna, who lived from 1552 to 1623, and was the sculptor of the statue of the Doge Loredano, the statues of the chapel of the Rosary at San Giovanni e Paolo, those which decorate the spandrels of the great arch of the Rialto Bridge, those of the altar of San Giorgio Maggiore and a great number of others for the most part scattered in various churches. To these great artists we propose giving

a special chapter. Let us here take a hasty survey of their successors, who instead of maintaining the great tradition went from worse to worse until the last decadence of their art.

Giulio del Moro was a pupil and successor of Campagna; to him are due the tombs of the Doges Priuli and Delfin in the church of San Salvatore; he was versed in all the arts, and signs his monuments with ostentation, thus: "Julius Maurus Veronensis, sculptor, pictor, et architectus."

When at the beginning of the seventeenth century that high-flying artist Longhena constructs his monuments with an audacity of design approaching the sublime, but with the most extravagant taste in the details, it is natural that other sculptors should carry the same movement farther yet; nor are Matteo Carnero and Alessandro Tremignan, the builder of the church of San Mosè, the men to restrain these incontinences of the chisel. The cavalier Bernini seems to have become the ideal model and example, and toward the middle of the seventeenth century the representative sculptors of Venice are such men as Clemente Moli, Marchio Barthel, Alberto de Brule, Camillo Mazza, Pietro Baratta, Giovanni Marchioni, Antonio Corradini, and Andrea Brustolon, who carried to a great length the art of wood-carving and may be regarded as the inventor of rococo furniture in its most extravagant forms.

Giuseppe Torretti and Alvisio Tagliapietra—of

whose workmanship are the bas-reliefs, "The Purification" and "The Presentation" (chapel of the Rosary in San Giovanni e Paolo)—were the last distinguished sculptors of the city; they lived in the first half of the eighteenth century, and, for all the corruption of their taste, they must be granted an unsurpassable dexterity of hand; they play with the marble, and have the very trick of reality, like our coquettish painters of the same period, in the representation of fabrics and texture.

Nearer our own time, Canova was born at Possagno. He was nursed, so to speak, on the knees of the followers of Bermini, Algardi, Tagliapietra, and Torretti; nay, he was actually a pupil's pupil of the last; but he had in him some of the hard and quiet determination of the painter David; he turned toward antiquity with obstinate singleness of view. From whatever point of view we judge this sculptor—though we realize the dry technical manner of his chisel, and by no means share the strange enthusiasm of Stendhal for his powers—nevertheless we cannot but acknowledge that he sometimes rose to the high places of art; he was capable of expressing grace, modesty, distinction; some few even of his compositions bear the stamp of sublimity which is the sign of an artist of noble strain. His birth in Venetian territory is an honor for the State.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LOMBARDI FAMILY.

PIETRO LOMBARDO.

Pietro is the head of that dynasty of artists, the glory of Venice, who, from the middle of the fifteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, transmitted genius one to the other like some legal inheritance. The cradle of the family was in some rural district of Lombardy; its first scene of distinction, the town of Ravenna. A minute inspection of the two altars of Saint John and Saint Paul, which are at the entrance of the choir of St. Mark's, altars which date from 1462 and 1471, enables one to recognize with certainty the invention and the hand of Pietro. This is a date which makes it possible to fix approximately the age of the first of the Lombardi; but their history remains doubtful although they had Temanza for their historian. We know that in 1482, when Bernardo Bembo was the Venetian governor of the ancient Lombard city of Ravenna, Pietro was commissioned to design the chapel and sarcophagus of Dante. The architectural part of the work was his as well as the sculpture,

and both bear the unmistakable mark of his invention. On the public place of the same town, according to Venetian custom and by desire of the Senate which governed the conquered town, Pietro also erected two great columns, so as to place on the capitals, in imitation of those on the Venetian Piazzetta, the statue of St. Apollinaris the patron saint of the city, and the winged lion the symbol of the dominion of St. Mark.

In the same year he began, at the expense of the town and under the superintendence of provveditori elected for the purpose, the building of that admirable little church of Santa Maria dei Miracoli. He had obtained this commission in competition, and took seven years to execute it. The style of the church, which is entirely characteristic of the manner of the Lombardi, is an appropriation of Greek and Roman forms: but their settled predilection for a particular style in the details did not exclude originality in the plan, and every one knows that in architecture it is the plan which governs everything, dictating inevitably to the artist the main lines and configuration of his structure, and leaving him only free to express his individual bent and fancy in the system and details of the ornamentation. In Santa Maria dei Miracoli Lombardo expressed with completeness the architectural formula of his school; he may have done greater work at a later time, and his successors may have had occasion to express in an

ampler fashion the same thoughts and feelings; but I repeat, whether in civil or ecclesiastical architecture, whether in building a palace like the Dario or a basilica like the admirable San Zaccaria, they will always be known by the unmistakable marks of their school: the purity of Greek form allied to Venetian imaginativeness, the severity of the Florentine chisel joined to the grace and delicacy of the artists of the lagoon.

More than thirty years ago, the little church of San Andrea della Certosa, a work of Lombardo very highly praised by Temanza, was demolished. Another church built by him at Murano, that of San Cristoforo, was also destroyed to make a burial-ground for the town. All lovers of art regretted it, for besides its graceful proportions it was full of charming detail and ornament worthy of the master.

The monument of Cardinal Zeno, which is at the entrance of the Basilica of St. Mark near the baptistery chapel, is the work of Pietro. It is a superb structure, within the most amazing of all structures; as in Venice we frequently find thus placed within the Basilica the monuments of the genius of sculptor or architect. The city is full of such surprises, and those who content themselves with admiring the general aspect of any church without descending to the details will deprive themselves of much artistic enjoyment. Antonio Lombardo and Ales-

sandro Leopardi had been first charged with this work; a quarrel arose between them, and Zuane Alberghetti and Zuane delle Campane were substituted for them. As the work did not advance, the aid of Pietro Lombardo was sought, and thus he had his own son under his direction. The work was not finished till 1515; Pietro carved the figures on the sarcophagus, the Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Prudence, Piety, and Munificence, and also the figure of the Cardinal lying on the tomb. The altar of this same chapel is one of Pietro's finest pieces of minute ornament; the foliage and ornaments of all kinds are of the most finished delicacy; the grace and science of the detail can only be compared with the marvellous gates of the Cathedral of Como by Rodario.

The fine sepulchral monument of Pietro Mocenigo, at San Giovanni e Paolo, is again certainly the work of Pietro. Though this Doge died in 1476, his tomb was not built till later. In this case the sculptor could give himself free scope, for the architectural design of the monument left him a great part to fill, and as he united the practice of both arts we have here a perfect example of his manner. Such a work, however, could not be thoroughly completed without the help of very skilful fellow-workmen, and Pietro under these circumstances had recourse to his two sons Tullio and Antonio.

In civil architecture, the Palazzo Vendramin,

which once belonged to the Duchess of Berri, is incontestably attributed to Pietro. A certain analogy of style, that is to say, a manner of coupling two round-headed windows within the span of a single arch supported on two pilasters, caused the attribution to him also of the Corner-Spinelli Palace on the Grand Canal.

It was at the very close of the fifteenth century, in 1499, that Pietro Lombardo, in the full enjoyment of his reputation, found himself naturally marked out to the choice of the Signory as Director of Public Works in place of Antonio Rizzo, the designer of the Giants' Staircase and part designer of the beautiful interior façade to which it leads, and of the façade of the same Ducal Palace on the little canal which is crossed by the Bridge of Sighs.

The original decree is dated 15th March 1499, and it has been preserved. It is only from the end of the fifteenth century that we have thus real and precise notices of the authors of particular works of art at Venice. "Antonio Rizzo, formerly appointed overseer of the Palace works at a salary of 125 gold ducats a year, being absent from Venice, and it having become necessary to proceed with the said palace, Pietro Lombardo, a man of high distinction in his art, shall be substituted for him, and be appointed at the same salary, to begin from the 16th of March; he can thus continue to superintend and direct the works as he has been

doing in past months." These last words evidently mean that Pietro had been acting superintendent in the interim; and we cannot doubt as much when we look at the façade. Appointed regularly to the post in 1499, he filled it till 1511; the fine architecture of the interior of the court, which corresponds to the side of the Basilica of St. Mark, dates from 1501, that is to say in the first year of the reign of Leonardo Loredano as Doge; we may therefore conclude, in spite of all the assertions of distinguished Venetian writers to the contrary, that he was the inspirer and architect, if not of the plan,—for we see he replaced a predecessor Antonio Rizzo,—at least of the exterior ornamentation. The famous Clock Tower had been attributed to him, the arched doorway of which leads to the Merceria; but the Diary of Sanudo assigns to this building the date of 1466; and Pietro was then not yet in the service of the Republic.

Regarded as a sculptor independently of monuments, chapels and tombs, Pietro produced very little. A few small figures are attributed to him which adorn the church of Stefano, but which do not show the hand of an artist of any great importance. It was necessary for him to conceive the design of a whole in which sculpture should be so blended with architecture that even its general outline would be sufficient to give pleasure to the most exacting eye. On February 7, 1504, the Fondaco

dei Tedeschi on the Rialto was burnt, and Pietro was charged to rebuild it; but unfortunately nothing remains but a shapeless mass, on that spot where such a splendid genius must have erected a building of noble beauty, enhanced by the exquisite paintings with which Giorgione and Titian presently decorated it.

After 1511, we look in vain for a trace of Pietro; he is replaced in his office of *protomaestro* of the Ducal Palace and Signory, which evidently shows that he must have died by this date. He is the founder of the dynasty of the Lombardi; and maintains his place brilliantly among them all; but he was certainly surpassed by his descendants.

MARTINO LOMBARDO.

Among the most perfect buildings of the Renaissance in Venice are justly reckoned the Scuola di San Marco and the church of San Zaccaria. Both are by Martino Lombardo.

It is difficult to say whether he was Pietro's son; I think not, for his works and those of Pietro are contemporary, and the one name disappears with the other; it is more likely that he was the son of one of his brothers. The Scuola di San Marco is the incomparable building (now used as a civil hospital) which rises on the left of the principal façade of San Giovanni e Paolo, on that splendid square where the equestrian statue of Colleoni stands

in its pride and grandeur. The three monuments together, the narrow canal, and the bridge which spans it, form one of the finest combinations in Venice. The various structures of the combination do not strictly correspond in point of date; the charming and noble pedestal of the statue, the work of Leopardi, is certainly in harmony with the Scuola, but the architecture of the façade of San Giovanni e Paolo is earlier, and is of the transition period between Gothic and Renaissance. The fine central door of the facade to which the building of Martino is joined, is even a strongly-accented pointed arch, but the ornament tells of the approaching Renaissance.

These interesting monuments of this architectural period cannot fairly be described, and the traveller should visit them for himself. It may be fearlessly asserted that in no period did architecture ever assume more lovely forms, or clothe itself with greater wealth of imagination or more grace and invention in detail. Here is nothing pedantic, nothing dry, nothing gloomy under pretext of grandeur. The doorway is reduced to human proportions, it is a common entrance through which one can pass without state; Martino frames it in a larger door of exquisite work, rich as the door of Stanga, but simpler and of bold design. To right and left, as there is no necessity for openings, his fancy suggests the strangest and most unexpected ornamentation.

Without transgressing his architectural lines he devises two perspectives, so to speak, one on either side, each framed in an arch a little lower than that of the principal door. These consist of two allusions to St. Mark: two life-sized lions carved in bas-relief stand upright and seem to guard the threshold; by dexterous treatment in marble mosaic, the artist simulates a distance, with the animals in the foreground bringing out its full effect. This sculptural detail is by Tullio, who is regarded as the most skilful workman and as having the cleverest chisel of the family. There is nothing formal in this façade; the windows open by chance where light was needed; but it is in correspondence with the plan, and that is all that can reasonably be asked; the taste of those who do not occupy themselves about the interior arrangement of a building will realize the harmony without caring to inquire into its nature.

Nothing can be richer than the great tympanum which crowns the façade, a circular pediment which recalls that of San Zaccaria, beneath which is introduced the figure of the lion, in order to remind one again that the Scuola is dedicated to St. Mark. The interior of this beautiful building fulfils the expectations raised by the noble grace of the entrance. The staircases, chambers, and ceilings are executed as perfectly as they are designed; the friezes run lightly and gracefully along the wall;

the geometrical combinations which were such a favorite resource of this school are arranged with singular subtlety and variety. Here is not the solemnity of Fra Giocondo in the palace of the Lords of Verona; but after that building and the Miracoli, it is perhaps the choicest and most exquisite in all the Venetian territory.

San Zaccaria, one of the finest churches in Venice, where the illustrious Alessandro Vittoria is buried, is attributed by Temanza to Martino; Selvatico shows how the evidence of dates prevents him from subscribing to this opinion; but if we visit the church we shall quickly understand that the evident difference of style between the interior and the façade proves that the façade is the later of the two. If the round arch of the Renaissance is adopted for the lower order of the interior, the roof is at the same time carried on pointed vaultings, a principle which tallies with the date of the building, 1456; while the taste of the façade bespeaks plainly the hand of the Lombardi and the early years of the sixteenth century.

There is no doubt, it seems to us, that the designer of the Scuolo di San Marco is also the author of this fine façade of San Zaccaria. Those arched pediments rich in reliefs and mouldings, those flat surfaces without openings, decorated with beautifully proportioned panels, the sober elegance of the ornament, the fanciful treatment of the capitals and the

daintily ingenious geometrical combinations, all point to the hand of the Lombardi, and among them, to that of Martino.

TULLIO AND ANTONIO LOMBARDO.

In association with Pietro Lombardo worked his two sons Tullio and Antonio, and in the monuments designed by the father nothing is easier than to distinguish the part borne by each of the sons. Tullio was a true and great artist, and as such had a special individuality and a high position; it was not so with Antonio, who was simply a sculptor; a general sketch being given, or a rough model of a certain size, he was entrusted with the execution of the statue, bas-relief, frieze, or capital accordingly.

Tullio was at once an architect and a sculptor; as architect he had no great renown; he did design entire buildings, probably some palaces, but the only very important work of this kind known as his is the church of San Salvatore. This church had been begun by Giorgio Spavento; Tullio approved neither the plan nor the elevations of his predecessor, and so completely changed the design, with the consent of the establishment and patrons of the church, that the work may honestly be called his, and his alone. But it is at Treviso especially that his buildings can be judged; it was he who finished the choir of the Madonna delle Grazie. In the cathedral of that town he built the chapel of the

Sacrament, and three other chapels in San Paolo, and on the sarcophagus of the Bishop of Zanetti, which Pietro had designed, he sculptured an eagle in full relief which is a masterpiece.

But it is as a figure sculptor that Tullio is really famous, and among all his family, his is the greatest name in this branch of art. At Venice, on one of the altars in the church of San Martino, there are four small figures of angels of his workmanship which critics look upon as the purest work of the time in Venice, and as most nearly approaching the best Florentine sculptures of the fifteenth century. At San Giovanni e Paolo, the sepulchral monument of Mocenigo is the combined work of Tullio and his father Pietro; the great captain had been long dead, but the people were anxious to give him a permanent resting-place, and Tullio, though very young at the time, was entrusted with the task. It is a composition in the same style as those noticed in the chapter on sepulchral monuments, but is much less imposing. Mocenigo stands above the main arch; in the intercolumniation are two symbolical figures; and each of these, considered as an independent statue, is of the most perfect type of Venetian art. At San Giovanni Crisostomo, Tullio has sculptured the twelve apostles on an altar; this also may pass as first-rate work. He is somewhere accused of having had the habit of studying his drapery from wet tissues, whether arranged on the

lay figure, or whether observed or recollected from nature. This idea did not suggest itself to us in looking at the productions of the school, but it is plausible considering the thinness and clinging cast of the draperies; every one knows, besides, that the great figures of the Parthenon, the originals of which were removed by Lord Elgin and now adorn the rooms of the British Museum, are draped in the same manner; and it is asserted that this system of covering the model with wet draperies was held in high repute at Athens and by the whole school of ancient sculptors in the time of Pericles.

A number of detached figures may still be found attributed to Tullio; the nude Adam in the Palazzo Vendramin is authentically his, but not so the statue of Eve. The bas-reliefs of the Scuola di San Marco must also be seen, and at the Miracoli, in the exquisite little sanctuary by his father, two charming statuettes on the high altar must be credited to him.

As for Antonio Lombardo, his handiwork is merged in that of his father and his brother Tullio; his was perhaps the weakest talent of the family; he was not however without merit, and this family or dynasty of the Lombardi was so great that the least among them is still a master. At San Antonio of Padua, there is a bas-relief representing a miracle in the life of the Saint, which may undoubtedly be attributed to Antonio. For the rest, as we have

said, he lent a helping hand in the works of his father and brother; thus, for instance, tradition reports that he was an indefatigable assistant to Pietro at the monument of Cardinal Zeno in St. Mark's, and the same tradition assigns to him a large share in the monument of Mocenigo executed by Tullio and Pietro at San Giovanni e Paolo. Tullio must have died about 1559.

SANTE AND MORO LOMBARDO.

Sante was the son of a certain Giulio Lombardo, who was no doubt a brother of Pietro; he was an architect and sculptor, but his work is also confounded with that of his illustrious relatives. Sante was born in 1504 and died in 1560; when we consider that Tullio died in 1559, at which time most of the Lombardi were still living, we shall see what confusion might arise in the minds of contemporaries, and all the more to what greater confusion posterity is liable. Nevertheless, now that the history of art is no longer written except by the light of original documents, some little order has been put in all these attributions; for instance, Sante Lombardo has been deprived of his claim to the Palazzo Vendramin, which has been restored to Pietro; but this was not enough, he has also had the Scuola di San Rocco taken from him, a work which, had it been really his, would assuredly have been his greatest title to glory. The first

stone of the Scuola was laid in 1517, and Sante was only thirteen years old at that date. He came, indeed, to be *prote* of the building, that is, director or clerk of the works, as we should say; and this at an age when it seems impossible that such function could devolve upon him, for he was only twenty. In this position he succeeded a man of genius, Bartolomeo Buono, who, it seems, had taken upon himself to make some alterations in the original plan. With reference to this point, arguments have been brought forward to prove that the original work and its design were his. If, it was said, a director of the works modified the plan of a building, and if posterity has found a document which proves that he took this great liberty, it follows that he had authority so to alter it, and was ready to submit to the consequences to which he exposed himself; in a word, that he must have been architect as well as director of the works. Thus it was concluded that Bartolomeo Buono must have been the author of the plan of the Scuola, that the alterations he made in the course of the work did not please the Chapter, that he was therefore dismissed, and a stranger was called in to carry out the original conception. The result is a confusion of names and attributions, which becomes still further complicated by the co-operation of Scarpagnino, who in his turn succeeded Sante Lombardo, and who, as was natural in so

gifted a man, left his mark on the work and could claim as his own entire portions and complete façades of the building.

If it is easy to be in confusion about the Scuola di San Rocco, there is no uncertainty in attributing to Sante the Palazzo Trevisani near Sante Maria Formosa. Though this palace may have a grand effect, like most Venetian palaces built before the end of the eighteenth century, one feels no doubt in studying the detail that the Lombardo who built this was inferior in taste to his rivals. Still the work is mentioned as among the finest in Venice, and Cicognara and Diedo have had it engraved in their *Fabbriche Venete*. The Palazzo Gradenigo at San Samuele was also attributed to him, but it is no longer possible to judge of the merit of this work, for it has disappeared. This Sante, of whom the Italian chronicles and the writers Temanza and Selvatico speak as a sculptor also, has not left, it seems, any great works of this kind; for none of them attribute to him statues that can be mentioned or that would give an idea of his skill.

The remaining Lombardo, Moro, is also a cousin, older than the last and son of their father's brother —of that Martino of whom I have spoken above, and who was the greatest genius of the family in architecture, the masterly designer of the Scuola di San Marco and the façade of San Zaccaria.

In this last work Moro was his father's colleague, and Sansovino attributes to him the church of San Giovanni Crisostomo, which he is supposed to have built in co-operation with Sebastian of Lugano. In this sort of co-operation Italian architects had a habit which is convenient for posterity; they divided the work, after having matured the plan in common, so that, when we have made ourselves sufficiently familiar with the architectural systems of individual members of the school, we can recognize with certainty the part taken by each. The lateral chapels of the transept and the campanile may be claimed for Moro.

Another much more important work also belongs to him, that of San Michele of Murano, which some writers have attributed to Serlio. The abbot Pietro Dona, Superior of the Camaldolese, had put this building in hand in 1466; another Dona, his successor, completed it in 1478. San Michele of Murano and San Giovanni Crisostomo have many points of resemblance in their arrangement and ornament, and in all the detail of the capitals, friezes, and bas-reliefs we can feel the spirit of the Lombardi, their taste, and the delicacy of their chisel.

The attribution of this latter church was for a long time denied to Moro Lombardo, because the chronicles of the fifteenth century attribute it to an artist named "Moretto Scalpellino," literally

"little Moro the chiseller," but this is one of those familiar appellatives common at the Renaissance, and under it the Moro of our present study must be recognized. In those happy times, the name of an artist passed from mouth to mouth, he was beloved and popular, men pointed him out to one another; every one, from the workmen under his orders to the Senators, called him by his familiar name, and by that he becomes known to posterity.

CHAPTER XII.

ALESSANDRO VITTORIA AND ALESSANDRO LEOPARDI.

Alessandro Vittoria was styled the Michelangelo of Venice, and his name became as popular as the name of his master Sansovino. Born at Trent in 1525, he came to Venice in his youth to study under the famous Jacopo, and the studio of the great artist became his school. At first destined for architecture, that art which embraces all the rest, he soon conceived a passion for sculpture, and to it devoted himself above all. Nevertheless, as in those days the artist could not practise any single art without having made himself acquainted with its necessary connection with the rest, he soon acquired a certain facility in architectural design, and has left complete structures of his own composition. Although his studies were specially directed to the classical style and he had before his eyes the most severe and sober examples, antique statues, medals, fragments of all kinds brought from Greece or found in the soil of Italy,—everything in fact that would tend to develop in him a respect for the laws which were first laid down by the ancients, and which those great accumulators of genius, Lionardo, Michelangelo, Raphael,

Palladio, Bramante, and Sansovino had appropriated and renewed with their own talents, adding to these precious funds of knowledge and invention their individual inspirations,—nevertheless Alessandro Vittoria suddenly revealed himself as an artist of a strained, violent, riotous, extravagant temper, alike over-luxuriant in invention and mannered in style. With real genius, and an abundance and facility without rival, he yet travestied the antique, giving it an interpretation of an entirely new kind. He worked with incredible rapidity, covering the paper in an instant with rich and varied compositions, giving twenty different ideas and twenty different models when he was asked for a single one. If a nobleman gave him a commission for a monument, a tomb, a votive inscription, a statue or a mantelpiece, a ceiling or a bust, the pliable clay moulded itself in his hands to every caprice of his mind, and he produced spirited sketches that seemed to cost no effort to that fertile brain and rapid hand. He despised neither the learned dispositions of the Lombardi and Sammicheli, nor the elegance and always correct and dignified design of Sansovino, nor yet the sobriety, power and reserve of Palladio, only he could not bridle his own imagination and facility. His master Sansovino tried to recall him by his counsels to wiser principles, but this indomitable spirit was more likely to impose itself upon its followers than to bend to the precepts of its masters.

In 1547 he left Venice to settle at Vicenza, the noble city of Palladio, so full of monuments and palaces, where an artist of his standing was likely to be appreciated at his full worth. Stucco ornaments were then very much in fashion, and all the ceilings of palaces were decorated with them. The masters who preceded Vittoria had maintained a great severity in the use of these mouldings, but Vittoria brought to their design such passion, such exuberance, such imagination, that in any room he decorated, the eye could rest on nothing excepting his work. The painter, the sculptor, the architect were eclipsed, and harmony, the supreme law of art, was violently broken through. It was at Vicenza that Vittoria knew Palladio; and even that severe master,—whose aim was grandeur, but who never sacrificed anything for the sake of grace, reproving all flights of imagination, and keeping within the strict limits prescribed by Vitruvius,—even he was fascinated by this brilliant genius, this large and generous nature, so that they often worked in co-operation. The result has caused it to be sometimes said that Palladio did not always show a perfect feeling for the relations of harmony that ought to subsist between the structural and the decorative parts of a building.

A number of works by Alessandro Vittoria are found at Vicenza, but he was not yet a *padrone*, or employer, and no doubt put himself as a decorator

under this or that artist of the day who had a public contract. After having wandered about for four years among the towns of the mainland, putting his talents at the service of the architects who were employed to beautify them, he had the good fortune to meet with an ardent admirer in the person of Aretino. In 1553, Aretino procured him an interview with Sansovino, who had previously dismissed him; he was received back into favor and settled himself definitively at Venice, where his master gave him many commissions in the buildings he was then engaged upon. It was at this time that the ceiling of the Libreria Vecchia was being reconstructed; in 1545, when the building was hardly finished, the ceiling fell in. In a case of this kind the Signory did not hesitate, they liked to be conscientiously served, and with no inquiry made whether the fault lay with the workmen or the builder, Sansovino, their responsible architect, though at that time already in full enjoyment of his fame, was put in prison and fined a thousand gold ducats. It was only at the ardent solicitations of Titian and Aretino, who used the influence of all their powerful friends in the Senate and College, that the great artist was released and restored to his post of Director of Public Buildings to the Signory.

If we compare the plaster decorations of the ceiling in the Libreria Vecchia (now the Royal Palace) with those in the Ducal Palace, in the

Albrizzi Palace, and in the villas of the mainland, we are struck by the much greater reserve, severity, and harmony with the general design which Vittoria shows in the former: he keeps within the limits assigned to him by the architect, and adjusts his plan to the general spirit of the building; he completes the expected effect and does not spoil it with his exuberance. Must we conclude from this that the authority of Sansovino, who had been his master, kept him by injunction and advice within the harmonious key he had struck, or rather (as is more than likely in the case of a man of such varied genius, at once a great sculptor and a great architect) that the Director of Public Buildings to the Republic himself designed these decorations and that Vittoria only executed them? These are difficult questions to decide; but what is certain is, that whenever Vittoria worked in concert with Palladio, he gave the rein to his vehemence and constantly compromised the architectural unity of the result. In the ceiling of the Hall of the Four Doors in the Ducal Palace we have an astonishing example to corroborate what we have said. Of this ceiling Vittoria has made a world of sculpture, in which life-sized figures, white upon a gold ground, are contrived in niches, friezes, panels, and by way of supporters and caryatides—the whole so overwhelming in effect as quite to usurp the place in the spectator's attention which ought

to be taken by the paintings of Contarini, Titian, Carletto Caliari and Vicentino. And this chamber of the Four Doors, one of the most interesting in the palace, is without any doubt by Andrea Palladio. But in spite of exaggeration and mannerism, it must be confessed that all Vittoria's human figures in this ceiling, considered irrespectively of the architects, or even of his own general design, are superb in gesture, noble in outline, and irreproachable in anatomy.

The plaster ornaments of the ceiling of the Scala d'Oro of the Ducal Palace are by the same hand; this staircase takes its name from the gold ground of Vittoria's figures and ornaments. The Senate wished to commemorate the royal visit of Henry III. to Venice in 1574, and charged Alessandro Vittoria with the sculpture of the frame for an inscription of a monumental character which was to be let into the wall at the top of the Giants' Staircase. The artist has employed in this case that panelled border in high relief which is a regular characteristic of his design, and which we find in all his schemes of decoration, including the funeral monument which he erected to himself in San Zaccaria; but the two figures which form caryatides at each side are so noble and dignified that they remind us of Jean Goujon.

We might consider Vittoria in four different characters; as architect, figure-sculptor, sculptor of

busts, and sculptor of plaster ornaments. A special essay on such a man would be a subject worthy of any author, for Vittoria held an extraordinary place in his age at Venice. He became the arbiter of art, he alone was left from the great period; all those great men were dead whose names are written on the Stones of Venice, and on the walls of her palaces—Tintoret, Titian, Veronese, Sansovino and Palladio; the decadence was beginning, and at the age of eighty-three, as the sole representative of the art of the Renaissance in the City of the Doges, Alessandro enjoyed an enormous renown and an authority without rival. He created a school; but it would have been better, in spite of his prodigious talent, if he had remained alone and not made disciples, for they only copied his faults and exaggerated his mannerisms. Whether by virtue of the offices he filled or whether by the weight of his own authority as an artist, he was the great judge, the dispenser of fame, and also of the emoluments to be drawn from the practice of art. He was, if the chroniclers are to be believed, a man proud and greedy of praise, expecting to be constantly spoken to about his talents and reputation. He had lived in close intimacy with Veronese and Tintoret; but they were estranged later, as Vittoria could not brook the greatness of the others' names. The young, those who occupied a less exalted position, or who were ambitious to do great works, did not

shrink from the part of incense-bearers, and he was to be seen walking about Venice in company with such painters and sculptors of his time as he patronized and designated to the Signory as capable of the task of decorating public buildings. Contarini owed him all his fortune; thanks to him, undoubtedly, the younger Palma obtained important commissions, and Pietro Malombra accused him of having by a word, regarded in Venice as an oracle, ruined his whole future. One must read contemporary writers and Venetian chronicles in order to realize the position of such artists in the sixteenth century. A little later missions of high dignity were confided to painters and sculptors in Germany, Flanders, Spain, and even in France. Rubens was made a plenipotentiary, and Velasquez a sort of Minister of Fine Arts and *Aposentador;* but in the days of which we write, from 1500 to 1600, great artists corresponded directly with princes, who sought them out and cared for them, not for reasons of State, but from personal liking and from the love of art.

In looking at Vittoria's work as a whole, we must recognize that his genius was, above all, that of a decorator; no one knew better than he did how to devise a telling outline, and with a few vigorous strokes to block out a statue made to be seen at an immense height: more detail would have destroyed the effect, less movement would have neutralized it. He had a perfect eye for seeing what part he should

sacrifice in a figure, what other he should exaggerate so as to satisfy the eye. The most conclusive examples of this are the "Justice" and the "Venice," which stand as symbols of the Republic on the extreme point of the cresting of the two great windows of the façade of the Ducal Palace, one on the Riva, and the other on the Piazzetta. The fire of 1557 had destroyed this part of the building; Vittoria set aloft these two marble figures which stand out white and radiant against that vaporous sky which inspired Veronese,—noble allegories, worthy, both of them, of the ideas they represent and of the majesty of the Republic of St. Mark.

In plaster ornaments the artist is inimitable when a definite space and a stated depth of relief are prescribed to him; but if he is given his own way he gets into disorder, and displays such violent action that the work as a whole is discordant in spite of the masterly talent displayed in its several parts. We have devoted a protracted study to the Villa Barbaro on the mainland near Asolo, which was built by Palladio for Marcantonio Barbaro, an ambassador of the State at Constantinople, and his brother Daniele, Patriarch of Aquileia. All the rooms are admirably painted in fresco, and the compositions are framed in moulded borders by Vittoria. There the genius and authority of Veronese have kept him within bounds; he is grave, dignified, and keeps his place; the three great fellow-artists, Palladio, Veronese, and

Vittoria all work together with one mind to a harmonious result. But in the garden, two steps off, either the ambassador or the architect had asked Vittoria to make a grotto or fancy receptacle for sculptures, after the taste of the time, in the side of a mound to which you ascend by a gentle slope from either side; and Vittoria, finding himself released from the restraint of Palladio, and with perfect liberty of action, has heaped the inventions of his art one upon another, and with statues, caryatides, stone censers, raised borders, genii, cupids, garlands of fruit and flowers, consoles and masks, has made a "grotto" indeed, such a Nicolo dell' Abate might have imagined.

When the entire direction of a building or chapel in some large church was given over to him, he did not show the highest taste in details, and allowed himself to use incongruous forms which strangely injured the general design. At San Giovanni e Paolo he was entrusted with the chapel of the Rosary, erected by the confraternity of that name after and in commemoration of the battle of Lepanto. In this work his colleague was Girolamo Campagna, who made some of the statues in niches; the others are by Alessandro. The "Ateneo Veneto" of San Fantino, which used to be the Scuola di San Girolamo, is altogether his work, both architecture and sculpture; the style of the façade is not worthy of his name; but as he has adorned it with an ad-

mirable bas-relief representing Christ on the Cross and the Mater Dolorosa, the architect is forgiven for the sake of the sculptor. The monastery of the San Sepolcro, on the Riva dei Schiavoni, and the Balbi Palace, are also his designs. The first is no more than a ruin. The second was built between 1583 and 1590; some writers refuse to believe that it is his work, and add that if the tradition assigning it to him is true, it is the poorest of all his architectural productions. One would expect the interior to contain some of those beautiful ceilings with which he so often adorned his chambers, but we have often visited the palace, which now belongs to M. Guggenheim, and nothing in it recalls the great sculptor.

I have now mentioned his principal architectural works; besides these, there are a number of chapels by him, those of San Giuliano and San Salvatore; in all, the sculptor shows himself superior to the architect, who really does not deserve any prominent place in an epoch so fruitful in talent of this kind. But it is in the figure that Vittoria takes his revenge, and excels; in spite of all his faults, he is without doubt the first figure sculptor of his time. The first half of the sixteenth century is rich in great masters, but the tradition of Sansovino gradually expires, and at the end of the century Alessandro remains without a rival at Venice, and all who shine in their art are his pupils.

It is impossible to pretend to give a regular cata-

logue of the detached figures sculptured by Vittoria. They are extremely numerous, and have been scattered so that they would have to be sought in other places besides Venice. By him are the two great caryatides which one elbows every day in passing from the Piazzetta on to the Piazza, before the door of the Libreria Vecchia. This was not perhaps the right place for these colossal statues; Vittoria's art demands a certain distance, and here less than anywhere is it possible to judge of the effect. The work is fine, nevertheless, and in the knowledge of anatomy no one can surpass it.

Probably the most celebrated of all his statues is the St. Jerome of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari. It is said that the head is a portrait of Titian at the age of ninety. The tradition may be true, for it was quite in the spirit of those masters to commemorate their contemporaries by thus reproducing their features. In another instance at the door of the Sacristy of St. Mark's, Sansovino, in a panel of bronze which is a perfect masterpiece, has left to posterity portraits of the majority of the great artists of his day, and Titian and Aretino appear among them in the character of the holy apostles. What is most admirable in the St. Jerome, after the feeling expressed in the countenance, is the extraordinary technical skill in the exhibition of the anatomy and muscles in this aged figure, the masterly treatment of the arms, hands and feet. Still

the statue is somewhat wanting in repose, like the decorative work of Vittoria, and the design is not free from mannerism. The marble is ostentatiously signed at the base, "Opus Alessandri Vittoria," and it occupies the chief place on the altar dedicated to the Saint in the Pantheon of Venice.

If I had to make a critical choice among the works of Vittoria, after the St. Jerome, I should give the prize to the small caryatides of the funeral monument which the artist erected to himself in San Zaccaria, that admirable church built by the Lombardi. Though he did not die till 1608, Alessandro had begun his own monument as early as 1595. It is more than simple, and is composed of a frame fastened against the wall, supported by caryatides representing architecture and sculpture, and crowned by a cornice with volutes: in the middle rises the bust of the artist, also sculptured by himself; as inscription underneath are only the words, ALESSANDRO VITTORIA—*Vivens vivos e marmore duxit vultus:* "Living he drew from the marble living lineaments." The two little allegorical figures which support the cornice are of the most finished grace; they recall, but with much greater refinement and nobility, the two figures in the same style which support the inscription commemorative of Henry III.'s visit to Venice, at the top of the Giants' Staircase; but these two caryatides, in spite of their grace and charm, are to some extent spoiled by

the tumultuous taste of the scrolls that surround them.

At San Giorgio Maggiore and at San Francesco delle Vigne, a number of statues by the master may be seen; these are Evangelists and Saints in niches, which form a part of the architectural whole. In the Grimani chapel of the church of San Sebastian, he has a St. Anthony and a St. Mark; at San Giacomo of the Rialto, a St. James which is remarkable in his work for dignity and repose of attitude; at San Giuliano, a St. Daniel and St. Catherine, decorative pieces executed too rapidly and almost unworthy of him; and finally at San Salvatore, on the altar called that of the Pizzicagnoli, a St. Sebastian and a St. Roch.

One must place oneself at the right point of view to judge these different works. They were at that time in Venice in the very midst of the enthusiasm for building and embellishing the city; the nobles all wished to perpetuate their memory by some pious foundation to which they devoted their large fortunes; they prepared sumptuous tombs for themselves, and architects and sculptors had no lack of employment. Alessandro Vittoria, whose exceptional position at the head of the school we have pointed out, was in such immense repute that he was naturally chosen by every one who wanted to either erect a chapel, or to have a funeral monument worthy of the name he bore, or to build himself a palace or

a villa. All the more, it was the right and the duty of the Signory to employ, in the works it ordered for the beautifying of the city, the man who was looked upon as the star of Venice. For all these different engagements a single sculptor, however vigorous and prolific, could not suffice, and a considerable share must have been given to the workman in carrying forward all these more or less routine commissions. A sculptor does not always work upon the marble itself. If the individual touch of the chisel is more preceptible in the statuary of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than of later days, it is not to be denied that for one Michelangelo, who "made the marble tremble," there must have been a hundred sculptors who looked upon their task as accomplished when once the model in clay or wax was completed. Alessandro Vittoria, overwhelmed with orders, and with all the architects of his time hurrying to him with commissions for statues and bas-reliefs, must more than any one have had recourse to assistants, more or less skilful, to carry out his ideas; and a great number of the works placed in exterior niches and on altars are pieces of mere trade produce, for which he doubtless gave but a rough model and left it to be carried out by workmen. We have nevertheless found one document which proves to us that the valiant artist himself carved in wood, an art in which, all things considered, the individual touch is even less neces-

sary than in marble; but we think this particular case must have been in his youth. The remark we make here explains many incoherencies and lamentable gaps in the general view of this splendid achievement.

As a portrait sculptor Alessandro Vittoria is inimitable, and he had the great merit of not sacrificing the likeness and human individuality of his busts to the general effect. In this department he had no rivals in Venice. He practised it in two manners; the finished marble bust, always grand and imposing, always noble and monumental, which produced exactly the features of the model, keeping the lines in harmony with the architecture, but carrying very far the modelling and the finish of the draperies and accessories; and the more rapid and decorative sketch, in which he considered chiefly the type of the subject and the general lines. Generally these decorative busts were made for vestibules, niches, and gardens, and often in terra-cotta. The villas of the mainland and the palaces of Venice contain some. Others are scattered to all parts of the world, and four of these, highly characteristic because they each surmount a terminal pedestal wrought from the same block as the bust itself, and thus bespeak the kind of purpose for which they were destined, are in the Albertina Museum at Vienna.

The greater number of the most important busts

by Vittoria were made for the sepulchral monuments of Venice; these form an integral part of the urn or monument, the entire design of which was often finished by the same sculptor.

To make an exact catalogue, one would have to search through the whole of Venice, going through all the palaces; but I may mention at San Giuseppe the tomb of Antonio Grimani, at Santa Maria Zobenico that of Contarini, in the cloister of San Stefano the bust of Viviano Viviani, at Santa Lucia that of Mocenigo, at St. Sebastian Antonio Grimani, in the Ducal Palace a Sebastian Venier, at the Academy Girolamo Contarini, at the Salute Giovanni Batista Peranda, and lastly, at Santa Maria dell' Orto, Tomas and Caspar Contarini. This last bust is considered one of his finest, and indeed the high sentiment which guided the chisel of the sculptors of antiquity seems to have inspired the artist in this work, which is worthy of Greek art. Sammicheli erected in the *Santo* at Padua a monument to Contarini, admiral of the sea, and also commissioned the portrait of this great citizen of Vittoria, who seems to have had a special devotion to his family.

We have already spoken of the funeral monument which Alessandro erected to himself at San Zaccaria, and we have specially insisted on the beauty of the caryatides which decorate it; the bust which the sculptor fashioned of himself may be considered as one of his best and most highly-finished

works in that kind. This bust is the only evidence we possess of his features. Eighty-two folio volumes containing from seven to eight thousand portraits taken from all the engravings of every epoch, collected in the last century by a monk named Corner, which now form part of the library of the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice, were kindly lent to us by the Cavaliere Cecchini; but they did not furnish us with the information we were seeking, nor did the *Marciana*, nor the *Museo Correr*. We may therefore now state almost with certainty that the portraits of the Lombardi, of Bergamesco, of Fra Giocondo, of Scarpagnino, and of many other famous Venetian artists do not exist.

In the plastic arts of Venice, the trace of Vittoria's influence is manifest; it was an influence for good. Artists of great individuality do not often make pupils; the great features of their manner are taken and caricatured; and there is seldom anything gained by imitating them. A man who gives himself up to art must bring to it a nature frankly and determinedly his own, that spirit of originality which will soon declare itself through the lessons of a school, whatever that school may be. If by accident an artist capable in his turn of becoming a leader and a standard, is kept back by studying with a master of an absolutely different character from his own, he one day breaks his bonds with violence, launches with strength and boldness on the road he

is going to attempt all alone, in spite of the drudgery of the work, in spite of the hard struggle he must go through.

Alessandro Vittoria had his first pupil in Alessandro Andrea, who was so proud of his master's genius that he adopted his name, his dress, and would gladly have passed for the master himself. He was a native of Brescia; he left a number of works in bronze, among others the great candelabrum of the high altar in the Salute. This was at the time when Andrea Riccio, the maker of that incomparable candelabrum in San Antonio of Padua, had brought this style into fashion; Vittoria himself had produced some that were very beautiful; those of San Stefano and St. Mark's are often attributed to him, but the common assertions of the guides must be cautiously taken; they are not of his period, except one of those in St. Mark's, which is of 1577. The other two, which are seen on the altar of the Holy Sacrament, are signed; we cannot therefore be mistaken in them, and the guides should substitute the name of Maffeo Olivieri for that of Alessandro. This Olivieri, like Andrea a pupil of Vittoria, came also from Brescia.

Titiano Aspetti is also evidently a follower of Vittoria; and deserves a place subordinate to him. His principal work is the celebrated chimney-piece which decorates the chamber of the Anti-Collegio in the Ducal Palace; the room is by Scamozzi, in co-

operation with whom Aspetti worked, and the details of this chimney claim some admiration for their qualities of execution.

ALESSANDRO LEOPARDI.

Is this artist to be called a sculptor, architect or metal-founder? He doubtless practised each of these three arts, but to what extent was the executor also the inventor of those bronzes which posterity admires?

In chronological order Leopardi should precede Vittoria, as he is much the earlier of the two; but his personality, his style, and his sphere of action as an artist allow of his being considered the chief of a school regarding which a few words will be in place here, in order to show how much the arts have nowadays been specialized in comparison with the practice of the age which we are discussing. Without speaking of the threefold gifts in painting, sculpture, and architecture which we meet in almost all the artists of the Renaissance, we now find ourselves face to face with a man—born in the second half of the fifteenth century, and dead before 1545—who must be ranked as an artist gifted with the purest taste, the most exquisite instinct, the most intimate knowledge of the modelling of the human figure, and who yet added to these the practical knowledge required by a caster of important and colossal works in bronze, calling himself, as the Al-

berghetti did later: "Metal-founder to the Republic."

This habitual toil of the foundry, which demands actual muscular exertion, a considerable expenditure of bodily strength, a terrible tension and fatigue, of which we can form an idea from the vivid and brilliant pages of Benvenuto Cellini in his memoirs, and by those divine letters in which Michelangelo recounts the disappointments he experienced in the casting of his masterpieces,—this toil was likely, one would suppose, in the long run to give to the delicate hand necessary for the tracing of subtle lines, that hardening which the hand of the rough workman acquires from his daily labor. There is, however, no sign of such result, for Leopardi remains as refined, pure, and severe an artist as the most illustrious of the Lombardi. I wish some student who should be versed at once in the ransacking and copying of archives, and in the history and criticism of art, would enable us to penetrate by the help of original documents into the lives of the great artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Vasari is an admirable authority, but does not by any means give us all we want; we do not yet see clearly enough, we do not realize enough of these existences. Why is Alessandro Leopardi known as the caster, when he is also the gifted inventor, of those bronze pedestals which carry the standards of the Republic? The anxiety about

material affairs, the management of money, practical administration in short, then, occupied these great spirits at the very time when they must have been already exhausted by the invention and execution of incomparable works, the sight of which alone inspires posterity with an admiration approaching awe? They were, then, at the same time, inventors, organizers, handicraftsmen, and above all (what seems to us so incompatible) contractors responsible to the State? What an amount of labor! and how could human strength suffice for it? When the brain and the imagination had created, the hand had to work without intermission, and yet more, the artist, keeping his cash-box and his books, had to pay his own workmen, and to meet the provveditore or delegate appointed by the Senate to superintend the work.

We must give up the idea of finding precise details about the life of Leopardi; he also had his historian, Temanza, who is more than sparing in his information; it is in his own works that we must seek him. The most important are the pedestal of the Colleoni statue, executed in 1495, and the casting of the horse of the same statue; the three bronze *pilli* or pedestals for the masts carrying the standards of the Republic on St. Mark's Place; and three other pedestals which are said to have been intended to carry the voting urns of the Grand Council. He took an active share in the bronze statues of the chapel della Scarpa in St. Mark's,

and undertook the sculpture of the Scuola della Misericordia; but his great work, the one which shows him at the zenith of his powers, is the tomb of the Doge Vendramin at San Giovanni e Paolo. We must also credit him with the numerous pieces of ordnance which he cast for the Republic, and which he studied not less carefully than the masts for the Piazza; but none of these works, which would have been so valuable, have come down to our time. This is but a small catalogue when we consider the place Leopardi held in the arts of Venice; but the quality of his performances is perfectly exquisite; and even in face of the Lombardi, Alessandro of the Horse (*del Cavallo*) remains absolutely unique in invention and taste.

The statue of Colleoni has a legend which is worth recounting. The Condottiere is himself an illustrious type; Spino has devoted to him a whole volume, ornamented by a magnificent portrait which has become very rare, and which may be compared with the statue itself. Bartolomeo Coleoni or Colleoni, born at Bergamo in 1400, had entered the service of the Republic at the moment when Carmagnola, at the head of the Venetian forces, was fighting against the famous Piccinino round about Padua. Passing by turns from the service of the Senate to that of the Duke of Milan, he abandoned the latter in 1448 to support the Republic, and he was seen expending the same amount of energy and

skill against his ally and patron of yesterday, that he expended for him when in his service. In 1454, while in the prime of life and full of the glory acquired by his personal valor, his successes, and the high authority and influence he exercised on all hands, he made a definite contract for life with the Republic, and received the title of Commander-in-chief of the land forces. He then occupied himself in establishing inflexible discipline, organized the regiments with great ability, introduced the use of field-artillery, and rendered the greatest service to the State.

When we read the history of the time and become acquainted with the conditions of war in the fifteenth century, we can readily conceive how Colleoni, having reached the age of seventy and retired to his fortified castle of Malpaga, lived there the ostentatious life of a prince, enhanced by his military glory. Fortunately for posterity, he was, as I have said, far from being modest; he thought, like all men endowed with a certain genius, that his name should descend to future ages, and in dying he bequeathed a considerable sum to Venice, on condition that an equestrian statue should be erected to him opposite St. Mark's. But a law existed which forbade the Piazza to be encumbered; the site opposite San Giovanni e Paolo therefore was chosen, and as the celebrated Andrea Verrocchio was just then in the full height of his renown at Florence, and in the

whole of Italy, the Senate charged him with the accomplishment of the Condottiere's desire.

Verrocchio betook himself to Venice, and was preparing his work when he learnt that the order was about to be rescinded, the execution of the figure to be given to Velano of Padua, and that of the horse only to be left to himself. Offended by this proceeding, the sculptor is said to have broken up his model, and to have returned to Florence, where a secret messenger of the Senate soon came to him, threatening him with vengeance if he did not put himself at the discretion of the Signory. Verrocchio returned, resumed his work and erected the body of the horse; but at the moment when he was going to undertake the casting of it, he died suddenly. There are different versions of this event, that of Temanza and that of Selvatico; the latter, being the most recent and evidently founded upon original documents discovered among the archives, seems the most likely to be true. Up to the time of this account, it was asserted that the artist died of chagrin, the consequence of the scarcely-forgiven slight, and aggravated by the failure of the casting; but Verrocchio's will has been found, and also a letter addressed by him to the Senate in 1488, in which he begs the Signory to allow the horse to be finished by Lorenzo di Credi, the Florentine painter. This desire was not granted, and Leopardi was summoned; he put the last touches to the model and

cast it in bronze. That the horse is Florentine is more than evident; the bridle and trappings, delicately ornamented with exquisite niello-work, are by Alessandro; the pedestal is also by him, and on the girth the artist has inscribed his name "Alexander Leopardus V. F."

These two last letters have given rise to controversy. Do they mean *Venetus fecit* or *Venetus fudit?* and does Leopardi claim honor from posterity as the designer or as the caster only of this statue? Some writers want to make a crime of this, and have asked why the name of Verrocchio was not added to that of Leopardi; but one must carry oneself back to the time. We know that the fine inscriptions on the interior of the bronze vases of the Ducal Palace are by two "metal-founders of the Republic," Alberghetti and Nicolo Conti, and that these founders were at the same time the inventors, the sculptors proper of the work. But this is not the only question which presents itself. A more serious one arises—if Verrocchio died after having made the horse only, and if the Senate decided to entrust the figure of Colleoni to Velano of Padua, who nevertheless, it is alleged, *did not execute it*, whose work then is this statue, a masterpiece which would insure artistic fame to whatever was its real author?

No one has answered this question, no one has even asked it in a categorical manner. Dis-

tinguished writers who have treated the subject seem to have shrunk from this inquiry, and as long as there is no formal docketed receipt found among the archives, we can only take our stand upon suppositions founded on the style and manner of the sculpture. If I expressed an opinion, I should say that the statue is by Verrocchio, that so great an artist, entrusted with the erection of such a monument, does not conceive it piecemeal, that harmony is the supreme law of art, and that Verrocchio could not possibly have executed Colleoni's horse life-sized, without having at least sketched in wax the rough model of the statue, doubtless on a scale large enough to have enabled artists like Leopardi or Velano, or others not known by name, easily to carry it out. When we call Leopardi "Alessandro del Cavallo," we allow him, then, only the casting of the horse, and the question remains unprejudiced, and ought to tempt some of those studious writers who ransack the archives of Venice.

I said just now that we knew nothing of Leopardi's life; let us be frank and admit that we know but too much. Great artist though he was, Leopardi was a dishonest man; and this perhaps has given credence to the malicious assertion of those who accuse him of having seized the glory due to Verrocchio by signing the horse "Leopardus V. F." I have in my heart such a tenderness for Venice and for her art, that I should like to tear up the decree

of the Senate signed "9th August 1487" by which Leopardi is banished from the Venetian territory as a forger; he had tampered with a deed with the object of defrauding Marino Bernardo, contractor for maritime transport between Venice and Istria; Cicogna in his *Venetian Inscriptions* has given the counter-decree recalling the artist so that he may "fornir el cavallo."

Temanza, to whom one must always have recourse in speaking of the Lombardi and Leopardi, has said that after 1515 we hear no more of Alessandro del Cavallo. Since his time documents have been found which are mentioned by Cicogna and by the learned and amiable Marquis Pietro Selvatico (to whom our thanks are here due, for having directed us in the researches necessary for certain parts of our work); in 1521 Alessandro was working at the Zecca; Pier Contarini, in a book printed in 1541, says that the great artist was then still alive. Leopardi worked in metal for the chapel of San Zeno, an admirable building by the Lombardi, too long hidden from the admirers of their work; and it was in his school that Alberghetti and Zuane delle Campane were trained, and also the famous Vittore Camello, one of the first who mastered the art of reproducing antique coins, and so well that his works figure as originals in many collections. Many of the most remarkable medals and the best dies are due to him; he was also a sculptor, and supplied some of the

statues at the Frari. After him came Giovanni Boldù, Giovanni Maria Fosca, Domenico, Camillo Alberti; and after that gifted epoch of the first half of the sixteenth century—after, indeed, the sixteenth century itself—the art of the founder was still prized; and even to the knockers on the doors of Venetian palaces, and to the bronzes which adorn them, we find still, if not the pure taste of the best time, at least an attention to form an idea which commends even these every-day objects to the attention of amateurs. The beautiful knocker on the door of the Palace of the Doge Da Ponte, by Sansovino, and some others adorning a few of the palaces of Venice, are shown in a curious little manuscript of the last century entitled *Battori Batticoli Battiloi*, in the Correr Museum.

CHAPTER XIII.

PAINTING—ORIGIN AND RISE OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL—TITIAN.

In the history of art the Venetian school of painting fills a great place; from the Vivarini to Guardi and Tiepolo, these painters had a special stamp of their own, an innate genius, a savour of the soil, which makes it easy to recognize them at once and to class them in the same family. They are neither profound thinkers nor nicely-balanced intellects, nor yet ascetics transfigured by their faith; but they are free spirits who create without effort and labor without fatigue, minds that produce almost as spontaneously as the plant the flower and the flower the fruit; so that from their works it is impossible to draw philosophical lessons or build up æsthetic systems, impossible to give their fertile and original imaginations credit for deep thoughts or complicated intentions. As soon as the school shakes off the inevitable influences of Greece and Florence, and produces those great artists who were national and inspired directly by Venice herself, it is marked by independence, freedom of style, and a contempt for traditions and rules which were till then looked upon

as unalterable. In passing through these Venetian minds, all current ideas, symbolism,—mythology, legend, tradition and history,—all the stock-in-trade of antiquity, the accepted and recognized modes of expression, were at once transfigured. At the very dawn of modern art, these painters released the human figure from the high conventional expression under which it had till then been represented; they insisted upon nature and relief; they invented a new scale of color; they surrounded their creations with a warm atmosphere and an amber light; they relieved their figures upon backgrounds of landscape at once real and full of sentiment, they created a pictorial nature, not indeed unideal, but of which every feature may be traced to some part of their inland territory or to the islands of their lagoon.

The Venetians were certainly the first decorative painters of the world; it must be admitted that they appeal more to the eye than to the mind, and seldom touch us more than skin-deep; they charm the sight more than they stir the heart; and in looking at their glowing and sensuous works one does not feel overwhelmed, as in the Vatican or the Farnesina, with the power of intellect or depth of the conception; the hand, more skilful than the mind is deep, runs deftly over the canvas, scattering flowers as it moves, laying side by side tones devised to enchant the eye, balancing lines with happy disposition,

melting off soft colors in an ether as pure and translucent as that of Venice herself; peopling palaces with gorgeous and sparkling allegories. At the time of their highest perfection, these Venetian artists were pagans, who put their own meanings to the things of antiquity; shaking off the yoke of asceticism, and the precedent of those gentle Florentine spirits who painted religious subjects with a temper full of heavenly aspiration, and drew their most touching motives from the stirrings of their own devout desires. And even in their decadence the Venetians were still full of vigor, always opulent, vivacious, sparkling, fertile and free from narrowness, finding material for pictures all around them, and even when they only copied nature, giving it a fascination and a life which no other school could match. Even when they came to be mannered and affected, it was still in an original way, still Venetian, and not without some dignity.

The first painters in Venice were the Greek mosaic-workers who were brought there to decorate the Basilica of St. Mark, in the eleventh century. Their designs were in archaic style; workmen of their own race first, and a little later those taught by them at Murano, carried out these designs in brilliant enamel, whose colors have lasted for centuries, and still interest us by the unmistakable characteristics of their origin.

In the year 1200, a Greek named Teofano opened

a school of sculpture close to the school of mosaists, and there trained up a pupil, Zelasio Ferrarese, who became more famous than himself. In the thirteenth century (1262) mention is made of a curious work which was preserved at Murano, a wooden coffin painted by one Martinello da Bassano, and containing the remains of the beatified Juliana. After Martinello other painters, such as Stefano Pievano (1281) Thomas of Modena, Alberegno and Esegrenio, substituted mural paintings in fresco or tempera for mosaic decoration; at last, in 1306, Giotto released the human form from those rigid conventions which had been observed in painting it up to that time; his influence made itself felt as far as Padua; and from him the movement which gave new life to the Venetian school took its rise. Nicolo Semitecolo (1351) Lorenzo Veneziano (1371) and Nicolo da Pietro (1371) followed Giotto; their works can be seen in the rooms devoted to the early masters at the Academy of Venice, where one can follow up the interesting study of the development of the national art. We must not forget the names of Altichieri, Jacopo of Verona (1397) and Giovanni Miretto, who painted the frescoes in the audience-chamber of the Palace of Justice at Padua. The dawn of the really national school of Venice appeared among the Muranese; for the progressive movement advanced much more at Murano than in Venice itself; the artists settled in that island fol-

lowed attentively all that was happening round about; Quirico, in the early years of the fifteenth century, Bernadino, and lastly Andrea, were the forerunners of the Vivarini, whom all the succeeding artists of Venice delighted to claim as their ancestors and masters. Johannes called Alemannus (1440) and Antonio Vivarini (1445), of whose works there are a great number in the Academy and in the churches, are the most famous among these early names. They occupied themselves much with the efforts of Van Eyck, welcomed the painters of Germany who came among them, and gathered round about Albert Dürer, while Squarcione and Mantegna had already revealed to them an art inspired from the great sources of antiquity. Squarcione had travelled through the whole of Italy and Greece, drawing statues, bas-reliefs, engraved gems, and the ruins and vestiges of the Periclean age; he developed a system of design new to his epoch, in which the human figure is treated in combination with architectural forms, and which causes his works to resemble the polychromo-reliefs of Greece. Filled with the idea of giving life to his figures, he brought back to Venice casts from the antique, and opened a school where all who were fascinated by this new art came to study. Mantegna, a greater, more learned, and more inspired master, brought the art to perfection by his instinct for perspective, his noble feeling in the cast of drapery,

and his profound and scientific knowledge of anatomy, which enabled him to make those bold foreshortenings that are characteristic of his manner.

Tradition has it that Antonio of Messina filched from Van Eyck the secret of his method of oil-painting. Under pretence of doing him honor, it is said, he penetrated into Van Eyck's studio to watch his method of work, then sat to him in order the better to get at his secret; and with his own first attempt achieved that execution which has kept its brilliancy, intensity, and solidity to this day.

The first national Venetian painter was "Magister Paulus," whose signature stands on the famous *Palla d'Oro* (or as he signed at Venice, "Paulus de Venitiis); he painted in 1346. After him comes Lorenzo, Nicolo Semitecolo, Antonio Veneziano, Simon de Casiche, Nicola da Friuli, Pecino and Pietro de Nova (1363). It cannot be said that the early masters of this group were free from the influence of Giotto; but in profiting by his example they at the same time showed signs of their own Venetian character. Murano, however, has the high honor of having really founded the school, with Quirino, Bernadino, Andrea da Murano and the first Vivarini (Luigi), 1414. After the latter comes Antonio, Giovanni Bartolomeo, and finally another Luigi Vivarini. They formed a family of artists, who for a whole century filled Venice with works already bearing characteristics of the age.

Toward 1456 these were succeeded by Jacopo, the father of two great brothers Bellini, the two Del Fiore, and Carlo Crivelli; and then we come to the introducers of oil-painting into Italy, Antonello of Messina and the brothers Bellini. Antonello does not properly belong to the Venetian school; he was a vigorous painter, without any high inspiration, but possessing character and a firmness of drawing worthy of all praise.

The two Bellini, Giovanni and Gentile, have left a portrait of themselves, which is now in the Louvre; they hold a very considerable place, both on their own account and as the precursors of others who came after them. They may be called the first of the emancipated artists, although they had not quite shaken off the yoke of the architectural law of symmetry; they took a great deal from the Muranese, but went further than these, and opened the way to Giorgione and to Titian. Gentile Bellini died at the end of the fifteenth century. The Madonna with six Saints, is to be seen at the Academy in Venice, and gives a good idea of the compositions of Giovanni, the most famous of the two brothers. The principles of the design are obvious—the regularity of the arrangement, the traditional background of architecture, the sacrifices made to that inexorable law of balance; the elements are a central group, a base supporting it, and two groups of three figures each which give balance to the

design. One of the most finished and beautiful works by the same hand, which hangs over one of the side altars of San Zaccaria, might be almost taken for this, so like is the arrangement of the two. Giovanni had a contemplative spirit; he was a profoundly religious artist, and the simplicity of his draperies, his frankness of expression, the infinite grace of his virgins, his inward earnestness of sentiment, would make him seem to belong to another school rather than to the Venetian; but he was at the same time a colorist, and by this quality belongs essentially to his native city. In him there is nothing tumultuous, impulsive, or turbulent and sensuous, no trace of that paganism which characterizes even his own pupils. He was reserved, studious, and a lover of letters; the friend of Cardinal Bembo and of Ariosto; he has left a considerable number of works; almost all the great churches in Venice possess panels signed with his name. The greater part of these represent religious subjects, chiefly Madonnas, nearly all resembling one another with slight variations. His type is simple and grand; a Virgin which is in the Academy, with the infant Jesus standing on her lap naked and quite free from all ideal conventions (probably drawn from the child of some fisherman or gondolier) recalls, by the majestic amplitude of the drapery and the almost antique serenity of the expression, the most beautiful of the allegorical figures of Greek sculpture.

The Sultan Mahomet II., who had seen a portrait by Giovanni at the house of the Venetian ambassador, and had determined to have a good painter at his court, requested of the Republic that Bellini should be sent him in that capacity. His brother Gentile, however, was sent instead; he started on the 3rd of September, 1479. We have in the small Italian room in the Louvre one of the pictures painted at the Sultan's court, the "Reception of an Ambassador," which gives a real interest to this circumstance of the painter's voyage to the East.

We must not stop here to dwell upon minor groups, but must only study the chiefs of schools, and pass by all that has not a specially personal note or that does not mark a distinct advance in Venetian art. We must not therefore be expected to tarry over those men of undoubted talent who were but the disciples of the great originators; though their works fill our galleries, and strike the multitude who do not know that the style in which they work was invented by such and such a man of genius, and that to genius only originality and initiative belong, while talent is the portion of many. We shall try in our rapid survey of the great painters to follow the order of time, putting each in his proper place in the school. The Vivarini, and in the second period Giovanni Bellini, were the founders; Carlo Crivelli is also of their time; after them come Marco Basaiti, Moretto, Carpaccio,

Cina da Conegliano, and Rocco Marcone. Cina descends from Bellini; he has his air, his calm, his depth, but he draws with more certainty and paints with a drier brush; his drapery is superbly cast; his manner is rich and grand, and he goes farther than most Venetians in the power of expression. His backgrounds, which generally represent his native city, are expressed with much detail and color in a minutely accurate style which recalls Van Eyck.

Carpaccio was born toward 1355; he was therefore contemporary with the Bellini, but he survived them; his life is absolutely unknown. The great Italian biographer Vasari, to whom one must always have recourse for evidence about the Italian masters, did not even know Carpaccio's right name, and calls him Scarpaccia. His works, which are very unmistakable, often well preserved, and signed in a very apparent way, allow of our following him from 1490 to 1522. The galleries of Europe are poor in works of this master; but the Academy of Venice contains many of them, and it is there that he must be studied. The collection of his works forms the most admirable and authentic source of instruction on the outward aspects of the fifteenth century at Venice. He has painted a series of nine large pictures representing the life of St. Ursula; one of these episodes is that of the Ambassadors of the King of England coming to ask King Donato, the father of Ursula, for the hand of his daughter for the son of their king.

This is already an advanced art, and the simplicity of the inspiration does not exclude great taste in the composition; but what stirs one most in Carpaccio is his faith, his warmth, the power he has of moving and being moved, the truth and depth of his expression, the unparalleled sincerity of the painter, who must have been an exquisitely tender soul, a being full of geniality and goodness. No one leaves a deeper impression; a few Florentines only of his epoch, such as Fra Beato Angelico in that beautiful convent at Florence which contains his best works, could equal or surpass Carpaccio. His work as a painter did not always lie in the field of religion, but to be religious was his essential character; he was pious even in the representation of a commonplace or indifferent theme; he was natural and unaffected, entirely taken up with his subject, and by the depth and reality of his expression attained to such intensity that even after being dazzled by the magicians who came after him, the impression made by his work remains the strongest on the mind of those who for the first time study and compare the various elements of the Venetian school. Carpaccio's manner of painting is dry; he has more feeling then facility; he belongs altogether to his own time; he was ignorant of perspective, and the temples of his distances intrude upon the foreground. In spite of his accurate linear draughtsmanship,

his work has neither much atmosphere nor much distance; but no Venetian has ever been more the incarnation of his own time. We know some of Carpaccio's works in private galleries of Venice; the churches also possess a certain number; one among others which is at the Greci is very interesting as representing a fifteenth-century interior. A curious picture representing Venetian courtesans on their terrace, of great value in the way of historical evidence, may be seen in the Correr Museum. The masterpiece of this artist, the "Presentation of Christ in the Temple," is also in the Academy, and in the Louvre he is represented by the "Preaching of St. Stephen at Jerusalem," a rather feeble work which does not give a true idea of so great a painter.

After the Bellini and Carpaccio, comes the man who freed the Venetian school more boldly still from surrounding influences, showed it the true path, confirmed its natural tendencies, and knew how to combine them in an impassioned and voluptuous form full of freedom and imagination. This man, about to break forever with the conventions of the Middle Age, was *Giorgione* (Giorgio Barbarelli), born in 1478, and deceased, alas, at the age of thirty-two. It is a chivalrous and poetic figure, this of the great genius shaking off the yoke of his teachers, driving his work and his pleasures abreast, making a Decameron of his life, scouring Venice

lute in hand and dagger at girdle, always in search of adventures of love or daring, as prompt in fight as in serenade, adored by women and feared by men, generous and headstrong, jealous, amiable and gay, impulsive yet thoughtful; an ardent and mobile nature, spending his life without counting the cost, throwing away lavishly the treasure of his days, until, cut down in the flower of his age, exhausted by night-watches and overcome by love and enjoyment, he found immortality in death at the very dawn of his genius. He was the first to love movement and color, rich carnations and the glow of sunset, purple skies and verdant fields; the first to seek out the beauty of warm white bodies bathed in amber light, the glow of blood, the play of shadow and shimmer of light.

It is said that Giorgione was the first to decorate the outside of his house with frescoes; this soon became the fashion in Venice, and all the people, so full of love for art, crowded before the artist's own house, the Casa Soranza on St. Paul's Place, to admire the glowing allegories of Barbarelli. The Senate gave their sanction to this mode of decoration, by commissioning Titian to decorate the walls of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, which had been destroyed by fire in the year 1504 and rebuilt about 1508. A harmonious blot of color which only tantalizes the eye is all that now remains of these designs; they have been worn away by time and by the

salt winds of the Adriatic, and damp airs of the lagoon.

It was in painting portraits that Giorgione discovered his own power; before such grand models as Barbarigo and Loredano he conceived a passion for life and reality, and no longer seeking inspiration from anything but nature, planned his compositions without further care for the conventional arrangements of his first masters. The fine examples of his work in the Louvre, the "Concert champêtre," shows all the freedom of his spirit, his delight in atmospheric relief, in light and color, the brightness of his fancy, and the poetry he knew how to breathe into his work. Up to this time there had been something dry, precise, and affected in the rendering of landscape; Giorgione appeared, and in an Arcadia idealized by his poetic spirit, and transfigured by the magic of his brush, we find shepherds seated on hill-slopes carpeted with moss, while women, naked like goddesses or nymphs and beautiful as antique statues, though full of life, like the suberb courtesans who served the painter for models, draw water from myrtle-shaded fountains.

We know not where we are; whether in the Elysian fields, in the country of Ariosto, or the champaigns of Belluno, Bassano, or Cadore. The scenery and vegetation is Venetian, but the poet who creates, the magician who holds his harmonious palette in his hand, transports us to happy regions

which are neither in heaven nor earth, but the home of the ideal, that lovely land of dreams which belongs only to the poet, the painter, the musician, to the inspired artist in whom heaven has kindled the sacred spark, and who has been given to man to soothe his sorrows and cast enchantment about his brief journey through the world.

We can judge of the master's genius from the large collection of his works in France: St. Sebastian, St. Joseph,—St. Catherine with the blessed Virgin holding her Son,—the Ages of Man,—the daughter of Herodias holding the head of St. John, —the open-air Concert,—two Players on musical instruments,—a figure of Comedy. Venice herself, with the exception of certain precious works executed for religious houses, where they still exist, possesses but few pictures of the great master whose genius is so characteristic of the school; the Academy of Arts at Venice, generally so rich, counts but few works by Giorgione: namely, "St. Mark appeasing a Storm," the portrait of a Venetian noble, another portrait of a sitter unknown, and the famous picture "la Flori," the woman with a guitar.

Sebastian del Piombo and Titian were the pupils of Giorgione. Titian—Tiziano Vecellio—was born in 1477 and died in 1576; his is that career a century long, so brilliant, so fruitful, so full of honors and triumphs, that one speaks of his name as though it were that of some mighty prince. The

glory of Titian is derived from that of Giorgione, and it is the honor of the teacher to have had such a pupil and to have directed the first steps of his career.

Titian had, however, also received lessons from Giovanni Bellini; but Giorgione had more attractions for him. At eighteen the pupil was already so much the rival of his master as to displease him. From the first his portraits were inimitable; and passing from Padua to Ferrara, from Ferrara to Urbino, from Urbino to Rome, from Rome to Paris and Madrid, he became the painter of kings, popes and emperors, and the friend of Ariosto, whom by a stroke of favor which is at the same time a stroke of genius, he painted on a background of bays symbolic of the honors due to the poet's brow. Where could the story of a more splendid life be found to write? Eighty years of glory and of easy labor always crowned with success! His field is immense, he touched on all subjects; he is *the* historical painter, though he did not make historical subjects his speciality; but from the "Council of Trent," at the Louvre, to "Philip II. presenting his Son before the Altar," at the Escurial, all contemporary events painted by him bear a stamp which makes them the most invaluable record of the age. His gallery of portraits of sovereigns, great men, and celebrated women is so large that an exact catalogue has never yet been made of this part of his

work. He painted Soliman II., Pope Paul III., Charles V., Philip II. of Spain, Francis I., the Emperor Otho, Clement VII., the Queens and Princesses of Spain, the Duke of Mantua, the Count Castiglione, the Marchioness of Pescara, the Marquis del Vasto, Aretino, the Cardinal de' Medici, the Cardinal Farnese, Duke Ottavio, Catherine Cornaro, Laura Eustochio who became the Duchess of Ferrara, and a number of Venetian nobles. Most of the churches of the city and territory have on one of their altars a Virgin by the master's hand; after the great historical scenes in the Hall of the Grand Council and State apartments of the Ducal Palace, he painted marvellous votive pictures, religious scenes which he made to live and glow by attributing to the sacred characters in them the infirmities and passions of humanity. Of unequalled audacity and mastery, he shrank from nothing and his genius knew no law; look at his "Presentation in the Temple" in the Academy at Venice, where he gives, in the vast architectural background of the picture, a whole angle of Italian sky, with high purple mountains, and the rich plains of the Cadore, and transports bodily in his work, by the side of the Virgin and the high-priest, some ragged egg-merchant, whom he seats without hesitation in the front of his picture, where he stands out, painted with an astonishing force of relief, in all the crudity of his natural aspect. When he touches the field of land-

scape-painting Titian does so with an extraordinary mastery. In his picture of the "Martyrdom of St. Peter," what an admirable combination of the human form with the august outlines of the grand old trees! The original is but a memory now, as it was burned at San Giovanni e Paolo.

In allegory, mythology, and the representation of the visions born of his brain, Titian is magical. The "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the National Gallery is as brilliant as a passage in Tasso, fit to compare with the painting of the gardens of Armida; Titian is even a greater poet than Giorgione, and the world he creates, inspired by the real and palpable world which surrounds him and in the midst of which he was born, is arrayed in the brilliant hues of an ideal Elysium. Flowers spring under the steps of his nymphs, who rattle the castanet and stamp their feet as they move; his chained lions and tigers, his wanton satyrs, his bacchantes crowned with vine leaves, his Cupids emptying their quivers, his Danaës and his courtesans, all belong to the pagan world, and are radiant with the beauty of the classic past; it is an enchanter's palette guided by a poet's brain.

The great master soon shook off the influence of Bellini; and yet some of his early pictures show signs of the elder master. The Virgins in the Belvedere Museum at Vienna, with their atmosphere transparent as that of Venice, surrounded by their

golden mists, remind us of Bellini, but a Bellini with a greater freedom of outline, more sensuous color and more poetry. His facility was very great, and his love of work along with a life of unusual length enabled him to leave an enormous number of pictures. But however great their number, a work by Titian is almost always the glory of any gallery. It is out of the question to go into details of this vast achievement, in a general glance at his school; but its wonderful variety, and the confidence with which Titian attacked subjects the most diverse, are points that must be illustrated. "The Assumption" in the Academy, which used to be at the Frari, shows him in a majestic phase; there is something of Michelangelo in the positions of these colossal figures. Without being inspired by religious faith, and without belonging to that race of profound and simple souls whom we now call the Early Masters, who painted sacred subjects with hearts overflowing with faith and countenances transfigured by grace, it is certain that Titian found for his virgins the sweetest expression of which the human face is capable. They are noble, proud and dignified, and filled with goodness and the most touching grace; his saints and martyrs are not quite free from the bonds of the flesh, but while still remaining of the earth, they represent the greatest goodness and beauty that humanity can attain to—supreme beauty in perfect goodness. Nothing is more striking than

the magnificent altar-piece of the Virgin in the Frari, where Titian has represented Sts. Peter and Paul in adoration, surrounded by the members of the Pesaro family. In the votive pictures of the early religious schools, the donors of the pictures remain on earth while the Virgin and Saints are enthroned in their glory; with Titian, the Virgin and Divine Infant become human and live in familiarity with man; the immeasurable distance which separates them is realized only by the difference in grace, dignity, and charm of aspect. Yet this master, who is so splendid and triumphant in pagan and mythological subjects, so bold and unhesitating when he paints some famous warrior in his armor, resting his hand in sign of possession on some ivory breast, can also be a religious painter. So great is his power of putting himself at the required point of view, and calling divine inspiration to his aid, that he succeeds in transporting us in imagination to the world of his evoking; we can judge of this power by the "Entombment" at the Louvre. It is a moving drama: by depth and passion of pure human expression Titian has here reached a religious height of emotion. Against a strange and tortured background, a sky torn by lightnings, the strong figures of those who carry the divine body of Jesus stand bathed in harmonious half-shadow. The Virgin, her eyes still fixed on the corpse of her Son, torn, overwhelmed, crushed with sorrow, wrings her

hands while by a movement full of noble significance the holy women try to lead her away from the scene of woe.

There are in Titian, as in Giorgione, fascinations which cannot be described nor interpreted by the pen; how shall one say that a tone which mingles with another tone, that a harmony of color, that a particular hue corresponds to a mood of the spirit? And yet this is the whole inexplicable charm of the great colorists. To those who know the "Entombment" of the Salon Carré we would recall the red of the trailing cloud-openings in the sky and the marvellous drapery of the young man seen from behind who carries the dead Christ in his arms.

Pordenone, who was himself a great artist, declared, and well he might, that the naked women of Titian were not painted but alive; nevertheless the master's delight in those ivory surfaces, that firm and lovely flesh which seems penetrated with light, and beneath which you are aware of the very blood and breath,—never made him forget the grand style; there is something of the *Fornarina* in the "Woman with the Mirror" of the Louvre; these are the stanzas of the poem of beauty, sung by an artist enamored of form, seen by a painter who has an ideal within him, however sensuous that ideal may be justly called in comparison with the spiritual painters of the Florentine school, less in love than he was with life and color.

Titian's life was the life of a prince. He had every honor paid him; he was a knight, and Charles V. made him a Count Palatine; he wore the collar of St. James, and accompanied the Emperor in his triumphal marches as one of his great officers; he had a pension from the Chamber of Naples, and lived in luxury, showing hospitality to cardinals, princes, and poets. He preserved till he was ninety-nine his rare vigor of spirit and freshness of imagination; his brushes had to be hidden to keep him from painting, and his failing hand tried to work on the canvas to the last day of his life. As if nature had to make an effort for the destruction of such a vast vitality, the extinction of so perfect an organization, he was seized by the plague in the year 1576, and his body was carried to Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, where some of his noblest works are hung.

Titian had a brother, Francesco Vecellio, who had been a soldier before he was a painter; and a son Orazio, an excellent portrait painter, on whom Alfred de Musset wrote his legend, *le Fils du Titien.* His pupils were Tintoret, Giovanni del Calcar, Paris Bordone, his nephew Marco Vecellio, Palma Vecchio, Sebastian del Piombo, and others less famous.

Titian made a certain number of drawings for the wood-engraver, though impressions of them have become very rare. Engravings after drawings of Titian were made by such artists as Campagnola,

Boldrini, Andrea Andreani and delle Grecche. The two most famous, which he must have drawn on enormous separate blocks of wood,—blocks that must be joined to get the effect of the whole,—were the "Passage of the Red Sea" and "The Triumph of Christ," which have been reproduced by Valentin Lefebvre. Of "Saint Jerome in the Desert," the engraving has been attributed to Campagnola, as there is a proof known bearing his name. Another composition in two divisions, is entitled the "Doge Francesco Donato adoring the Patron Saints of Venice." The Didot catalogue assigns this composition to Marco Vecellio, but we maintain our attribution of it to Titian himself. The engraving is supposed to be by Nicolo Boldrini. Another composition, also drawn on wood by Titian, which has all the breadth of a fresco, represents "Milo of Crotona;" and finally the last is called "Saint Sebastian, San Bernardino, and Saint Hermagoras—Patron Saints of the Friuli and of Padua." The Abbé Giuseppe Cadorin, about 1843 had begun a publication in facsimile size of the originals of these woodcuts, under the title: *Le Stampe in legno Fatte da Tiziano ed Illustrate dall' Abbate Giuseppe Cadorin* (Venezia, typi di Alvisopoli, 1843). This interesting publication, which would have popularized these rare works, was unfortunately broken off after the issue of two or three parts.

Jean de Calcar, who was still unknown a few

years ago, and whose works were attributed to Titian or Tintoret, was a Fleming who came to study at Venice. M. Charles Blanc has tried to prove that the "Portrait d'un Inconnu," signed by this master, which is in the Louvre, and which for a long time passed as a Tintoret, might well be the portrait of the celebrated Andreas Vesalius. Calcar excelled in copying the great masters, and it is because of this want of originality that he takes an inferior place in the school; he died at Naples in 1546, and Vasari classes him among the Venetian painters. His portrait in question is a masterpiece, and it may now be affirmed with certainty that it does really represent the great surgeon, for the same portrait figures at the head of a treatise on surgery by Vesalius printed in Venice at the same period: it is not surprising that it was for a long time classed as a Tintoret. Religious pictures by this master are to be found in the Cathedral at Calcar, and in the galleries of Munich, Vienna, and Berlin.

CHAPTER XIV.

PAINTING (*Continued*)—TINTORETTO—VERONESE—THE ARTISTS OF THE DECADENCE.

During the middle of the sixteenth century, painting in Venice reached its zenith. Titian was still alive, Girolamo Savoldo, Pordenone, Paris Bordone, Lorenzo Lotto, Tintoret and Paul Veronese, Sebastian del Piombo, Bassano, Schiavone, Giuseppe Porta, are all of the same epoch and illustrate with Titian the Venetian school. It is the great time of the decoration of churches, the building of monuments, cathedrals, palaces, and houses; the nobles scatter gold lavishly and hold themselves honored in the patronage of great artists; every great house has a painter whom it protects, every altar has its pictured saint; the Senate commissions immense wall-paintings without stint. Two men above all, Paul Veronese and Tintoret, display an incredible fertility in this kind, an incomparable facility of execution and an unparalleled fire of invention. Giorgione is more profound, Titian more penetrating, but no one was so prolific as these two. Before characterizing them and defining the place of each in the school, let us stop for a moment before the

Santa Giustina of Pordenone and the Santa Barbara of the elder Palma, one of the most celebrated pictures in Venice.

Pordenone is the name of a village in the province of Friuli where, in 1484, Giovanni Antonio Regillo Licinio was born; he is the painter of a large, lofty style, the friend of Giorgione, and looked upon by Titian himself as a rival. It was as a painter of frescoes on the exteriors of churches and palaces that Licinio acquired his name. Nothing is more curious than to follow in the records of the Renaissance period the brawling ways of these rough companions, painters, architects, sculptors, goldsmiths, jealous of one another, always on their guard, their lives full of chances of rivalry and offence. They threaten and pursue each other, ready to draw on the first opportunity; it is said that Pordenone painted with his sword at his side, and that, having a great work to do in the cloisters of St. Stephen at Venice, he had a whole armory at hand, and for defence in case of attack by a rival, reckoned on a round shield for parrying thrusts. His most powerful enemy was Titian, whom the Sisters of the Monastery of Murano had preferred to decorate an altar. Forced to leave the city, where his life was in danger, Pordenone lived at Mantua, Vicenza, Cremona, Treviso, Udine, Milano, Parma, and Piacenza, where he made a great name by the facility with which he executed great compositions, straight

from the brush, without either drawing cartoons or making any preparatory studies. Charles V. summoned him to Prague, in spite of the desire of the Venetians to keep him with them, as he had just distinguished himself by the decoration of the Hall of the Senate. He also painted at Genoa for the house of Daria, and at Vienna; Ercole II., Duke of Ferrara, ordered a series of tapestries from him which have become famous under the name of the "Labors of Hercules." The "Santa Giustina" in the Belvedere at Vienna, shows the full greatness of his manner; the cast of drapery is broad and imposing; though his color had not all the charm of Titian, his style, it may be fairly said, is sometimes as grand as that of his great rival.

The elder Palma was a pupil of Titian's; in spite of his surname he died young, for he was born in 1540 and we hear of him no more after 1588; it was to distinguish him from his nephew Jacopo, surnamed Palma Giovane, that he was given his name of Palma Vecchio. He painted in the churches of the Madonna del Orto, San Mose, Santa Maria Formosa, in the convent of San Stefano, at St. Sebastian, San Antonio del Castello, at Santa Helena of Monte Oliveto, at the church of the Teatino at Vicenza, at Lucca in the church of San Pietro Samaldi, and at Serinalta, the village where he was born. His works are chiefly easel pictures. Of all his paintings the "Santa Barbara" of Santa Maria

Formosa is certainly the most striking and perfect: it is in the church of that name, over the altar of the patron saint of the gunners in the arsenal, where she occupies the centre, while in the small flanking compartments of the picture are St. Sebastian, St. Antony the Abbot, the Virgin and dead Christ, St. John the Baptist, and St. Dominic. It is impossible for sight or spirit to be indifferent to the spell of that exquisite countenance of St. Barbara; we have never been able to pass by Santa Maria Formosa without stopping for a moment to pay our devotions to the lovely patroness of the gunnery of the Most Serene Republic. The drawing of the drapery is superb, the flesh and hands admirable for life and softness; it is the beauty of goodness, the noble serenity of a saint who is still a woman.

Paolo Caliari Veronese was born in 1528 and died in 1588; forty years of unremitting labor seem too little for the production of the enormous mass of work which he has left. His is not the greatest genius of the school, but it is the richest temperament, the happiest character, the most inexhaustible gift of creation; he was the most spontaneous spirit, the most original and most independent among all Venetian artists. He conceals considerable knowledge under a facility of execution which has never been equalled, and every picture of his is a feast to look upon. A Venetian to the heart's core, he reflects in his work the transparency and light of his own

beautiful skies, and the shimmering hues of his lagoons; he is amiable and joyous, full of health and generosity and vigor. Both in his conceptions and manner of execution there is something triumphant, an air of ease and freedom of expression which by no means excludes grandeur of style. There is a kind of flourish of trumpets in his work, bravura airs and songs of victory, a blaze of open sunshine and great spaces of azure skies.

When he paints historical subjects, Veronese is blamed by pedants for the straightforward way in which he dresses heroes and kings in the brilliant costumes of his own prosperous age, clothes goddesses in robes of brocade, and decks them with pearls and rubies; even religion wears a smiling air in his work. He does not appeal to the intellect, but charms and pleases the eye, unrolling before it all the splendors of life; his motive is not profoundly serious or æsthetic, he does not reason or analyze; his prowess is among the painter's elements of light and color. No one knows better how to surround a figure with atmosphere, how to cast a drapery or make the light play on its tissue.

His imagination, full of pomp and grandeur, is excited by a vast surface, and no dimensions seem great enough for him; his rapid brush is alive, alert, enchanted, his hand works as fast as his mind conceives; all springs from his own brain; he does not trouble himself with any law or rule or tradition;

he tramples historical truth under foot, ignores consecrated types, and as long as he has attained pictorial movement and light he has gained his point, for he is the greatest of all decorative painters, and has but one object in view, to dazzle the eye and arrange his grand compositions with a happy effect.

I have already, in a work in which Veronese fills a considerable place, tried to reconstruct his personal lineaments from new and incontestable evidence; I have in fact searched for the history of Paolo in the Archives of Venice. Resting on the assertion of men who have thoroughly investigated the papers of the "provveditori al sale," where one might hope to have discovered the secret of that existence, I now do not hesitate to say that Veronese has written nothing, left nothing that can bear real and living witness to his personality. The most important and the most unexpected document that has come to light, and that to which one must always return, is the account of his trial before the tribunal of the Inquisition, when the judges accused him of having an impious motive in the execution of the Lord's Supper painted for a convent. This account was discovered by M. Armand Baschet, the historian of Venetian diplomacy; it is extremely interesting inasmuch as it contains some lines which confirm what all students of art had supposed—that Veronese sought above all things for the natural in a picture, painting without hidden purposes or profound mo-

tives; adding one figure after another, and caring much more about the lines, the harmony, the balance of the composition than about the philosophical idea of his picture. He wished to please, to dazzle, to charm, and never did painter better attain his object.

I think Veronese must have been a robust and lusty workman, simple-minded enough, healthy and not over-fastidious in spite of his cultivated taste. That he was a man of honor we have proof, in his answer to Jacopo Contarini, who was appointed with two colleagues to designate the artists to take part in the decoration of the Hall of the Great Council. Contarini met him in the street as he was leaving the sitting at which the names of the painters had been discussed; most of them had been soliciting and intriguing; Paolo had more pride, and had remained quietly at work upon his canvases. The ambassador reproached him with his little zeal to serve the Republic, and his culpable indifference to the decision of the judges. "My business," he answered, "is to desire honors, not to seek for them; and I understand better how to execute a commission than how to ask for it." The manliness and dignity of this answer cannot but be admired.

He pushed this disinterestedness very far, and would often scarcely accept payment for his time in painting religious works for convents; it appears that he only stipulated for the price of his colors and

canvas in order not to be out of pocket. But he was a hot-headed, passionate man; he had a quarrel with Zelotti, and had to shut himself up for a time in the convent of St. Sebastian to escape the penalties he had incurred in raising a dispute which ended in bloodshed. It is to this fact that we owe the numerous and splendid paintings which decorated that convent and are now in the Academy. He had a wonderful memory and a rare knowledge of anatomy; he looked at the living model till his mind was filled with the facts of nature, and then painted direct from memory. Pomp and majesty have never been carried further; the enormous decoration known as "The Triumph of Venice" is a marvel of composition—above all if we consider that all the figures are on the ceiling, and that the superb architecture is all schemed in perspective toward a vanishing point ingeniously chosen. He has collected here a crowd of figures, who elbow each other with the strangest freedom: Venice is enthroned in the clouds, and in the foreground are flung out together the figures of Glory crowning and of Fame acclaiming and celebrating her; of Honor, Peace, Juno, Ceres, and the Lion of St. Mark, nobles, cardinals, vanquished Turks, warriors, and pages holding hounds in the leash.

Veronese, besides his immense gifts as a painter, had a good heart in spite of his hot temper; everybody liked him, and even his rivals were disarmed

before him. Titian, who had a jealous nature, took pleasure in following his career, and was often seen to stop and embrace Paolo in the streets of Venice. A man of this kind could not but love choice gems and fabrics, all that is rich and brilliant; he was always to be seen in splendid apparel, and indeed was somewhat eccentric in his dress, covering himself with brocades and showy materials and fit to take his place in one of his own pictures. He does sometimes actually figure in them, and it is well known that he loved to put in his compositions fanciful personages that are quite irrelevant to the subject; this was what the Inquisitors complained of, and they could not forgive him for having introduced German landsknechts and musicians into Scripture scenes. On this subject he was altogether free from prejudice, and in the most dramatic scenes would with rare unconventionality introduce imaginary persons quite unconnected with the story. There was something simple-minded in him, joined to the most exquisite refinement, and one sometimes doubts whether he did not amuse himself by trying to astonish the public with such frank representations. In one of his most impassioned works he has one man with his nose bleeding and another playing with a monkey; but after all there is nothing to shock us in this dissonance; it is a window opened on real life, whereby the picture becomes witness to the manners and customs of the time.

In a vast composition—"The Marriage at Cana"—which is the glory of the Louvre, Veronese, by a freak of imagination which renders the picture doubly precious to us, has assembled at the table the most various and remarkable personages of his time. There are the Sultan Soliman, the Emperor Charles V. with the golden fleece round his neck, the Marchese del Guasto, and the beautiful Marchesa di Pescara. On the second place to the right is the painter's own brother, standing with one hand on his hip and holding a cup in the other, by the side of Tintoret, who plays the double-bass and forms a pendant to the painter himself, who is figured as playing the viola; it is from this portrait that the features of Veronese have usually been copied. This work was a famous one even at Venice; and it is a subject which often tempted his brush. He had represented four "banquets," as the chroniclers of the time call them: "The Marriage at Cana," painted for the Convent of San Giorgio Maggiore; "The Feast in the House of Simon the Leper," for the Church of St. Sebastian; the third "The Feast with Levi the Publican" for San Giovanni e Paolo; and finally, again "The Feast in the House of Simon the Leper:" this last picture was ordered for the Servites. The French ambassador in Venice had caused a large sum to be offered to the fathers by order of Louis XIV. in exchange for the picture; they refused; but the Republic, which was inter-

ested in propitiating the King of France, decreed a sort of expropriation for the good of the State, and caused the picture to be removed and offered to the king in the year 1665. Since then we have obtained "The Disciples of Emmaus," which comes from the Palais-Royal; the ceiling at Versailles with "The Titans," and the Feast which makes the pendant to "The Marriage at Cana," in which is the Magdalene wiping the feet of the Saviour with her hair. We have also the "Esther" and "The Descent from the Cross"—in short, a number of compositions which enable us to judge of the artist, although his full glory can really only be seen in his own country.

I have gazed with much interest upon some of Veronese's pictures in the decorative style which are to be found in the most beautiful villa on Venetian territory, the Villa Masere—the home of the eminent man whose life I have related in my *Patricien de Venise*. The first of these compositions may be called a "Mother of Loves," it is painted in fresco and placed in a small room in the villa; the second is a complete decorative scheme with architecture, balcony, soffits, and ceiling. The central design represents Olympus, and, faithful to his principle, Veronese mingles earth and empyrean, placing the noble lady of the house in a leaning posture on the balcony. A detached angle-figure represents Neptune. Two mythological de-

signs, the "Birth of Love" and "Apollo and Venus," form part of the same decoration.

Veronese is so great and brilliant an artist that we cannot help lingering over him. We have not yet spoken of that ardent and voluptuous piece which decorates one of the small chambers of the Ducal Palace, the "Rape of Europa," where by an intuition which proves the natural affinity of genius, however diversely exercised, the painter has interpreted,—and that without knowing them, I am sure,—the lines of Ovid describing the divine bull licking the feet of the beautiful captive. What a magician and what a poet! Where shall we find such gentle skies, or a landscape of such ideal allurement? I do not know who it was that said of this picture that it gave one a presentiment of Watteau and might have inspired the "Departure for Cythera;" the remark shows a discerning spirit and the eye of a painter. But, amidst the crowd of these numerous creations, one figure remains always in the mind: that white incarnation of Venice, in the semblance of a woman seen from behind, a figure taken perhaps from among the noble ladies of Venice,—so delicate and daintily graceful, and yet so grand and opulent,—which we see, between the "Allegory of Faith" and "St. Justina in the act of rendering homage to Christ in Glory," on the ceiling of that superb

Hall of the Council which was used as a reception-room for ambassadors. It is on that ceiling also that we admire, thrown into half-light beneath a canopy, that remarkable figure of another "Venice" seated on a globe, with the Lion of St. Mark at her feet, receiving a personified Justice who offers up her sword and scales, and a Peace who presents her laurel, the symbol of concord.

Veronese died from a fever caught in following a procession bareheaded. The fathers of St. Sebastian wished him to be buried in their church; and with justice, for nowhere had he been more brilliant and fertile than in the religious decorations done for that building. He had two sons, Gabriele and Carletto; Gabriele was doubtless the name of the eldest son of the family, for Paolo's father, who was a sculptor, was also called Gabriele. Carletto was also gifted, but he died at twenty-six, and most of his pictures are attributed to his father. Gabriele died of the plague in 1631; he ended by giving up painting. Benedetto Caliari, a brother of Veronese, was an historian and architect; together with Gabriele and Carletto he completed some of Paolo's works. There is another Veronese in the history of Venetian art—Alessandro, who had the same by-name as Paolo, and whose family name was Turchi; he was a pupil of Felice Ricci; he was born in 1600 and died in 1670.

Zelotti had been a fellow-pupil of Veronese under Badile; he was a painter of merit, who is not always allowed his right place; he liked to roam about the world without a fixed home; and died in poverty in 1592, at the age of sixty-two. He had had quarrels with Veronese, and was thought by his companions to be of a jealous disposition.

Another great personality of the school was Tintoret (his name was Jacopo Robusti); he was born at Venice in 1512, that is sixteen years before Veronese, and died six years after him, in 1594. His father was a dyer, from whence his name of "il Tintoretto;" his again was a wonderful nature, a genius infinitely productive and facile beyond belief. The pupil of Titian, he soon rivalled his master, who certainly was not tender toward pupils who could aspire to emulate him. I am aware that tales of this kind must not be accepted without reserve; but I find, in the earliest writers on art, that Tintoret had to leave his master's studio after unpleasantnesses which were not of his making. Besides he was not long in showing himself without a peer, and a genius like his must needs assert itself from the first and overcome all opposition. At twenty it was already said of him that he was a *fulmine di pennello*, and he was called *il furioso*. It is certain that he painted in such an impet-

uous fashion that he seemed to attack his canvas and know no pause till he had completed it. He was an anatomist of the first order; he drew with skill and accurate knowledge; he modelled in clay with singular ability, made it a practice to draw from the skeleton, and gave such force and salience to everything he touched, that the masses, who like the look of life and do not always give proper value to the loftiest qualities and noblest ideals, soon looked on him as the greatest man of his time.

Tintoret first became known as decorator in relief at the Scuola di San Marco, and the Senate having distinguished him entrusted to him the enormous wall of the Great Council Chamber, where he painted the gigantic piece representing the "Glory of Paradise," over the ducal throne, a work which measures no less than 83 by 34 feet may be considered the largest painting on canvas that exists.

From the Ducal Palace Tintoret passed on to the Scuola di San Rocco, and there, the fathers of the institution letting him take the bit between his teeth, as the saying is, he accomplished a perfectly prodigious quantity of work, a quantity to confound the mind of man. He is a master, doubtless, and a great master,—in some of his works on the level of the highest; but at San Rocco his painting is black, heavy, often

sprawling, and admirable in parts only, as for example in the hall called the *Albergo*, in the subject of the Crucifixion. To make sure of attaching his signature to this formidable achievement, representing acres of painting and armies of colossal figures, Tintoret hung over a door in the room the portrait of himself which was painted at the age of sixty-six.

After the Scuola, the Duke of Mantua, desiring to attract Tintoret to his court, commissioned him to paint in ten parts a "Life of St. Francis of Gonzaga," but this was a work of no more than a few months for such a man; and after seeing the canvases in their place he returned to Venice to paint the "Battle of Zara" in the Voting Chamber.

With such remarkable facility of execution and in an age like his, it may be readily conceived that Tintoret's brush did not lie idle; he worked incessantly, and it may indeed be said that he sometimes worked too rapidly for his fame. A saying handed down by the chroniclers says that there are three different Tintorets who worked with three different brushes: one of gold, another of silver, another of iron, *il pennello d'oro, il pennello d'argento, e l'altro di ferro.* This was the opinion of Carracci, who knows what he is talking about; he left a letter addressed to his brother Ludovico, in which he declares that Tin-

toret was sometimes superior to Titian, but more often inferior to himself.

In character, Robusti was rugged and uncompanionable. He was of a contemplative disposition, and would shut himself up for weeks together seeing no one but his daughter, whom he adored, and finding in music a relief from painting; he had a certain reputation as a player of the double-bass, and we have seen that Veronese represented him in the "Marriage at Cana" taking part in his orchestra. In our day a great artist, M. Robert Fleury, has been struck by this characteristic, and has represented Tintoret in the same attitude; and M. Léon Coignet has painted a picture showing him at the death of his daughter Maria, the only one who was left him, two other daughters having taken the veil. Maria Tintoretto was an artist of talent, and her name will live in history; she has left works of real interest, among others the portrait of Marco dei Vescovi and that of Jacopo Strada, a celebrated antiquary. Adored by her father, who had made her the companion of his life, Maria Tintoretto followed him everywhere in the dress of a young page. The engraved portrait given in the work of Ridolfi, which shows her as she must have appeared, is not of a kind to charm us, and indeed all that I have read about her leads me to suppose that she was not beautiful; but her father worshipped her; he taught her to take her part in an orchestra,

and early initiated her in the art of drawing. Philip II. of Spain and the Archduke Ferdinand, each wished to have her at his court; but Tintoretto refused this honor for her, and in order to keep her near him married her to the only man who had not proposed to take her away from Venice and her father; this was a German jeweller named Mario Augusti. Maria died at thirty, and her death seems to have been a terrible blow to the aged Jacopo, who himself died four years after her. After her death the painter reproduced the features of her whom he had loved so well. This incident forms the subject of a picture by M. Léon Coignet; it is also the subject of a fine piece by Signor Morelli.

There is another and less melancholy episode of a like dramatic kind in the life of Tintoret, which helps us to understand the character of the man and the susceptibility of the artist. It was at the time when Aretino was the acknowledged leader of criticism, and made and unmade reputations with a word; at this time he held for Titian against Tintoret. One day, when he had heard some remark which did not please him, Tintoret asked Aretino to come and see him, and as soon as the latter had crossed the threshold of his house, approached him solemnly, a long pistol in his hand, carefully measured him with it from head to foot, and then gave him good-day, saying "Know that you measure altogether three lengths of my pistol." The anec-

dote is authentic and vivid; it had no further consequence than that of making Aretino the friend of the susceptible artist who had thus promised him a tragic issue to his jibes. M. Ingres has painted this subject twice with variations, as may be seen in the work entitled *l'Œuvre d'Ingres* engraved by Réveil.

Robusti's "The Miracle of St. Mark" is generally considered one of the most important works of the artist; the picture is in the Academy at Venice; its power and vigor are very characteristic of the master. Jacopo Robusti lived to the age of eighty-two; he is buried at Santa Maria dell' Orto. He left two sons; one of them, Domenico, was a portrait painter of some talent. Tintoret's exact place in art is difficult to assign: he is above all things an energy and a power,—he rarely touches the heart, and I might say does not even dazzle the eye as a colorist, for he "paints dark;" but there are certain works of his that are masterpieces, and one is amazed to find in the small chamber called the Anti-Collegio adjoining the Hall of the Ambassadors, four compositions of exquisite grace: the "Ariadne and Bacchus," "Pallas pursuing Mars," the "Forge of Vulcan," and "Mercury and the Graces," in which he seems to have sought after form with as much care as any of the most illustrious designers of this Venetian school.

For the sake of completeness, in nomenclature at

least if not in biography and criticism, I should here mention the name of Sebastian del Piombo (1485), also that of Bassano, two masters who might have been the pride of any poorer school.

Judging the work of Jacopo da Ponte, called "il Bassano," by second-rate specimens alone, one would think of him as a sombre colorist and a straggling designer, interested only in commonplace subjects, such as kitchen interiors, or Noah leaving the ark, and other out-door scenes taken from Scripture and treated in a fantastic way. But if you study Bassano at Venice, you will take off your hat to him as to an artist of unexpected range, elevation, and talent. He was born in 1510, was the pupil of his father Francesco Bassano, who had studied under Giovanni Bellini, and later under Bonifazio (a great artist of whom I should like to have spoken at length). Il Bassano lived little at Venice, but settled himself usually at his native Bassano; it was Titian who made his reputation by purchasing the "Animals going up into the Ark." By degrees he began to be appreciated, and the Senate employed him to decorate public buildings; it is really by these decorations that Bassano should be judged, for on these great surfaces he is as much at his ease as his illustrious rivals. He has the power of giving life and reality to his figures, some of which stand out in such relief as to seem as though they were starting from their frames to meet the spectator. It

is said that he did not draw from the nude, and this opinion is founded on the fact that in the whole of his work there is not a single sacred or allegorical figure that is not draped from head to foot. He has left some portraits fine enough to be taken for Tintorets; he died in 1592, at the age of eighty-two, and is buried in San Francesco.

Bassano left four sons; the two elder, Francesco and Leandro, produced master-works, and the former ornamented the walls of the Ducal Palace with grand compositions which can hold their own beside the works of the greatest Venetian artists. He is the painter of the "Doge Ziani receiving the Sword from the Hands of the Pope," in the Hall of the Great Council. This Francesco died in a strange way; he was so eager over his work that he contracted a high fever; he fancied himself surrounded by archers of the Guard and threatened with imprisonment. In the course of the year 1594, when he was forty-four years old, he opened his window, threw himself down on the flagstones and died on the spot.

Leandro held a distinguished place in the school; he survived his brother a long time. The greater number of the paintings which decorate the Hall of the Council of Ten are by him. The Doge Grimani was his patron, and he received the gold chain of a knight of St. Mark. Leandro died at the age of sixty-five, in 1623. There are portraits of these sons

and almost equals of Jacopo da Ponte, after the work, so well known in Italy, of the painter Carlo Ridolfi.

Andrea Schiavone is a touching character, always in difficulties, yet proud and dignified; and his talent has in it something penetrating that goes straight to the heart. He was born in Dalmatia, in the pretty little town of Sebenico, where the life has the charm of ancient Greece. Titian, who instead of being jealous of him, as he was of Tintoret, found a savor of originality in his style and coloring, asked for his help in the great compositions of the Libreria Vecchia which are now destroyed. Tintoret also did him great honor in always holding him up as a model to his pupils. He was, however, an artist who in his own time was only appreciated by brother artists; he had the greatest difficulty in making a living, and his only consolation was in the friendship and esteem of the most illustrious of his contemporaries. Aretino loved him and furnished him with subjects for pictures; but this did not increase his riches, and poor Schiavone went about the streets in rags. He died in 1582 without leaving enough even to pay for his funeral, which created much compassion among the Venetians.

Bartolomeo Veneziano has left only three paintings, two of which are masterpieces. He lived about 1540. Another painter of the same date is Gerome Muziano, born of a noble family in 1528 at

Aqua Fredda; he painted in Rome for Gregory XIII., married there and became the *protégé* of Cardinal d'Este, whose villa he decorated at Tivoli; he lived all his life by the orders he received from the Pope and the Cardinals. He died in 1590 and is buried in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Giuseppe Porta also belongs to this generation; born in 1535 at Castello Nuovo della Garfignana, he died at Venice in 1585. He was the pupil of Salviati; he painted some large compositions in the chambers of the Vatican for Pope Pius IV., and his success at Rome greatly furthered his career at Venice. He was one of the many artists employed by the Republic to represent its historical events, and his works are sometimes attributed to men more famous than their real author, men of such pre-eminence in the school of Venice that they extinguish all lesser lights about them. Giuseppe Porta was a man of learning, and occupied himself with mathematics and chemistry.

We have now come to the end of the sixteenth century, and a number of secondary painters might still be mentioned; for it is amazing to realize the wealth of talent and vigor of this generation of the Renaissance; but with the seventeenth century begins the decadence of the school, which however could still boast such names as Andrea Pozzo (1642 to 1709) and Sebastian Ricci, born at Belluno in 1659 and died in 1734. Ricci had the temperament

of a decorative painter; he was akin to the French painters of the eighteenth century, whom he only preceded for a short time; his designs are confused but brilliant, full of affectation, but with a richness of invention which gives them their value; he is a *painter* in the literal sense of the word, often full of a fascinating and original charm. He painted at Rome, Milan, London, Bologna, Piacenza, Vienna and Florence. His subjects were chiefly mythological or historical; he was a kind of heroic François Boucher, with more fire, perhaps, and even greater facility; he had as thorough a knowledge of perspective as the greatest painters of the best time, and spent more ingenuity and intellect than sentiment in those great pictorial schemes in which he convoked the whole of Olympus to the banquet of the gods. I was surprised to come upon Ricci again in some enormous wall paintings at Chelsea Hospital; the English had adopted him; as indeed at that time Italy alone was supposed to possess this special art of the pictorial decoration of vast surfaces. Romanelli and Pellegrini painted in France, Ricci in London; Tiepolo was destined to cover with his singular paintings the great halls of the Palace at Madrid and those of the Prince-Bishop at Würzburg.

Antonio Balestra lived from 1666 to 1740. Verona is the place to see him at his best. He had made his home there, and his works are to be found at the

Carmelites, at San Vitale, St. Benedict, and at Santa Maria in Organo. After him in chronological order come Rosalba, Piazzetta, Antonio Canale called Canaletto, Guardi, Tiepolo, and Longhi: these are the last really important names of the Venetian school.

Let us see briefly who the Rosalba was—that charming personality with which France fell in love because she seemed a reflection of her own eighteenth-century school, and because her works, light as the powder the painter tries to fix on his canvas, were as brilliant as herself, and reflected faithfully an era full of vivacity, light gallantry, and refinement.

Rosa-Alba Carriera was born at Venice in 1672; she was the granddaughter of a second-rate painter and her father was a draughtsman. She began by making point-lace; but as she tried at the same time to paint from the models which fell into her hands, a Venetian banker, who was a neighbor, and interested in her growing talents, lent her some fine studies by Baroccio; the copies which she made of them created such surprise among the connoisseurs of the town, that her father sent her to Diamantino, a painter much thought of in Venice at the time, though forgotten now. Under him she made rapid progress, and by the advice of a friend gave herself up to the charming art of miniature painting. Her success dates from this period; she used the method

of pastel, made fanciful figures and portraits which were famous for their grace and for their rich and refined coloring. The King of Denmark, passing through Venice, fell in love with these fresh and piquant pastel-portraits, which had the merit of showing under the most favorable aspect the features of the beautiful Venetian women of the time. Thenceforward "la Rosalba" enjoyed the real appreciation of the whole of Europe; the Academies of Rome and Florence, the Institute of Bologna, sent her their diplomas, and enrolled her among their foreign members. The Duke of Tuscany asked her for her portrait for the famous gallery in which figure all the great artists of the world. She had a brother-in-law, a certain Pellegrini, a Venetian painter who had been summoned to Paris by the famous Crozat, to decorate the ceiling of the Bank; she followed him to that city; the King of France sat to her, and she was fêted and honored in all the salons of Paris and visited by the most celebrated artists of the day. On the 26th October 1720 the Academy of Painting received her as a member, and she painted as her diploma picture a "Muse" which is in the Louvre gallery. Our public collections are very rich in the works of Rosalba. Some of them possess a finished grace and power of color that are surprising; among them all none is more attractive than the little pale face of a young girl with her monkey, which is the cabinet of pastel-drawings in

the Louvre. The well-known amateur, M. Piot, also possesses a number of the works of La Rosalba.

From Paris, she proceeded to Vienna, where the Emperor Charles VI., the Empress, and all the Archduchesses wanted to sit to her. Her fortune was made, and nothing more was wanting to her fame as an artist.

She returned finally to Venice, where she died in 1757 at the age of eighty-five. During the latter years of her life she had become blind, but she never ceased to surround herself with the choicest spirits and the most remarkable artists of her time. Rosalba was not so beautiful as some of her contemporaries wished to prove; she might easily have tried to deceive posterity when she sat to herself before her mirror, but she was very honest, and the portraits she has left of herself show more intelligence than beauty in her face. It is said that she was a musician, and she had sisters gifted with all kinds of talents, clever as fairies; they played chamber-music together. Rosalba deserves a kindly mention in these rapid sketches of Venetian painters; she recalls characteristics of the French artists of the age of Louis XV.

The eighteenth century is the century of theatres, ceremonials, and fêtes at Venice; the Queen of the Adriatic, so powerful in other days, has no strength left except for pleasure. The last great painters whose names she inscribed in the Golden Book are

certainly not unworthy to figure beside those of their ancestors; only, being born in an age of political decadence, they have fallen into affectation and mannerism. Still they are painters of the great stock; and among them all I will select six of the most brilliant names: Giambattista Tiepolo, Antonio Canaletto, Francesco Guardi, Pietro Longhi; and a little lower than these must be placed the names of Giovanni-Battista Piazzetta and Alessandro Longhi.

Giambattista Tiepolo was an artist of high aims, who, if he had been born a century sooner, would have been a rival of Veronese; those who have studied him at Venice, at Würzburg, and at Madrid, will not hesitate to say that he is a man of genius; but he is evidently the outcome of his age, and bears its peculiar marks. What we have said so often must be repeated here: Art is a mirror, reflecting accurately the men and things of its time.

Born in 1692, Tiepolo studied under Lazzarini, and from the age of sixteen showed himself gifted with such facility that he already enjoyed public favor. He had been much struck by Ricci, and Veronese was the model he studied with most perseverance. In quantity he produced perhaps as much as any of the most prolific artists of the Renaissance, and produced it with as much facility. At the Palazzo Dolfin, at Zattere, at the Rezonnico and Labbia Palaces, at the church of the Gesù, at the Scalzi, at the Palace of the Prince-Archbishop, at

the Palace of Madrid, he executed frescoes of enormous size which may bear comparison with the finest compositions of the great masters. Among the fine photographs from Tiepolo made by Naja of Venice are two splendid subjects from the story of Antony and Cleopatra—"The Banquet," where the Queen dissolves the pearl, and "The Departure," where the master of the world is about to embark with the Queen. Tiepolo died at Madrid in 1767; Charles III. had summoned him there, and he established himself there with his son, in spite of Mengs, the Maëlla, and the Bayeu, who could not compete with his prodigious facility.

His son Giovanni Domenico was born at Venice in 1726; he worked a great deal with his father at Madrid and was a very skilful etcher; he has given us a series of twenty-seven subjects, the "Flight and Repose of the Holy Family in Egypt;" a series of twenty-six heads in character, after the manner of Benedetto Castiglione, a "March to Calvary" in fourteen parts, "The Republic of Venice and Neptune," and a number of sacred subjects. He also painted some frescoes at Brescia, and died at the end of the eighteenth century at an advanced age.

Even in a general glance at the school, it is impossible to pass by so singular a personality as Giovanni-Battista Piazzetta. This artist exercised great influence over Tiepolo, who, however, it is right to say soon shook himself free from his influ-

ence. Piazzetta has a manner of working entirely his own, and among that school of decorators a distinct individuality which produced a whole series of imitators, as Francesco Potozzo, Domenico Maggiotto, Marinetti called Chioggiotto, a painter of real talent, to whom, in galleries out of Venice, the pictures of Piazzetta are very often attributed. Piazzetta was also a decorator, but he fell into an exaggeration fatal to the quality of his painting; he threw strong artificial light on the outlines of his groups and faces, as if the rays of a torch amid the darkness were to light up the outlines of a statue, leaving its whole mass in shadow. There is, it is true, some attempt at half-tones and a certain amount of detail within these opaque shadows, but with time the modellings have disappeared, and most of the works of this painter have grown so black, that nothing remains but contrasted values,—the high lights along the outlines coarsely though always cleverly indicated, and the general masses, of which all the half-tones are lost in solid shadow. He painted at Padua, at Bologna, in a great many churches at Venice, leaving there many easel-pictures, and very beautiful designs. It is known that he modelled in wax, studying and lighting up his groups on little models, a practice which affords a plausible explanation of the effects he usually produced.

Antonio Canale, called Canaletto, is another strong

individuality of the school, and the incarnation of that art which had for its object the topographical representation of the unparalleled city. His follower Guardi certainly was a man of more mind and a more thorough artist; but he, Canaletto, in his best work renders the aspects of Venice as no one else was capable of rendering them, and when he keeps clear, as he does not at all times, of the fault of mere trade fabrication, it is he who gives the most vivid and just idea of those magic scenes. The view of the "Madonna della Salute" in the Louvre is a perfect specimen of the great master's talent.

Canaletto was born at Venice on the 18th October, 1697, and died there the 20th of August, 1768. His father Bernardo Canale was a scene-painter, and sent his son to Rome, where he devoted himself principally to copying the antique monuments of the city, and ruins in the surrounding landscapes. On his return to Venice he had an idea which seems simple enough, but was nevertheless a stroke of genius, that of looking about him and painting what he saw. His success was soon assured; he was summoned to London, and lived there for two years, from 1746 to 1748; this accounts for the numerous views of that city by his hand which are to be found in English collections. Tiepolo has sometimes put in the figures of Canaletto's pictures. It must be said that toward the end of his life, Canaletto opened a kind of manufactory where painting was

done by rule of thumb, with colors all prepared for water, buildings, and skies respectively. He has left a very strong mark of his personality in a series of very spirited etchings; they are perhaps more interesting than his pictures because they are more characteristic.

We must make mention of a nephew of Canale, Bernardo Bellotto, whose pictures now at Dresden and Vienna are excellent for relief and perspective. He was painter to Augustus III., and died at Warsaw about 1780. His ability as an artist has not been surpassed; few of his pictures are to be found in Italy, but the great German galleries contain many.

Although Guardi was born some time after Longhi, he must be compared with Canaletto, for in spite of the contrast between the two in the manner of execution they both draw their inspiration from the same source. Francesco Guardi was born in 1712 and died in 1793. He first painted architecture, then followed in the steps of Canaletto but from the first stroke of his brush he showed himself more vivacious than his predecessor; he is a more original colorist, has a more distinctive talent, and is in his own line unsurpassable when he takes the trouble to follow out and execute his idea. He enjoyed an honorable reputation in his own day, but it may fairly be said that it is by our generation that he has been discovered and set in his right place. His extraor-

dinary facility, his sparkling execution and poetic grace, joined to unsurpassed qualities of atmosphere, transparency and light, make of him an exceptional artist, in comparison with whom Canaletto himself, masterly as he is in pictures like the "Grand Canal" and the "Church of the Salute" of the Louvre, becomes cold and expressionless. Guardi produced a great deal: in a single Venetian collection (Giacomo delle Lena) thirty-two Guardis were counted; these are now in England. The English collection richest in Guardi and Canaletto is that of Sir Richard Wallace, who has added still further to it by acquiring the four famous pendants of the Morny collection, which are perhaps the finest examples the master ever painted. Pietro Longhi painted in 1764 a portrait of Guardi; it is in the Correr Museum, and Longhi has written his friend's name at the back of the picture with his own hand, so that the portrait is doubly celebrated. The Louvre is rich in charming examples of the master. One of his brilliant works is the "Espousals of the Doge with the Adriatic."

Pietro Longhi has set forth better than any one the intimate life of the eighteenth century at Venice; he corresponds exactly to those French artists who are so much the fashion now,—Chardin, Lancret, Pater, Baudouin, Moreau, etc. etc.; but Longhi is what is called a realist, painting only what he saw, and less conventional than the artists I have just mentioned. Born at Venice

in 1702 and dying in 1785, he reflected Venetian life for sixty years with an accuracy, good humor, and fidelity, which have made of his pictures so many pages of history. They are nothing but conversations, musical parties, academies, supper parties, visits to convents, dancing lessons, graceful minuets, fancy balls, episodes of the Ridotto,—a thousand little agreeable scenes in which he displays delicacy and fancy. Pietro Longhi had also his nobler side and his loftier aims; he painted a large fresco in the Sagredo Palace, the "Fall of the Giants," and there are preserved a number of family portraits of some merit by him. The Morosini Palace at Venice, and the cabinet of Mr. Rawdon Brown, the learned historian for so many years resident at Venice, contain many very brilliant examples of this master, and the collection of the Municipal Museum at Venice exhibits a very interesting series.

Alessandro Longhi, the author of a volume, or rather an album, entitled *Vite dei Pittori*, was the son of Pietro; he was born in 1733 and died in 1813. He is the last artist we shall notice as expressing the genius of Venice. Longhi is a very skilful etcher, and, although he painted some pictures in the style commonly associated with his father, is above all a portrait painter. Much esteemed in Venetian society, he has left in the palaces of the city a number of large

pictures, under which the name of Pietro has often been written; he has given us the pretty series of etchings after the pictures of his father, now beginning to be rare and to fetch long prices at sales.

Alessandro is the last artist of the Venetian school whose name we shall mention, as he died in 1813; the Republic had ceased to exist for sixteen years, and he brings us to the threshold of the nineteenth century.

We repeat that we have not pretended to write a history of Venetian painting, but have desired only to give an idea of the great personages of the school; to show the unbroken chain from the Muranese and Paduans down to the last painters of the past century; to sketch the portraits of the great characters; to point out especially Carpaccio, Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, and Tiepolo; leaving necessarily in shadow the great names which honor any school, such as Sebastian del Piombo, Bonifazio, Brusasorci, Maganza, Pietro Malombra, Santo Peranda, and many more who would now be placed in the highest rank, but whom we are forced, by the wealth of genius produced by Venice, to leave in the background, so as to give place to those mightier names which spring first to the mind of any one speaking of color and light beneath the sky of Venice.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINTING—THE LITERARY MOVEMENT.

Now we propose to review in one general glance two very vast subjects; Venetian literature, and the art of printing, which was practised with such brilliant success at Venice. Each of these subjects, which no one will be surprised to see brought together here, might claim a detailed treatment in a special volume; we hope nevertheless that in following our plan of a rapid summary we shall be found to have passed over no important element of the matter. It is deliberately, and with the object of presenting a general picture of the arts and industries of Venice, that we keep within limits it would be so easy to exceed.

Printing, which is always a valuable servant to thought, has at Venice closer relations with thought than anywhere else. First, because the literary effort at Venice was at one time especially directed to popularizing by the press the masterpieces of antiquity which it successively rescued from oblivion; and also, because the comparative freedom and power of the great Venetian printing-houses allowed of books being freely written and circulated

in Venice which it would have been difficult to bring out elsewhere. Besides this, typography as an art stands at the head of those lesser arts, *artes minores*, with which we shall presently be engaged, —popular arts from which prosperous epochs have everywhere derived a familiar glory often much more lasting than any other.

Literature at Venice took none of those grand flights which carry us into the highest regions of thought and imagination; positive, and in some sort utilitarian, it is commonly but the reflection of the acute and observant policy of the government under which it was developed. What gives it its value and power is that its principal works have been inspired strictly by the actual daily facts of the civil and political life of the State. Thus it is that geography and the art of navigation, as well as that of naval construction, owe their first progress to Venetian literature, and that Venice produced an admirable literature of voyages and travels, besides political writers and orators of the first class at a time when political eloquence existed nowhere else; and that, situated as a geographical link between Greece and central Europe, she was naturally led to take a very great part in the growth of Hellenic studies.

We shall begin with historic literature. History at Venice was written by decree of the State; the

Senate took a pleasure in seeking out the most distinguished writers to compile the annals of the Republic; and if these were not to be found among her own citizens they would be converted into such by adoption. A case in point was that of Antonio Sabellico, the first writer deputed to disentangle the chronicles, already numerous, which were written during the Middle Ages; his voluminous work, written in Latin in thirty-three books, extends from the founding of Venice to 1487, the year of its publication. The chosen writer was furnished with materials, and the archives of the Republic were put at his disposal, which thus gave to the population of to-day its history of yesterday. A little later, the illustrious Cardinal Bembo was charged to carry on the work of Sabellico; his narrative ends with the year 1513. Paolo Paruta, a famous political writer, continued the work of Bembo; his work ends with an account of the war in Cyprus, the dramatic episodes of which held all Europe in excitement. The Republic lost Cyprus: this was the last Turkish conquest in the Mediterranean. Among the successors of Paruta were Andrea Morosini, Battista Nani, Michele Foscarini, and the Senator Pietro Garzoni. This official history was brought to a close in 1713. Its weakness is accounted for by its origin; although doubtless the principle intended to guide the State historian was that of writing so that future generations might profit by the story of the past. But, by

the side of this official history, what a number of admirable chronicles!—among which we cannot pass in silence the celebrated *Diaries* of Marino Sanuto. This journal, written from day to day by a Venetian statesman in a perfect position for seeing and knowing everything, is the most important historical document of the Renaissance. Begun in 1496, it was finished in 1535, and comprises fifty-seven folio volumes; it was a treasure hidden from all eyes for three centuries, but modern historians have drawn largely from it.

On the same principle the merchants and explorers of Venice wrote narratives of their adventures on their return. After wandering over the world, they sought to guide the wanderings of others, and to open up new roads for the industries of their country. Peaceful apostles of commerce and exchange, not seeking to alter the manners or to transform the beliefs of the countries they visited, they were heartily welcomed, and allowed to penetrate everywhere without difficulty.

The narrative of Marco Polo's voyages in the far East forms the most marvellous lyric of the Middle Ages. The book was written in French "parleure plus délétable et plus commune à toute gens," by Rusticiano of Pisa, in 1298, from the dictation of the author himself. The narratives of Marco Polo were for a long time looked upon as in great part fabulous; but modern criticism has recognized their

truth, even to the smallest details. Malte-Brun has called him the father of geography in Asia, the Humboldt of the thirteenth century.

In 1380, two Venetian travellers of noble family, Niccolo and Antonio Zeni, driven by the chances of their seafaring toward the North Pole, visited Norway, then little known, discovered Iceland and Greenland, and touched on the coast of Labrador, the northernmost region of the New World, just one century before Christopher Columbus. The original reports of Antonio Zeno, who stayed fourteen years in those regions, are unfortunately lost; there has been preserved only a short analysis made by one of his descendants.

In 1454, another young nobleman, of only two-and-twenty, Alvisio Cà da Mosto, fired by accounts of voyages to the north and south, resolved to try and find a new passage. After passing the Straits of Gibraltar, those Pillars of Hercules of the ancients, he visited Madeira, the Canaries, Cape Bianco, Senegal, and discovered the Cape Verd Islands, that last stage from which Columbus was to start for the New World. The reports of Cà da Mosto are very elaborate and of the greatest interest. The occupation of Madeira at that time dated back only twenty-four years, and the habits of the negroes on the coast of Africa, concerning which he gives many details, were then entirely unknown.

It should be observed that Venetian travellers

were full of resource in going through these far-off countries; full of sagacity for studying manners and institutions, collecting with care all that related to commerce and exchange, they also knew how to draw nautical and geographical charts to serve as guides to their successors. All those descriptions of uninhabited islands with splendid vegetation where the rarest birds allow themselves to be caught without fear of man, those vivid pictures of countries still in the state of savage innocence, struck the imagination forcibly and filled young men with a desire for distant voyages and new discoveries.

The accounts of voyages by Venetian travellers are so numerous that we must renounce the idea of giving even their titles, and refer those of our readers who wish to know more of them to the learned work of Cardinal Turla: *Di Marco Polo e degli altri Viaggiatori Veneziani più illustri.* One of the last services rendered by Venice to the history of geography is the large publication of J. B. Ramusio: *Delle Navigazioni e Viaggi*, three thick folio volumes. This learned work cost its author a lifetime of care and research: among the great number of accounts it contains are many which would certainly have been lost later if they had not been collected in the sixteenth century.

The commerce of Venice with the Levant also served to encourage Hellenic studies in Europe. Besides making frequent voyages to Byzantium, the

Venetians inhabited a whole quarter of their own in that city, and the Greeks formed a large colony at Venice. This daily contact had made the Greek language familiar, and it had become the fashionable study among the educated young nobles. History records the fact that a public professorship for the study of Greek was founded at Venice toward the end of the fourteenth century. At Rome the Church was hostile to Greek schismatics, and Venice, where religious tolerance had always been great, was their principal refuge in Italy. It was for reasons of this kind that Cardinal Bessarion bequeathed his fine collection of Greek manuscripts to the Republic. Besides, the movement in the direction of Hellenic studies was not a mere chance, it was the natural consequence of the revival of literature in Italy in the fourteenth century: a last step that remained to climb. Venice was in a wonderfully good position for seconding this movement, and when Aldus Manutius established there his press for printing Greek types, it was because he had no choice. No other town could have supplied him with the numerous co-operators necessary to carry out this difficult enterprise. He proposed to put within reach of everybody the fragments which are left to us from the great shipwreck of the masterpieces of Greek literature during the Middle Ages.

To the prodigious activity of Aldus the elder we owe—to take only *editiones principes*—that is to say,

writings which had not been printed before his time —the works of Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch's *Moralia*, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, the collection of the orators and rhetoricians, Athenæus, Dioscorides, without counting the vocabularies of Pollux, Stephanus of Byzantium, Hesychius, and a crowd of commentators, astronomers and epistolographers. It is astounding that one man could have accomplished such a task in the space of twenty years (1495 to 1515), when it is remembered that besides these Greek books he published also an immense number of Latin classics, and the works of celebrated Italian poets. A learned Greek scholar of our day who was also a great printer, M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot, first coupled the name of Aldus Manutius with Greek studies at Venice. We refer the reader to his book, *Alde Manuce et l'Hellenisme à Venise*, a work full of learning most agreeably put, and as easy to read as a romance, for all details connected with that brilliant campaign of Aldus Manutius, in which learned men of Venice were his best lieutenants.

Italian poetry occupies but a secondary place in Venetian literature; there is no star of the first magnitude in her pleiad. This weakness may perhaps be attributed to the softness and charming vivacity of the Venetian dialect, spoken in private life and used in the Senate and the law-courts. The

same phenomenon is found in other parts of Italy: at Milan, Bologna, and Naples for instance, wherever the spoken dialect, softened and moulded by use, has raised itself to the dignity of a true language written and used for literature. From the daily use of such a dialect those who use it have acquired an incapacity to express themselves in pure Tuscan, the language of poetry,—something like the lack of sustaining power we find in poets who write in a dead language.

Among the innumerable poets who swarmed at Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we scarcely know whom to mention except Pietro Bembo, that master of the beautiful tongue *dove il si suona;* he stands at the head of the sonneteers, pale imitators of Petrarch, a style very much out of fashion now. In that first half of the sixteenth century, after the fall of the Florentine Republic and the occupation of Milan and Naples by the Spaniards, a crowd of writers fleeing from the tyranny of the alien took refuge at Venice, where it was allowable to say almost anything so long as it did not touch upon the policy of the Most Serene Republic; among the best of these we should name Molza, Berni, Ludovico Dolce, Francesco Doni, Niccolo Franco, Hortensio, Lando, Domenichino, Girolamo Rucellai, Alessandro Piccolomini, Sperone Speroni, Francesco Sansovino, etc., etc.; all these writers produced enormously, and though foreigners

still belonged to that literary movement of which Venice was the theatre. If there is one who deserves to be brought into special notice among the rest, it is certainly Pietro Aretino, whom his contemporaries surnamed *il divino*—as we still say *la diva* in speaking of a great singer.

Neither the fame which surrounded him during his life, nor the infamy which clung to his name after his death, have ever been satisfactorily explained, in spite of the many essays of which he has been the subject. Titian has left us a superb impression of that bold and powerful head; the gold chain that hangs on his breast was sent him by Francis I., and the lion's muzzle to the right seems to symbolize the standard of St. Mark under which he had taken refuge. Aretino certainly holds a considerable place in the literature of the time. His talent is undeniable; he attempted without inferiority almost all styles in poetry and prose. Among his dramatic works, his tragedy of *Orazio* is certainly the best produced in the sixteenth century, and may even be read after that of the great Corneille. He had conceived the idea of an epistolary correspondence with a number of the most illustrious personages, whom he fleeced gaily by dealing them out praises or blame according to his treatment at their hands with an effrontery unsurpassed to this day. Charles V. and Francis I. were among his tributaries. From time to time he

collected and published in volumes these letters of flattery or invective. The novelty of this kind of writing made the letters eagerly sought after; and they are still very curious reading. Aretino had besides a whole outfit of religious writings, a Genesis —four books on the Humanity of Christ—the Passion vividly described—a version of the Psalms—a Life of the Virgin—of St. Thomas—and of St. Catherine, behind which he intrenched himself at need, and which had very nearly been the means of making him a prince of the Roman Church; at least he himself says that he refused a Cardinal's hat. If this distinction was offered to him, which is very doubtful, it must certainly have been before the publication of his famous satirical dialogues, in which the looser life of his time, and especially that of the monks and cardinals, is painted with a crudity of color that raised a great clamor and proved the stumbling-block of his reputation. He had laid hands upon the ark of the covenant, and from this he never recovered; he was put to the ban of public opinion and long remained there. In the meantime, Aretino lived gaily and splendidly at Venice, in a palace on the Riva Carbone, surrounded by beautiful women who were called the Aretines, and by artists and musicians, and in close intimacy with his two gossips, Titian and the celebrated architect Jacopo Sansovino. He saw edition multiplied upon edition of those writings

which daily increased his influence, he was a chartered libertine, and in exchange for all this freedom he was only required to be respectful to the Republic. Aretino, however, was an exception among the starving herd of authors, and this prosperity procured him a great many envious enemies.

The Venetian dialect, of the caressing softness and sparkling charm of which we have spoken, supplied a better contingent than this to poetry. Ruzante, Calmo, Goldoni used it in writing their comedies; it had its mock epics, of which the best known are, *I fatti e le prodezze di Manoli Blessi Stratioto*, by Burchiella; the *Naspo bizaro* of Alessandro Caravia; and that singular poem, *La Carta del Navegar pitoresca*, by the painter Marco Boschini, well known by lovers of art; but its real triumph is in the satires and love-poems of Maffeo Venier, of Baffo, and of Labbia. In our day, Gritti and Pietro Buratti have added honor to their native dialect; the greater part of these works will be found in a collection of twelve volumes entitled, *Collezione delle migliori Poesie scritte in dialetto Veneziano*. It is needless to ask whether stage plays found many partisans among a society so lettered. Comedy was played more or less universally at Venice during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; as an interlude at patrician banquets, and in theatres improvised by pleasure societies and literary academies, especially during the Carnival.

Permanent public theatres did not anywhere exist at that time. We find in Venice and its neighborhood in the fourteenth century, among the ancestors of the modern drama, the tragedy of *Ezzelino*, by Alberto Musalo of Padua, on a contemporary subject as sombre and dramatic as the fall of the Nibelungen, and also *Death of Achilles*, by A. Loschi of Vicenza. Both of these works are written in Latin and formed after the model of the dramas of Æschylus. In the following century, Sicco Polutone wrote, also at Padua, the first Italian comedy in prose. This work is very little known and extremely rare, as it has not been reprinted since the year 1482; indeed there exists now only one copy, that of the Marciana at Venice; it is a most singular work in its relation to the language and manners of the time.

The sacred dramas known by the name of *rappresentazioni*, which were very much the fashion throughout Italy, where they were acted in the churches, seem not to have succeeded in Venice; the privileges of the clergy were more limited there than elsewhere, and the public taste was in favor of more worldly amusements. It was in Venice that the first celebrated comedians appeared—Angelo Beolco, surnamed "Ruzante," was, like Molière and Shakespeare, a dramatic poet, the director of a troop of actors, and an actor himself. Ruzante was born at Padua in 1502; he died in 1542. His comedies, which are rather numerous, were written in the

Paduan dialect. Andrea Calmo of Venice, born in 1510, a contemporary and rival of Ruzante, was also a dramatic poet and an actor; he excelled, it is said, in the part of *Zane* or Pantaloon. There are six comedies of his written in the Venetian dialect, they have often been reprinted. Another popular Venetian poet, Antonio Molino, surnamed "il Burchiella," who lived a little later than the two first mentioned, has also left the reputation of having been a good comedian. If we add to these the names of Francesco Cherrea, Valerio Zuccato the master mosaist, and his wife Polonia, of Ludovico Dolce, Trapolini, Vicenza Armani, called *la dotta*, of Luigi Grotto the blind man of Adria, another poet who filled the part of Œdipus in a version of Sophocles represented at the inauguration of the Olympic theatre of Palladio in 1585, we shall have collected all that tradition has preserved to us on this curious subject.

It was toward the end of the sixteenth century that the first permanent public theatre was opened, at San Cassiano; it is not possible to assign an exact date to this novelty. Flaminio Scala, called "Flavio," who ought certainly to be considered as the creator of the comedy *dell' arte*, that is to say of improvised comedy, was then the favorite master of the Venetian stage. He had trained a troop of comedians under the name of *comici gelosi*, one of whom was Isabella Andreini of Padua, not less cele-

brated for her beauty than her talent. Henry III., who had probably seen Scala's troop on his way through Venice in 1574, sent for them to Paris, where they stayed, I believe, till the end of Henry IV.'s reign. After reigning supreme on the stage of Venice till 1637, the comedy *dell' arte* gave up half its sovereignty in that year to the lyrical drama for which the Venetians conceived that passion which they retain to this day; this form of comedy, however, disappeared only from the Italian stage for good a century later, after the success of the written comedies of Goldoni. It was at that time upheld by the three last artists of talent in this department, Antonio Sacco, Agostino Fiorilli and Vitalba: the struggle was kept up with considerable vigor. This comedy *dell' arte* has left enduring memories. It was played from a programme, drawn out with care, on which the substance of each act, of which there were always three, was indicated; the rest was improvised. Flaminio Scala published a book which contained fifty of these skeleton dramas without granting us any information as to the detail of the accessories and mechanism which were used in the representation; the principal parts were sustained by masked characters, and these, according to the taste of the time, were always the same: the inevitable Pantaloon, father to Isabella; the lover Leander; Harlequin the dull and greedy servant; Gratino the doctor or pedant; and Spavente the

captain. A marriage almost always ended the comedy, which was generally founded upon a series of quips such as have again become the fashion in second-rate theatres of our own day. This kind of amusement was quite in keeping with the Italian comic spirit and the highly-spiced language of the time. It is easy to imagine what advantages this elastic framework would give to clever and popular actors trying to outdo each other in wit and spirit before a sympathetic audience. It might have been either full of spontaneous charm or else absolutely detestable license according to the character of that same audience, which constrained the actor to put himself at its own level. Often, even in the best scenarios, the stick, *da bastonare*, played an important part, and the comedy *dell' arte* became a comedy of tricks rather too like those of an old-fashioned fair; it has been both praised and blamed more than it deserved.

The first traces of lyric drama at Venice are found in a kind of cantata for five persons, represented during the fêtes given to Henry III. of France on his passage through Venice in 1574. The author of both works and music, Cornelio Frangipani, called his work a tragedy; the choruses were sung with an orchestral accompaniment, and trumpets announced the descent of the gods. A piece of the same kind was given on the Feast of the Ascension in the year 1581, and we have in our

hands more than twenty compositions of the same kind, but more fully carried out, belonging to the reign of the Doge Marino Grimani from 1595 to 1604. These representations were given in the great Council Chamber, on the principal feast-days in the year, such as Christmas, Ascension Day, etc. They were naturally attended by the nobility only, and the public were admitted to them for the first time in the theatre of San Cassiano during the winter of 1637: the Venetians, who delight in this kind of spectacle, have carefully preserved the date and special circumstances of this event. The title of the first opera sung at Venice was *Andromeda*, the words were by Benedetto Ferrari, and the music by Francesco Manelli; it was put on the stage with all the splendor suitable to this kind of spectacle; the success was enormous,—and so the style was founded.

Benedetto Ferrari, librettist and manager, was a celebrated player of the theorbo, an enthusiastic musician, and had got together the best singers in Italy for this enterprise; their names are preserved. The following year the *Maga Fulminata* was put on the stage by the same authors and with equal success, and new rooms were soon built more suitable than the first to the splendor of the appurtenances and sumptuous scenery, which at that time played a very important part. The theatre of San Giovanni e Paolo, belonging to the Grimani family, opened in

1639, and gave successively in the same year three new operas by Claudio Monteverde, Sacrati, and Francesco Cavalli, all famous composers; in 1640, at the same time as the other two, two works were given at San Moisë also by Cavalli and the elder Monteverde; and finally the *Finta Pazza* of Sacrati made its appearance at the Novissimo theatre. The success of this new kind of performances made a great noise in Europe. Cardinal Mazarin summoned to Paris the celebrated Venetian stage manager Torelli to put the *Finta Pazza* on the stage, and that opera was sung in 1645 before Anne of Austria in the Petit-Bourbon playhouse. It was printed in folio in Paris that same year, and we can still imagine ourselves present at the representation by looking at the large engravings by Nicolas Cochin which illustrate the volume. Who could believe that the echo of these first lyric dramas represented in Venice would come down to our day, and that the *Maga Fulminata* would supply MM. de Saint-Georges and Halévy with the subject of their comic opera, *la Magicienne?*

Less than fifty years later, when the Canon Ivanovich wrote his notice of the Venetian stage, there were already twelve houses devoted to comedies in prose and verse, and to the lyric drama: the operas sung in Venice during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are to be counted by thousands. The government of the Republic favored these new enter-

prises in every possible way, seeing in them a means of turning the public mind away from politics, and of attracting strangers to the Carnival, which even then had long been celebrated throughout the whole world.

Nevertheless the whole dramatic movement, the comedy *dell' arte* as well as the lyric drama, threatened to become barren from a literary point of view, when Carlo Goldoni appeared: the glory of giving to Italy her first comic poet was reserved to Venice in her last days. The faithful study of character and manners, the tender tone and sympathetic warmth and spontaneity of his writings, prove Goldoni to have been a man of distinctive genius. His fight against the comedy *dell' arte*, which he chased from the Italian stage, did not fail to bring troubles upon his head. The democratic fibre which vibrated through all his works stirred up against him an aristocratic plot led by the Count Carlo Gozzi, and in 1761 the poor great man, who had described so many charming and delightful scenes of Venetian life, delivered over without pity to the gibes of his rivals, mocked on the public stage, persecuted in his own country—made the martyr, as we may say, of his genius—took refuge, like so many other illustrious Italians, in France, where he died in 1793. He wrote a good comedy for the Théâtre Français—*le Bourru bienfaisant*, which has remained in the repertory.

But the genius of Venetian literature did not lie in the direction of works of the imagination; we have said that it had an essentially utilitarian side, and it is from this side that it is really great and original.

The government of a republic, even an aristocratic republic, is always a government of discussion in which the art of utterance and persuasion holds an important place. It is all very well to inveigh against advocates, the ox will always be led by the horns, and man by words. The art of oratory seems to have been a favorite study, nay, a passion among the Venetians. It seems that every Venetian man or woman was expected to be able to make a speech; witness the speech the Senate caused to be addressed to the Emperor Frederick III. on his visit to Venice in 1463 by a young girl, Cassandra Fedele; it is true that she was famous for being the most learned woman in Italy. In the conduct of affairs the Venetians did better still; we have spoken at length of the *relazioni* or oral reports which every ambassador had to give on returning from his mission, at a public sitting of the Senate; these speeches are still famous, and many of them are models of diplomatic sagacity. Eloquence grappling with facts was of much greater influence still in the State councils. Some speeches delivered under circumstances of great political gravity have come down to us; they have nothing to envy in the great Greek and

Roman orations, and the Venetian dialect in which they were spoken does no injury to the grandeur of thought, the force of expression, the cogent ardor of the argument.

Finally, to complete this brief glance which we have cast over Venetian literature, we will close with a trait which characterizes well the love and respect in which letters were held by the Republic; she regarded as her greatest treasure the celebrated collection of manuscripts which had been bequeathed to her successively by Petrarch and Cardinal Bessarion, and erected for their reception a sumptuous building, the Libreria Vecchia, which still remains one of the most perfect examples of the architecture of the sixteenth century. The office of librarian to "la Marciana," sought after by the greatest nobles, was a stepping-stone to the highest offices of the State, and three among those who had held it attained to the Ducal throne: Silvestro Valiero in 1694, Marco Foscarini in 1762, and Alvisio Mocenigo in 1763. It is only a republican State that can give the world such examples of greatness attained through literature.

PRINTING AT VENICE.

It was in 1450 that printing first made its appearance in Europe. The new art came to satisfy so pressing a need in the minds of men, that even if Gutenberg had not then invented movable types, the

discovery would have been deferred but for a very short time, so powerful is the influence of necessity upon the genius of man. Not a moment was lost in curious admiration of this wonderful machine; it was immediately and eagerly seized upon and set to work. Great discoveries always come thus, as though by Providence, when the time is ripe for them; though the glory of the invention is none the less.

Printing was introduced into Venice in 1469. Two men dispute this honor: John of Spires, and a Frenchman, Nicolas Jenson. It has become known by a singular accident, for details of this kind are not generally found in history, that King Louis XI., struck at sight of the first printed books by the importance of the new art, sent to Mayence the artist Nicolas Jenson, a skilled coin-engraver of Tours, to inform himself of the processes of printing. Why did Jenson not return to Paris? and in consequence of what events did Venice alone profit by the mission confided to him by the King of France?—that will probably never be known.

John of Spires published his first book in 1469, the *Epistolæ ad Familiares* of Cicero, in a folio of 126 leaves printed in Roman characters; and he established his priority in a Latin epigram placed at the end of the volume under that date. The oldest example of a book bearing the name of Jenson and a certain date, comes only in the year following this,

but there is an Italian quarto of his known by the name of "Decor Puellarum," of which we give here the true title: *Questa sie una opera laquale si chiama decor puellarum: zoe honore de le donzelle: la quale da regole forma e modo al stato de le honeste donzelle.* This book bears the date of 1461. A mistaken but natural patriotism fastened on this "Decor Puellarum" in order to assign to Venice and to Jenson a priority which cannot be seriously maintained now. The number of books which, as we shall show presently, issued from his press in 1470 (the year in which he really began to print) makes it impossible to conceive that in these days of the early printing-fever he could have waited for nine years after printing his first book. Extraordinary as it may seem that there should be an error in a date conspicuously placed at the end of a book, this is not the only one that might be mentioned; mistakes of the same kind have been proved in books printed in the fifteenth century at Bologne, Milan, and Naples, and among Jenson's own books there exist two others in the same case, one bearing the date 1400 instead of 1480, and the other that of 1580 instead of 1480; nor is the circumstance so surprising after all when one considers the immense activity of the time. What may be said in favor of Jenson is that John of Spires, arriving in Venice with his brother Vindelin as assistant, both having been trained in the workshops of Jean Fust and Schoeffer, could set

to work at once, while he, Jenson, had all his plant to collect and trials to make, so that though he was the first to reach Venice with the purpose of establishing a press he was nevertheless second in the date of his productions. But he amply made up for this delay of a few months by giving the books which came from his press an incomparable beauty, which places them without dispute at the head of all the typographical productions of the fifteenth century.

After publishing a second work, the *Natural Histories* of Pliny, one of the most beautiful and important efforts of the infant art, John of Spires died in same year, 1469. His brother Vindelin succeeded him in the direction of his house, living as a printer in Venice till 1477. The career of Nicolas Jenson as a printer lasted till the year 1488, after which no books are known bearing his name. These celebrated artists were not destined to remain long without disciples; even in the first year of Jenson's work, Christopher Valdarfer of Ratisbon published at Venice the *De Oratore* of Cicero, and in the following year, 1471, his famous *Decameron* of Boccaccio. This book, which has become a legend among book collectors, was sold for 56,500 francs at the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library in London, 1812; a noble extravagance which has not been repeated since.

At this time people came from all parts of Italy and France, and especially from Germany, to estab-

lish printing houses at Venice. In 1471, we see John of Cologne, Adam Rost, and Clementi of Padua first appearing there; in 1472 Renner of Halbrunn and Gabriele di Piero of Treviso; after that it is impossible to count the number of new arrivals, or rather we give up the task of counting them. It has been ascertained that from that year 1472 to 1500 one hundred and fifty-five printers established themselves at Venice, all well known through the books that left their presses; a list of these would naturally contain the most celebrated names. This typographical contingent of Venice in the fifteenth century was increased still more by the production of the neighboring towns belonging to her territory, Treviso, Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, where, from the year 1471, Gerard de Lisa, Valdezoccio, Levilapide and Federico brought out a mass of important works; so hard was it to quench the thirst for books which had long tried to satisfy itself with the slow processes of caligraphy. We shall pursue these details no further, preferring to dwell for a moment on the elegant form and ornamentation of these books, characteristics nowhere carried further than in Venice.

It is generally believed that the discovery of printing struck a fatal blow at the art of manuscript writing. By no means: the common copyists disappeared; but the zeal of good caligraphers, encouraged by illustrious patrons, only found in the

new art an occasion for producing more perfect works. It was in fact repugnant to princes who had seen the birth of printing, to fill their libraries with books which might be found in the hands of everyone; they did not wish to give up having them written carefully on fine and silky skins of vellum of a pleasant tone to the eye, and decorated with brilliant miniatures: such are the manuscripts executed at the end of the fifteenth century for the Sforzas of Milan, the Dukes of Ferrara and Urbino, king Mathias Corvinus, and some of the Popes down to Leo X. inclusive, to speak only of the most famous. The manuscript writers had to succumb at last, they were one against a thousand, but the fragments, now scattered through our museums, of the collections just mentioned, prove that it was not without glory they surrendered, and that the stand they made was brilliant.

In order to conquer these preferences for manuscripts, the first printers were in the habit of printing off a few copies of their productions on vellum, which they caused to be adorned with initial letters and frontispieces painted in gold and colors by skilful miniature painters. Among books of this kind, so prized in our day, those of Nicolas Jenson are the most remarkable. At last they summoned the engravers to their aid, and from the year 1480 there began at Venice the publication of a very remarkable series of books embellished with initial letters,

frontispieces, and designs engraved on wood and printed in the text. Among the finest productions in the same manner we may point out: a Bible by Ottaviano Scotti, in 1489; a book on medicine, *Fasciculus Medicinalis*, published by the brothers De Gregoriis in 1493; the first edition of an Italian translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, printed in 1497 by Giovanni Rosso, for Antonio Junte; a set of designs for the fables of Æsop often reprinted; lastly a Terence in folio, printed in 1499, and the *Dream of Poliphilos*, printed in *Ædibus Aldi Manutii* in the same year. This last book has remained the most popular of all, and deserves its reputation from the beauty and number of illustrations it contains; but it must be read from beginning to end to judge of the subtlety with which the artist follows his author step by step in every page, interpreting his thought and giving form to his minutest descriptions. The real title of the book is "*Hypnerotomachia*," that is to say, *A Dream of Love in Sleep;* unfortunately it is written in a pedantic style, larded with Latin and fanciful phrases taken from the Greek, which makes it fatiguing to read. In the fifteenth century there was a taste also for embellishing editions of mathematical books, such as Euclid, the *Almagest* of Ptolemy, and others. The supposed artist of these typographical designs just mentioned is very imperfectly known (those in the *Dream of Poliphilus* have been attributed to Giovanni Bellini

and to Andrea Mantegna, but this is very doubtful). They represent what may be called the ancient style: a style which is maintained in the numerous publications of liturgies made by Lucantonio Junte, which becomes suppler afterward in the illustrated works published by the celebrated editor Francesco Marcolini. This friend of Titian liked best to employ the pencil of the clever artist, Giuseppe Porta del Salviate. Titian himself has enriched Venetian printing with portraits of Ludovico Ariosto and Pietro Aretino, and there is known a book printed at Venice in woodcuts by Marcantonio after designs of Raphael, but it is very rare. Still later, with the brothers Giolito in the second half of the sixteenth century, the prints found in Venetian books assume a special character; the lines of shade are drawn closer, and there are no cross-hatchings; this is accounted for by a change of method; the new cuts are done in relief on copper. This method of relief-engraving on copper has some advantages over the ordinary method of relief-cutting on wood blocks.

Venice remained for more than two centuries the great centre of printing; her book trade was immense. Besides literary works proper, she supplied Italy with elementary books of grammar, arithmetic, and writing for children; she gave women books on *ricami* and *point coupé*—now so rare but then so abundant—which spread abroad exquisite designs

for embroidery and lace; to religious orders she gave great missals, breviaries, and books of hours; to all romances of chivalry, popular poems in which were told the wars of Italy in the time of Braccio Fortebraccio, of Sforza and Nicolo Piccinino, as well as the French and Spanish expeditions, and a thousand accounts of festivals and extraordinary events. All those little books which are now worth their weight in gold came from the humblest shops of *la Frezzaria*, where hard-working artisans, as Zoan Andrea, Matteo Pagan, Zoppino, Tagliente, Paganino, etc., themselves designed and engraved the books they printed.

We are no doubt passing over some, and those among the best, in this rapid enumeration; but there is another very important branch of printed publications in the sixteenth century that we cannot pass by in silence, and of which Venice had in a certain sense the monopoly; we mean publications of printed music.

When Ottaviano Petrucci da Fossombrone had entirely perfected his admirable process of printing music by means of two simultaneous printings, it was to Venice he brought it, to present it to a public among whom music had already been cultivated in a very high degree. The twenty years' privilege granted him by the Republic dates from 1498. His first published score, *Odhecaton*, appeared in the first months of the year 1501. It is a collection in

three parts, composed of motetts and French part-songs for four and five voices; this is not the place to speak of others which followed it. Ottaviano Petrucci may be placed side by side with Nicolas Jenson; he brought the art of printing music to the highest degree of perfection at the first trial; when we speak of his method being that of two simultaneous printings, we repeat what is the received opinion: but on a scrupulous examination of his books, one remains in absolute uncertainty by what means, considering the infinite complications he had to overcome, he could have secured such precision in the whole that no error can be found in any part, and that the result escapes the possibility of analysis by its very perfection.

Petruccio's books have become extremely rare, and count among the most precious treasures of our public libraries. He quitted Venice in 1512, and left off publishing in 1525. It is probable that he worked alone: among the printers who followed the same system, there were certainly none who equalled him.

People are generally agreed to look upon the printing of music by means of a single printing, that is to say, from a surface composed of movable types, where each note is accompanied by fragments of lines which form the stave, as a French invention. It was Antoine Gardane, a French compositor, who introduced this method into Venice about 1537.

The volumes of music published by Gardane and his two sons during nearly a century are so very numerous that one would be tempted to think that the whole of the Italian music of the sixteenth century came from their press. Their books are generally small oblong quartos, but among them are also some large folios printed very handsomely and elegantly.

We have in our hands a few statistics which give a fair idea of the astonishing activity of the presses of Venice compared with those of all the rest of Italy together.

The Dante bibliography of Colomb de Battines counts during the whole of the sixteenth century forty-three editions of the *altissimo poeta;* of this number thirty-two were published at Venice, six at Lyons, and five in the rest of Italy.

The contingent furnished by Petrarch is not less. Professor Marsand possessed a hundred and thirty editions of the *Canzoniere* printed during the sixteenth century, of which he has published a catalogue; a hundred and ten came from the Venetian press, eleven had been printed at Florence, and nine at Lyons. The proportion as regards the *Orlando Furioso* is much larger still; from 1524 to 1668, where our list ends, there were published two hundred and thirteen editions of this poem, which, as we know, is tolerably voluminous. Venetian typography claims for itself alone a hundred and ninety-

one; the rest of Italy thirteen; Lyons nine. If, instead of taking the great Italian poets for our comparison, we had been able to take the editions of Virgil, Horace, or Cicero, which came from the small Venetian printing-houses, the proportion would not have been less great; but who could ever have succeeded in making a certain enumeration? Should not such fertility be ascribed to the tolerance and liberty enjoyed under that form of government which even now is still the horror of many minds? And this tolerance was exercised in one of the most delicate departments of the State supervision—the liberty of the press.

CHAPTER XVI.

GLASS AND MOSAICS.

THE Venetians have acquired a world-wide fame in the manufacture of glass. Not that they were the first to conceive the idea of giving graceful and refined forms to this frailest of materials, of ornamenting it with many colored enamels, of intertwining it with gold and fantastically shaping it; but they gained their renown in the art by the beauty of their products and the incredible fertility of resource with which they varied the uses of the material.

M. Vincenzo Lazzari, who has written an excellent work on the glass manufactories of Murano, believes he can affirm with certainty that the art of working in glass was brought to Venice by the first inhabitants who took refuge in the lagoons, inasmuch as the material of the antique and of the Muranese glass is identically the same. In the first century of their existence, however, this race of fishermen and salt-merchants manufactured only the necessaries of life for a primitive people; but they had the instinct of barter; and in the space of two hundred years they had so developed their slender resources as to inundate the markets of the towns of North Italy

with their products. By degrees becoming rich, and forming treaties, first with the neighboring peoples, and soon with the barbarians who had dispossessed and replaced them in their ancient territory, the Venetians used their riches to found great churches, civilized themselves, created their city and grew to love luxury in their costumes and in buildings. So early as the beginning of the ninth century, a prince of Friuli brought into France, and presented to Louis le Débonnaire, a Venetian priest named Gregorio who was already skilled in organ building; and by the tenth century articles were manufactured in the Venetian islands which became a source of commerce with Constantinople.

It is related by Sagormino, one of the earliest chroniclers of the Republic, that the Doge Participazio sent a present to the Emperor Basil of twelve great bells founded at the Rialto; at that period bells were unknown among the Greeks. A little later, the Emperor Otho received from Venice an ivory throne and footstool; finally, in 1028, under Pietro Orseolo, was begun the building of the Basilica of St. Mark, which was adorned all over with mosaics on a gold ground. It is needless to say that the production of the small cubes employed in mosaic are a branch of glass manufacture. There is no doubt, therefore, that from the beginning of the eleventh century this industry was founded and even already flourishing at Venice.

The oldest document which mentions glass factories and furnaces is dated 1292; it is a decree of the Grand Council, ordering the demolition of the furnaces at the Rivo Alto and their removal to the Island of Murano, where, even so early as 1255, a certain number of glass-workers had been established.

From the first growth of this art, the government showed itself jealous to preserve it; and to prevent strangers from finding out the processes connected with it, the exportation of unwrought or lump-glass from Venice, and of the materials used in the manufacture, and even of broken glass which might be analyzed, was forbidden from the year 1275 on pain of confiscation. This was but the beginning; never did any nation show itself so jealous to retain the advantages with which it was enriched by the ingenuity of its citizens. Later, indeed, the French ambassadors formed a kind of police to bribe the glass-makers and to spy out their ways of working and examine what raw materials were used. As a proof of the importance attached to this art by the Senate, the chiefs of the Council of Ten were charged with the inspection of it, and the superintendence of the manufactories was put under their jurisdiction. It is a question from whence the Venetians learnt the first elements of the art, to the perfecting of which they brought all their usual dexterity, ingenuity, and fine taste. The native historians are not all quite

impartial about this question, and wish to prove that the art was spontaneous, so to speak, in Venice; but how can it be maintained that artists and mosaic-workers who came by order of Pietro Orseolo as early as the tenth century to decorate the Church of St. Mark, did not bring this art already fully developed with them from the East? The Venetians no doubt benefited by this knowledge, appropriated, developed and renewed it, and soon made such progress in the art that even those who had first communicated it to them, having lost the tradition among themselves, habitually came to seek from the Venetians the products of their manufacture.

In examining some of the archives of the Frari, namely, the despatches of an ambassador of the Republic to the Sultan, I was much surprised to find, folded among the pages and attached to one of them, a large parchment on which the Grand Vizier had had a glass lamp drawn of the shape of those called "mosque lamps," bearing verses from the Koran in different-colored enamels. On looking into the despatch of the ambassador, which was nominally addressed to the Doge, but was meant in reality for the whole Senate, I found that the ambassador had received a commission from the Grand Vizier to order four hundred of these same lamps for the decoration of some mosque. This fact absolutely confirms the statements of authors who regard the glass of Murano as an object of exportation to the East.

Let us add, by way of showing the importance given to petty means of influence by the Senate, that the ambassador, who desired nothing better than to ingratiate himself with the Grand Vizier, and who knew, as a practical man, that little presents keep friendship alive, asked the Senate not to demand payment, undertaking to obtain some political compensation which should be useful and agreeable to the Republic.

Whatever may have been the origin of this art, its products show clearly the effect of Oriental and especially of Arab influence. Compare the necklaces found in Egyptian tombs and the little many-colored bottles found in Campania, at Nola, and in the whole Campagna of Rome, and you will scarcely distinguish them from the necklaces worn by the young girls of the lagoon; and it is supposed that it was just these specimens found throughout Italy which served as models to the first workers of Murano; this would perhaps confirm the opinion of M. Lazzari.

Glass beads, which are so varied in their character, and which were at first simply round and blue, white, green, or red colored, but later were covered with enamels, gold, bronze or opal color, have played an almost incredible part in commerce. The Orientals, ever in love with all that is brilliant, exchanged spices, silk, gold and tissues for these lustrous glass beads shot with many hues, so cunningly

devised to entice those who had never before seen them and who did not know how frail they were. Sought after everywhere, in Asia and on the borders of the Black Sea, these beads found their way even to the most remote regions of central Africa, where in later times travellers have found them being used as money. The quantities that were scattered all over the world are incalculable, and this simple bead of glass was a source of immense wealth to the Republic. She knew its value well, and if she was proud of her goblets and vases it was of her bead manufactories and bead trade that she was most jealous.

The first use to which glass was applied was in the preparation of enamel for the master-workers in mosaic, and from the eleventh to the fourteenth century this was the staple of the manufacture at Murano. It is evident to us that the Venetians had originally borrowed their methods from the Greeks, but in making those methods their own had considerably altered them. They made plates or thin cakes of enamel in black, brown, or red glass, about six inches across and a third of an inch thick. On this cake they put a square of gold leaf, and to protect the gold covered it with an extremely thin layer of glass, which made a glaze which both protected and gave lustre to the gold. The dividing of this cake into small cubes was left to the mosaic workers, who cut them by a special process according as they

were wanted. This, as we have said, was the most frequent use found for these cakes; but sometimes, indeed very often, they were used for the incrustation of pulpits, altars, ambos, columns, pedestals, friezes, and tombs. Examples of this are very numerous all over Italy from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, but the most beautiful are to be found worked out by various architects at Ravenna, Rome, and at Florence.

There are two kinds of mosaic,—that which is produced by a number of *stones* of the same or different colors, forming figures or ornaments or even pictures,—and that composed of glass enamels of gold, silver, and other colors. I am not speaking of the first kind, which is of course very inferior to the second, but must say a few words about the enamels that form the material of those beautiful mosaics of which we see such fine specimens in St. Mark's.

We shall borrow from the most competent of specialists, Dr. Salviati of Venice, the description he has given of these enamels:

"Colored enamels are made of a vitreous paste or composition. They are composed of the same substances, silicious or otherwise, as ordinary glass; but to these are added other mineral ingredients, which, properly prepared and mixed, give the paste its density, extreme hardness, and color. It is by these means that the desired degree of opacity, the purity and solidity of the enamels, their beauty, the

softness and great variety of their color, is obtained; and these different qualities depend as much on the quantity and quality of the mineral elements which are combined with those of ordinary glass as on the degree of continuous heat to which the composition is subjected during its fusion. When colored enamels are prepared with great care and knowledge, they produce absolutely the same effect as painting. Glass enamel is much more durable than any other substance used in the formation of mosaics, whether stone, marble, or terra-cotta, for this reason, that they are less porous and less subject to expansion and contraction. If on the other hand enamels are not prepared with all the necessary care, the result is that by being too transparent, or by a bad and disproportionate mixture of the materials, they no longer give the effect of painting; the color becomes vague, feeble, or almost imperceptible, and in time it becomes evident that the work cannot stand against damp, smoke, or atmospheric change.

"Enamels of gold and silver are the result of a quite different process. On a surface of thick glass or of enamel, according as the resulting gold enamel is desired to be opaque or transparent, a leaf of gold or silver is placed, which adheres to the glass by the action of fire; this is covered again by a layer of the thinnest glass, either colorless or tinted at discretion. When this process is thoroughly well accomplished, these three layers become so fused and

assimilated with one another as to form one homogeneous body. The precious metal is for ever put beyond the reach of harm; nothing need be feared for it, neither atmospheric action, nor dust, nor gas, nor smoke, nor insects; it is so impossible for it to change after this process that it would lose nothing of its glitter and brilliancy if it were exposed to the air for centuries. A contrary effect is produced if the outside layer of glass is not extremely thin; the metal then seems buried between two layers of glass, and the eye is arrested by the sheen of the glass rather than by that of the gold, so that the mosaic seems to be varnished on the surface. Another danger has to be guarded against during the process of manufacture; if the introduction of particles of air between the glass and the metal is not prevented, the thin outside layer of glass will have a tendency sooner or later to separate itself from the metal. All these faults are found even in some of those ancient mosaics which were made at a time when the technical part of the manufacture of enamels was imperfectly known and the manufacture itself little cared for."

It will be seen by this extract that we are right in uniting the two arts glass and mosaic in the same chapter. M. Edouard Didron, the author of an interesting work entitled *Du Rolc décoratif de la Peinture en Mosaique*, gives specimens of Venetian mosaics of the eleventh century from St. Mark's—

including a St. Peter and a St. John the Evangelist. We are glad to find that M. Didron's conclusions agree with our own; he does not wish mosaic to run in rivalry with painting. A more important specimen in the same basilica is the decoration of the semi-dome of the atrium of St. Mark's, admirably preserved, or perhaps scientifically restored in the style of the period. Among the specimens of the mosaics is a design which ornaments the semi-dome of the Cathedral at Parenzo in Istria, executed by the Venetians in the twelfth century; also a very singular composition at the left side of the Basilica of St. Mark, "The Cocks of Gaul victorious over the wiles of the Fox of Milan"—a curious allusion of the mosaic artists of the time to the stratagem of a Visconti.

After decorating the churches they went so far at Venice as to ornament the exterior of palaces with mosaics; it is impossible to cite the examples which have been preserved, but the first painters who devoted themselves to the painting of contemporary subjects, Carpaccio and the two Bellini, in the backgrounds of their pictures often represent palaces and buildings which bear on their façades the evidence of this kind of decoration. At the present day even, one of the greatest employers of labor of Venice, an artist and the restorer of mosaic, M. Salviati, has decorated the façade of his house on the Grand Canal with large and brilliant panels in-

tended to catch the eye; these will harmonize better than they do now with their general surroundings when they have been mellowed by time.

The pavements of the churches have also been laid with mosaics of glass enamel; there are some to be seen at St. Mark's five or six centuries old, which remain in all their first purity, not only as to color but even in their joints and setting.

To ally itself intimately with architecture; to decorate the flat surfaces which form part of a building; to glitter in friezes and courses of foliage-ornament; to encrust itself on the columns of high altars; to gladden the eye on the pavement of a church or palace; to defy the attacks of weather on exteriors and façades; but always to take architectural forms, or at least forms that are monumental and squarely treated according to the essential nature of the material: these seem to us the end and object of mosaic. When Greek and Roman architects at Pompeii or Herculaneum represent a chained dog on the threshold of a house, with the legend "Cave canem," they assuredly keep within strict bounds in giving to the animal only the architectural and conventional character of design allowed by the process in hand; but later the mosaist went too far, trying to compete with painting, to render the brilliancy of color, the inspiration of the face, the indefinable poetry of the great masters. Do we not see at St. Peter's in Rome, in one of the first chapels to the

left on entering the church, one of the most sublime works of Raphael executed in mosaic and framed over the high altar? Venice has not escaped this snare, but she took care to train a school of painter mosaists who so combined the tones and forms of their cartoons that the great salient features could be easily reproduced by the process of mosaic. The zenith of this art was reached in the sixteenth century, and three brothers Zuccati have made their names famous through it.

It is well to observe that the ancient mosaic-workers, even in Venice, did not always confine themselves to the use of the vitrified cubes, *smalti*, in their work. There are shades of color which cannot be obtained by heat, and the palette of the enamel-painter, rich and brilliant as it is, does not always permit of certain neutral tints and other tints of a particular intensity; they sometimes therefore used cut marbles and pebbles, as, for instance, in the beautiful monument of the Doge Vendramin.

But to go back to the Murano industries of blown glass and colored window-glass. The denomination blown glass, which is especially given to Venetian glass, fails to give an exact idea of its nature and specific character, although it is true, so far, that the Venetian glass is blown while that of other nations is run, moulded, or cut. Salviati would have the name of *glass* confined to the produce of the Venetian manufactures, and the foreign sorts he

would call crystal, or crystallified glass. What especially distinguishes the glass manufactures of Bohemia, France, England, and other countries is their great clearness and brilliancy, qualities which in our own day more than ever are carried to the highest point of perfection. In a word, these foreign makers have only one object, to imitate the quality of crystal. Thus, when they have perfected the properties of clearness and brilliancy, they then set about increasing the attractiveness of their productions by cutting them after they have been first run in moulds, that is to say by employing mechanical means to obtain something like the richness, the variety of form and vigor of line which alone can ensure it success in the market. But to do this is to demand from glass qualities which it ought not to yield and to change its nature, depriving it of its two essential qualities, lightness and ductility. The glory of Murano is to have preserved the special properties of the material, and to have made it yield all the beauties of which it was capable. The glass-workers of Venice had two advantages on their side: first the raw material, which lent itself admirably to their needs and the nature of their work, for the ductility of their glass carried with it as a consequence the property of extreme lightness, especial brilliancy, and a vitreous appearance which is quite its own; the same ductility also rendered it possible to introduce into

its colorless portions whatever shades and varieties of color had been invented by science and experience, and thus to impress upon the object, while keeping it in a state of partial fusion, the most capricious forms which the taste, talent, ingenuity or caprice of the artist dictated to him. To these fundamental conditions must be added the natural good taste of the Venetians of Murano, and the advantages of an historical tradition.

Much patience, skill, care, and quickness are needed in the hand as well as the mind of the workman, to avert the thousand accidents which may occur in the fabrication. Consider that all the manipulations of the glass are accomplished by the action of fire, to which every piece is submitted several times (up to fifty and sixty times even) before it is quite completed, and that the same furnace which has just enabled the workman to give life to his material, may the next moment destroy it by softening the glass again and so changing its form. Imagine this man, obliged to give up the outline he had first intended, and to bring to perfection a quite different one suggested by the necessities of the moment; and we shall then recognize the talent that is necessary to triumph over such obstacles. In other industries, such for instance as china and faïence, the workman or artist, having to deal with cold and passive materials, can take his own time and work on with loving care till he is

completely satisfied. Here, on the contrary all is sudden, rapid, and spontaneous, and that is the great difficulty of this beautiful art.

It was by wisely employing its own resources that Murano succeeded in winning so great a reputation. Its glass, drawing double life from the breath of genius as well as the breath of the lungs, is quite simply worked by means of a tube or stick of iron, a few pairs of pincers or scissors, and some other quite common tools. But in the skilful hand of the workman it takes all imaginable forms, all possible shades, charming the eye at once by grace of outline and beauty of color. Hence the fame of those delightful varieties with which all amateurs are acquainted, that is to say, the *filigrana*, the *ritorti*, the *latticinio*, the *fiamma*, the *millifiori*, the *calcedonia*, the *ghiaccia*, with the several processes which have been discovered for their production; hence also the fame, either for originality of invention or for delicacy and perfection of tone, of those colors of Venetian glass known under the names of *girasole* (opal), *lattimo*, *rubino*, *alabastro*, *giallo d'oro*, *acqua marina*, etc.

Murano was the centre of this beautiful art of glass manufacture. Let us cast a general glance over the growth of the industry to which the island thus owes glory and wealth. Whatever individual opinions may be held respecting its origin, is it indisputable that the enamels used in the most ancient

mosaics which adorn or did adorn the churches and basilicas of Torcello and the islands, were made at Venice. These are the undoubted monuments which prove that the Muranese industry went back at least as far as the eleventh century; the name is even known of the master who executed the mosaics of St. Mark; he was a certain Pietro summoned by the Doge Vitale Michele I. in 1100.

In the thirteenth century the art takes a further development; in 1268 the glass-workers are already formed into a corporation, and at the election of Lorenzo Tiepolo as Doge, in that solemn procession of all the arts where each corporation carried its masterpieces, those of Murano appeared in the ceremony with the specimens of their frail and exquisite industry. The furnaces at that time were on the Rialto; a police measure decreed by the Grand Council orders that they shall be destroyed for fear of fire, and reconstructed in the neighborhood of Venice (8th November 1291). Some glass-workers had already established themselves at Murano; and those who were now ejected from Venice joined them, and glass manufacture soon became the specialty of the island.

We can draw from the archives very accurate information on the growth of the industry. In 1329, Master Giovanni, a worker in *verixelli*, in the Calle dei Apostoli at Venice, asks permission of the Great Council to furnish glass for the church of St. Francis

in Florence. In 1355, Master Mario, a painter on glass, decorates one of the chapels in the Frari. In 1370 were made the glass stamps or dies intended for printing in manuscripts the initial capital letters afterward to be illuminated. In 1376 the Senate declares that a noble may marry the daughter of a master glass-manufacturer, and that his posterity shall be held noble.

This was the time at which Venetians spread far and wide over Italy to decorate the great buildings; Tommasino d'Axandrii and Nicolo undertook the glass windows in the Cathedral of Milan. The corporations of glass-workers already formed divided themselves into special classes: the *verixelli*, who made the small glass objects such as beads, the *phioleri*, who made the bottles. The celebrated Angelo Beroviero belonged to the second of these societies; he was the head of a school and, so to speak, of a dynasty; in the first half of the fifteenth century he had the most famous furnace of Murano at the sign of the Angel; he made both vessels and windows. A disciple of the learned chemist Don Paolo Godi de Pergola, he knew the secret of giving the most varied colors to the glass, and he wrote down all his methods in memoirs which he left to his successors. M. Vicenzo Lazari tells a story on this subject which recalls that of Giovanni Bellini and Antonio da Messina. A certain Giorgio, who was called "il Ballerino," probably in irony, for he was

crooked, hump-backed and deformed all over, got into the house of the Beroviero, as a servant, contrived to possess himself of the manuscript, copied it, and, thenceforth master of Beroviero's secrets, won the hand of his daughter Marietta. With her hand he obtained a fortune, built a furnace, and founded in his turn the rival dynasty of the Ballerini.

Venice, however, was jealous, and soon reclaimed Beroviero; and that artist was destined by and by to discover the process by which he applied enamel to glass, producing those beautiful goblets, light as a leaf, on which he painted friezes of different colors, scrolls, portraits, and allegorical scenes. The drinking-glass, leaving its mere practical uses, became an object of pure fancy and ornament. For a feast, a marriage, the birth of a child, a symbolic glass would be presented, and as the art developed, objects in "crystalline glass" took every shape, from the short-stemmed and wide-mouthed cup, to the long, thin, tapering flute shape scarcely leaving room for the lips, and adorned with quaint wings or handles in the form of chimeras and dragons of a different color from the body of the vase. The fancy of the glass-workers went so far as to represent objects of all shapes and uses, pistols, sticks, violins, etc., etc., and glass was, so to speak, sculptured. Soon it was used in almost everything,—in the incrustation of vaultings, in the pavements of

châteaux and chapels; and on the dressing-tables of the nobles, in their palaces and villas, specimens of "Beroviero" may be found from the end of the fifteenth century serving as decorations side by side with pieces of goldsmith's work, with ivories and precious stones.

From the first, Beroviero reached the highest point of perfection in his art; glass may be made lighter than his, the crystal may be clearer, but it was not this clearness of the glass in imitation of crystal that he sought; the form is exquisite, and in enamel his brothers and sons who succeeded him were never surpassed. They furnished enamelled glass even to the Arabs themselves who had invented it (for Damascus had been the capital of Arabian arts, and was evidently the birthplace of this art in particular). Pushing still further the limits of the uses to which glass was applied, Venice produced those famous mirrors which are so celebrated and which became an object of jealousy to Louis XIV., of whom it is but just to say that he had an ever-wakeful desire to introduce all great foreign industries into France.

It is not too much to say that the whole world became tributary to this industry, and foreigners imitated it with more or less success. Venetian workmen were bribed, and ambassadors were in the plot; the Sun-King himself, one day went in state to visit, in their workshops in the faubourgs, the

Venetian workmen who had been sent to him and who imported into France the processes of Murano.

Angelo Beroviero left a son Marino, as skilful as himself; we may without fear of mistake attribute to him the splendid glass in San Giovanni e Paolo, made from the cartoons of the Venetian painter and engraver, Girolamo Mocetto (1473). It is to this family that we owe all the progress effected in this delightful art. In 1463 they had invented a transparent glass which was called "crystal" to distinguish it from the colored and green-tinted glasses which had been made up to that time. They give up the simple outlines bequeathed to them by antiquity, and become bold, audacious, fantastic; they use gold and enamel in decoration, and hand down to us those admirable cups that are now so precious, betrothal glasses, marriage gifts, memorial vases, or show-pieces of the guild, which, laden with inscriptions, with foliage, with charming borders and varied colors, in some cases still present to us historical portraits or scenes from the life of the fifteenth century.

Beads, which played an important part in business and became a source of wealth to Venice, and an element of commerce with the most distant countries, become richer and more varied; they constitute a special branch of the industry carried on by a separate corporation (the "Paternostri a rossette" and "Oldani"—names which are still in use).

The government of Venice watched with solicitude over the development and protection of all branches of industry. Murano was the object of its anxious care. The importation of foreign glass was forbidden; control was exercised over the works, and the government reserved to itself, by means of official inspectors of the glass-works, the right of stopping any badly executed order from going out. To facilitate and protect the art, the raw materials were exempt from all taxes; two identical industries were not allowed, and if foreign workmen were admitted they had to fix on a definite home. When the State gave orders, and it did so frequently, they were carefully distributed over the various establishments.

Marcantonio Coccio Sabellico has described the manufactories of Murano in 1495, in his little book *De Venetæ Urbis Situ*, which is a valuable document, showing us the city in the full effervescence of her activities both on the eve and also at the very hour of her highest development.

From 1500 to 1550 the art of the glass-worker was in full perfection. From 1490 the Senate put this industry, in which it took a great interest, under the watchful care of the Council of Ten.

We may enter into some of the special details of this art, which appropriated new elements every day, and continually developed or transformed itself. At the beginning of the sixteenth century Andrea Vidaore discovered the way of manufacturing false pearls

with the enameller's blow-pipe, and this opened up an entirely new branch of the art for Murano; the corporation of the *soffialume* (blowers) constitutes and organizes itself; this Andrea also invented glass jet, another resource which became considerable.

As early as 1507 it was finally discovered how to replace the polished metal plates which had till then served as mirrors by plates of ornamental glass with a metallic leaf fastened at the back.

The Germans and Flemings had been more advanced for nearly a century, but at Venice they had gone back to the metal plates, when, in 1507, two inhabitants of Murano, Andrea and Domenico del Gallo, sons of Angelo, petitioned the Council of Ten for a monopoly of mirror glass for twenty-five years over the whole territory of the Republic, and for permission to keep their fires lighted during the two months and a half when the fires of Murano were bound to be let out. This was the birth of an enormous industry, that of Venetian mirrors, an industry of the greatest importance even till recent times and one which the most advanced nations have tried to appropriate.

In 1605, Girolamo Magagnati discovered the method of coloring "crystal" glass without altering its transparency; and also of cutting it in facets, to imitate precious stones. Panes of clear glass were substituted for the ancient panes, which were no doubt very picturesque, but which left the interiors

in darkness. In 1680, Liberale Motta made mirrors of the largest size known up to that time, and gave the greatest stimulus to this industry. In 1686, the Morelli, a Muranese house, attained to such wealth that they purchased nobility for themselves and all their descendants.

France, thanks to the initiative of Colbert, England, thanks to the Duke of Buckingham, and soon after Bohemia itself, compete with Murano; and this splendid Venetian industry generally decreased toward the eighteenth century. A Muranese, Giuseppe Briati, a passionate lover of his art, engaged himself in one of the manufactories of Prague, and as soon as he had made himself master of the secrets of the manufacture which had brought such renown to the products of that country, returned to Murano. On the 23rd of January, 1736, he obtained a license for ten years to manufacture and sell crystals made after the Bohemian fashion at Murano, an attempt which had been strictly forbidden up to that time. To this Briati is due the revival, if not of Murano—for he had established his furnace at Venice, in the Via del Angelo Raffaello, and by authority dated the 4th of March, 1739, had destroyed those that he possessed in the island—at least of the art itself. This was the period of mirrors framed in black frames in *vernis Martin*, in cut-glass with flowers and foliage in relief. It was the moment when lustres were decorated with grapes, leaves, and flowers of the bright-

est colors. *Filigrana*, too, was in high honor, and Briati executed in it vases which in taste and refinement of form take their place beside the most precious ornaments. Briati died on the 17th of January, 1772.

At Murano, however, the art survived, and among the masters of it are cited the Miotti, who invented the *aventurine*, so peculiar to Venice and of such a delicate shade of color. In 1790, Giorgio Barbaria asks for a patent for the manufacture of black bottles for export to England, and soon afterward fabricates enamels and jet. Barbaria is the last great name of Murano; he was deputy of the island from 1794 to 1796; this brings us to the eve of the fall of the Republic.

Murano, the centre of such wealth, activity, and power, becomes a desert; the journeymen and masters carry into foreign lands an industry upon which they can no longer live. From two hundred and fifty to three hundred glass-works might have been counted at Murano toward the seventeenth century; now there are fourteen or fifteen. It is still, however, a prosperous enough branch of the art, but supported chiefly by foreigners, who wish to carry away examples from the famous glass-works which were once among the glories of Venice. It is but fair to say that Salviati, to the glory and profit of the city, has restored its fame to the art and has made the other countries of Europe his dependents for this

produce. The applications of the art used to be generally for practical and useful things; but they have now assumed a much more fanciful character, and there is scarcely anything utilitarian left in the aim now pursued by the manufacturers of the second class. Beads, which had been so long a source of wealth, are scarcely any more worn by the natives, but still serve as an ornament for the women of the people all along the eastern coasts of the Adriatic, to the Sclavs of the south, and to those of the whole of the Balkan peninsula; the Bulgarians, the Bosnians, the Serbs of the Principality still wear them, and in the ancient Greek colonies the tradition has remained; but it is no longer Venetian or even Italian ships that carry these products to their destination; the trade is entirely in the hands of the English.

In short, the art of Murano, such as it still exists and is practised by the glass-worker of the present day, was once an art full of charm, the source of enormous wealth, a school for foreigners, who acquired its essential elements, and by degrees created for themselves rival industries having a character of their own but owing their origin more or less to this first industry of the Venetians at Murano,—an industry itself borrowed from the Arabs, modified and improved, increased by fresh elements, appropriated, thanks to the taste and ingenuity of the inhabitants of the lagoon, by Venice, and there finally developed

up to a point which no other nation had been able to reach. The Venetians excelled in the quality of the material, in the beauty of their glasses colored in the solid; they had a dark blue, above all a purple violet altogether their own, a green like the emerald; from the beginning they used gold and enamel freely, and have left specimens of goblets of the most finished grace, which are now considered of the highest value. Later they, so to speak, volatilized this light material, blowing it into impalpable bubbles, giving it the most capricious, fantastic and paradoxical forms, covering it with filigree surfaces as iridescent as soap-bubbles. But this was not enough; they invented the *millefiori*, put together complicated monuments, splendid lustres on which colored flowers escaped from bells of opal sheen; and adding new tints to the palette of the enameller and glass-worker, invented the aventurine brown, and that deep and beautiful black which takes such unexpected reflections in the light.

The art of mosaic is also in full revival at Venice. Those who have visited the South Kensington Museum will have been struck by the idea of the architect of that building, who at the height of the first story has put a frieze representing the great artists of all times and countries; the designs are by the most distinguished members of the Royal Academy and have been executed in mosaic at Venice. M. Garnier in his new Opera House in

Paris has also availed himself of this resource, and the vestibule which leads from the grand staircase to the foyer presents a ceiling entirely executed by the same process. There has been question lately of implanting the art of mosaic in France; in Lyons the brothers Mora had already established manufactories, and we had thus ceased to be dependent upon the Italians for those pavements composed of small stones laid side by side over which a bath of cement is poured, which are so common in Italy, and are there called *mortadella.* The opening of a workshop for mosaic at Sèvres is also spoken of; M. Eugene Müntz, a pupil of the French school of archæology at Rome, has written a history of mosaic from unpublished documents; M. Gerspach, chief secretary at the department of Fine Arts, has been charged to collect all information on the technics of the art. It is certain that at Venice, and at Venice in St. Mark's, will be found the most beautiful specimens of an art which it is thus very reasonably desired to establish in France.

CHAPTER XVII.

LACE—COSTUME.

The large towns of Northern Italy can each claim the glory of having supplied the lace trade with products of the greatest value, from the first days of the sixteenth century to the seventeenth; but Venice deserves the first place for her *needle points*. In spite of the "provveditori alle Pompe," magistrates specially appointed to set limits to luxury in dress, liveries, gondolas, and the use of jewellery, the Venetian women of the seventeenth century are the first to wear Venice point. The birth of a new local industry dates from this century, an industry which cannot be passed by in silence in a work of this kind. But we must claim indulgence for our treatment of what is so special and technical a subject; making it our principal point to indicate the different phases of the art.

The really luxurious epoch of the Venetian Republic was not, as might have been supposed, the sixteenth, but the fifteenth century; the wealth of the nobles reached its climax about 1450. It is easy to account for this. Commerce, which had been the great source of wealth to the noblest and richest in

the State, was no longer, after a certain period, permitted to nobles or to those who took part in the Great Council; fortunes therefore could not, as heretofore, renew themselves as fast as they were exhausted—whether by the building of palaces and villas, the splendor of daily life, the formation of antiquarian collections, commissions to the great artists of the day, or such other modes of patrician expenditure as might be dictated by an innate love of art and the most cultivated taste. The patrician ladies displayed such an amount of luxury on great occasions, such as marriages, receptions of ambassadors, and visits of foreign princes, that about 1514 certain morose old senators, anticipating the French senator Dupin by four centuries, demanded a hearing in full Senate in order to denounce publicly the ruinous fancies of these beautiful Venetian women, the devices, follies and extravagances "worthy of the Lower Empire" of those whose duty it was to stay quietly at home, and probably also, in the opinion of these protesters, to spin wool; which a noble Venetian lady never allowed herself to do. From 1474 certain jewels and fabrics had been proscribed by law. What to us seems singular is that pearls above all,—to our eyes so quiet and becoming an ornament, and one which so little bespeaks the *parvenu*, but is not less a sign of good taste than of great wealth,—were nevertheless the object of the severest measures on the part of the

Senate. It must, however, be mentioned that at the tournaments of the Duke of Ferrara, and at the entry of any ambassador, noble ladies had been seen to cover over their arms, throats, chests, hair, and even their dresses, with Oriental pearls of the highest value, carrying about them like so many living shrines or jewelled reliquaries, the value of several millions of gold ducats. In 1514, regulations affecting costume were promulgated, and here is a list of the objects which came under the discipline of the "provveditori alle Pompe:" amber, chased silver, agates, ladies' cloaks, laces, diamond buttons, chains, silk capes, lace sleeves, enamelled gold, damasks of all colors, velvets of all qualities, leathers, embroideries, fans, gondolas with their rugs and carpets, sedan-chairs lined with velvet.

It seems that nothing was untouched, and that the senators were becoming so many Catos. Neither did they confine themselves to clothing, liveries and gondolas; they regulated feasts and entertainments, limiting the fashion and the cost of gold and silver plate, the number of dishes, the bill of fare, down even to the sweetmeats and made dishes. For a long time already the same officials had regulated the costume and toilet of the Dogaressa, her town and holiday attire, what she was to wear at official ceremonies, in mourning, at church, and even in private.

But how are these ideas of repression to be reconciled with the encouragement of commerce, and with the Venetian taste for splendor and grandeur? How, again, could they prevent these restrictive measures from impeding and throwing obstacles in the way of that prodigious and almost insane display of luxury which attends upon great national holidays and official receptions? We no longer see the personages, but we do see the background and setting in which they moved, the enchanted chambers of the Ducal Palace; and even if we had not searched for speaking proofs from the chroniclers, those contemporary witnesses who describe for us these splendid festivities, we should have understood for ourselves that the actors must of necessity have been worthy of such a stage. The Senate had made provision accordingly; on certain days it gave rein to those passions which it usually restrained by law, and in this way commerce lost nothing. One might possess a million pearls, but they could only be worn on those special and festal days.

Here is the text of a decree made in 1574, on the occasion of the entrance of Henry III. into Venice: "All contrary decrees notwithstanding, it shall be permitted to every lady invited to the said feast, to wear all dresses and jewels of what kind soever seems to them most favorable for the adornment of their persons."

What the result of such a permission would be, it is not very difficult for us to imagine. The passion of the patrician ladies for dress, as though exasperated by the prohibition of the provveditori, knew no bounds on these festal days. The consequences were astounding; we know their general character by the representations of art, and by reading the literature relating to the women of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Venice; and we have only to draw upon our own resources and borrow a few lines from our essay, *La Femme à Venise au seizième siècle*, to describe a noble lady of that day. But does not the reader see her already in his mind's eye, advancing in the guise in which she was painted by Saint-Didier (who, however, dates from a century later); or in that in which she has been delineated by Guasco, by Cesare Vecellio, in the MS. *Doneschi Difetti* in the library of St. Mark's, in the *Malitie delle Donne*, by the engraver Goltzius in his bold manner, and by Giacomo Franco, who is of such service to us when he represents the manners of the *inclita città*, her "public spectacles, her most imposing feasts, her naval tournaments, and other royal amusements which the Most Serene Republic delighted to offer to the princes her visitors." Later we have two artists, in two different forms of art, who will tell us everything that concerns the women of Venice; these are Longhi, too little reputed in France, and

Goldoni, whose plays are more widely known. Nothing can be quainter than the representation, in a very rare plate in the library of the learned Marquis Girolamo d'Adda, in Milan, of a Venetian lady in the act of bleaching her hair, seated on the terrace of her house to promote the process of drying, and wearing the curious hat, without a crown, designed to allow of the tresses being drawn upward through it. "See them," runs a contemporary comment, "planted and taking root on their balconies as long as there is a ray of sunshine! They comb themselves, survey the result in the glass, and then stay for three hours drying their heads." Here, then, without need of looking further, is the reason why there are only light-haired women in the pictures of Veronese, and why the goddesses, nymphs, virgins, and courtesans of Titian have golden and shining hair of that incomparable color to which the name of the great painter has been given.

But now a last detail must be given, which deals the final stroke at the ladies of Venice, the *gentildonne*, as Saint-Didier has it;—not only did nature deny them golden locks, but she did not make them tall, opulent, stately, with the bearing and gait of goddesses, such as Veronese depicts them in many a figure of Esther or triumphant queen or Venus. Alas! the truth is, that as they dyed their hair, so they added to their stature by wearing pattens.

And if I am told that this curious custom of wearing pattens hidden under the dress, and transforming lowly dwarfs into splendid giantesses,—if I am told that this was an exception, a caprice, I can only mention the pattens in the Correr Museum, the paintings of Carpaccio, the engravings of Franco, and above all the following extract from *La Ville et la République de Venise*, by the Sieur Saint-Didier, who was almost a contemporary of the generation of which I speak. "The daughters of the last Doge Domenico Contarini were the first who freed themselves from that inconvenient slavery to the wearing of pattens. Some of these were two feet high, which made their wearers appear really colossal, and they could not put one foot before the other without leaning on the shoulders of two serving-women. There is a strong likelihood that the policy of husbands first introduced such a custom, which, it is said, they greatly approved; for an ambassador, discoursing lately with the same Doge and some of his councillors while they were assembling in the palace to hold a chapter, chanced on the subject of these enormous pattens, saying significantly that little shoes were certainly much more convenient, to which one of the councillors answered with an austere expression, and repeated twice, that little shoes were only too convenient." There is no more curious point in connection with Venetian dress; and neither Franco, the Bertelli,

nor Cesare Vecellio, who with the author of the well-known book *Degli Habiti antichi e moderni di diversi parti del Mundo* are the great authorities on such things, allows himself anywhere to be equally explicit.

But to return to our lace,—that it was worn before the invention of Venice point is certain, as the fine Venetian portraits of the early part of the sixteenth century show us the throat, wrists and bodies of women's dresses ornamented with it, and even men's clothing also; but the particular variety known by this name dates, according to the author of *L'Histoire de la Dentelle*, from the seventeenth century. Admirable specimens of lace, *point coupé*, etc., are shown in the beautiful Venetian publications of the time. M. Piot possesses a fine collection of books on lace and embroidery of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. What may well excite our wonder is that we see artists of the very highest order devoting themselves to this class of designs. Titian's nephew has left a celebrated collection of this kind; they were made for princesses of the blood, for queens and illustrious ladies, and examples of these curious works are nowadays worth their weight in gold. It is evident too, that the hands of powerful artists are to be recognized in some of these rich and noble designs in *point coupé*,—in one of them now before us, lions, eagles and the cross of St. James of Calatrava, conventionalized and ad-

mirably appropriated to the object, are skilfully combined with *fleurs de lis;* while in another, simple combinations of rounds and stars stand out in white on a ground of pure black.

"The special character of this lace consists in high reliefs, ornamental figures either in solid or open work, artistically formed and arranged in petals, overlaid with fantastic flowers of very broad design, the open blossoms of which detach themselves from rich foliage of marvellous workmanship, and are connected by joining threads and very delicate network stitches."

The technical authority whom we have quoted, himself puts this kind of lace above all others for the sumptuous elegance of its high relief, the softness and suppleness which make it stand out like sculpture, the tender and velvety quality which is the characteristic of needle-made laces and especially of Venice point.

At first, the stitches used in making the new lace known by the name of Venice point were unknown except to the inventors, who preserved the monopoly of their secret for a certain number of years; and as all the countries through which the love of luxury was spread desired to have specimens of this new kind of lace, which had suddenly become so famous and so much in fashion, the industry developed considerably in Italy. The real Venice point—for of course there soon were imitations of it—was entirely

needle-made; the foliage, the petals of the flowers, the stalks, all the raised parts, fillings, connecting threads, picots of all kinds, were made with the same stitch; the work therefore represented a considerable relative value because of the time given to its production; the price too was almost prohibitory; besides which the export duty had to be paid. Other countries therefore, and especially France, more or less successfully entered into competition with Venice, with lace of their own making. Braids and tapes replaced part of the needlework; a lace was produced certainly not to be compared with real Venetian point, but of which the decorative effect at a distance was very much the same, and the price much lower. It was now no longer an art but a manufacture.

Specimens of the lace are still to be found worthy of a place in great collections, for lace is collected nowadays as pictures or any other objects of art are collected. M. Dupont d'Auberville has brought together the most admirable examples of the lace of all countries, and has taken special care to form a chronologically arranged series, in which the whole growth of this industry can be followed from its infancy down to our own time. In the large manufactories at Manchester, whole rooms may be seen arranged as galleries for the exhibition of products of this kind from all nations. At the South Kensington Museum several opportunities have been

given of seeing collections lent by these great Manchester collectors and also by French collectors; our industrial art exhibitions have also furnished us, though to a much smaller degree, with opportunities for admiring the beautiful examples of Venetian point which have been preserved.

We have said that Louis XIV. directed his attention to this Venetian industry with the object of establishing a like industry in France; he began by bribing glass-makers from Murano to settle in his country: he wished also to have his national lace-makers, and so French point was invented. He did not think it beneath him to write with his own hands to ambassadors, entering into questions of detail relating to the engagement of foreign workmen, and to the converse process of bringing back to their own country Frenchmen who had left it to carry on their national industries abroad. Sometimes the capitalists who endeavored to found such new industries received patents of nobility for themselves and their descendants; considerable sums of money were lent to them free of interest; others were granted to them in free gift; they had annual pensions, the privilege of buying salt at wholesale prices, and that of brewing beer for their own consumption without paying duty. M. de Colbert, that comprehensive genius, took care to interest himself in this important question; in the negotiations with the Venetian ambassador relating to the privileges

to be offered to lace-workers who were willing to leave their city and transfer themselves to Paris, he asks the French ambassador, M. de Saint-André, for an exact account of the situation of the manufactories of mirror-glass at Murano, and of those for *point de fil* at the Rialto; he wishes to know the tariffs, whether they are lowered, where the products go, and lastly what countries import the greatest quantity.

Louis XIV. did not trust even to his minister on this question. In the work I have mentioned, under the article "Point de Venise et Point de France," I find the following extract from a royal letter dated 9th of November, 1666, and addressed to M. de la Bourlie, Governor of Sedan: "The establishment of the manufacture of French point is of such great importance to the welfare of my people, and I am compelled to take such strict precautions against the spite of the dealers who had been accustomed to get work done at Venice and to sell in my court and kingdom the manufactures of that city, that I desire that you should not only order the establishment of the said manufacture in the town of Sedan and neighboring villages, but that you should even prevent the products of the ordinary manufactures of Sedan being sold to any but the contractors for the French point lace, so that, all dealers being excluded from all kinds of trade in the said town and surrounding villages, they may lose the hope of being

able to imitate the said works, and be compelled to join the said manufacture in good faith," etc.

The great king and his minister showed thus the utmost anxiety about the higher kinds of industry, and succeeded in establishing them in their own country to such an extent that on the 6th of January 1673, M. de Colbert writes to the Count d'Avaux, the French ambassador to the Republic: "I have received the collar of raised point which you have sent me, and think it very beautiful. I shall compare it with those made in our manufactories; but I ought to tell you beforehand that as fine are made in this kingdom."

The fact, then, is established; but if the French ambassador at Venice was alert and clever, the Magnifico who represented the Senate at the court of his Most Christian Majesty was also wide-awake, and sent to the Government of St. Mark a list, furnished by his spies, of all those workmen who had been induced to desert Murano by the advantages which M. d'Avaux held out to them; and the Senate, which never trifled and simply saw in this a crime against the State, put forth through the organ of the Inquisitors the following decree:

"If any workmen or artist transports his art into a foreign country to the detriment of the Republic, he shall be sent an order to return; if he does not obey, his nearest relatives shall be imprisoned, so as to reduce him to obedience by his interest in them;

if he returns, the past will be pardoned and an establishment in Venice will be procured for him; and if, in spite of the imprisonment of his relatives, he is still determined to live abroad, an emissary will be charged to kill him, and after his death, his relatives will be set at liberty."

It will hardly have been expected that a chapter devoted to the industries concerned with toilet-luxury, and to Venetian point lace in particular, should close with such a dramatic extract, but there is no doubt about the decision of the Inquisitors; it is historical, and the article I have just quoted is the twenty-sixth in the statutes of the State Inquisition.

Though other European countries succeeded in establishing an industry which had taken its rise in Italy, and created such flourishing centres of production as Alençon, Argentan, Sedan, Mirecourt, Malines, Bruges, Brussels, Honiton, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxford, it is none the less true that the initiative had been taken by the Venetians.

Of trimmings in cut point, bobbin, or bone lace, specimens are given in the folio work of J. Seguin, *La Dantelle;* they were designed for embroiderers and lace-makers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and preceded Venice point proper. We have seen that great artists did not disdain to apply their inventive ingenuity to the composition of patterns of this kind. After Vecellio came Vinciola,

la Parasole, le Pompe. Lace was used for almost everything; a sixteenth-century fan in the collection of Achille Jubinal shows a design of cut point applied to an ordinary object for which it certainly was not intended. Even gloves might be made of lace, and even on those large sixteenth-century collars—heavy flat ruffs supported by a copper fencing that imprisoned the head like an instrument of torture—the workmen traced branches and fanciful scrolls with their needles in raised point. A trimming for a body in rose point, a charming piece of seventeenth-century Venetian work, shows that the heaviness of the raised point is intentional or was dictated by fashion, and that the same needle can run lightly in charming arabesques borrowed from Indian and Persian designs. We have limited ourselves here to the consideration of pieces that are purely Venetian, and if our short and rather vague *raggionamenti* leave much to be desired from the point of view of a special treatise on lace, which it was far from our intention to undertake, at least we shall have characterized the different styles and successive transformations of the art from the sixteenth to the end of the seventeenth century, the period at which the industries of Venice lost their pre-eminence.

COSTUME.

In a former study entitled *La Vie d'un Patricien de Venice au seizième siècle*, the author endeavored to investigate the life of that time by the help of purely Venetian engravings and paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The books containing the engravings referred to are always rare, often unique and priceless. We obtained valuable data from four principal sources.

The library of St. Mark's opened its doors wide to us, thanks to the learned librarian Veludo and his obliging subordinate Signor Soranzo. Next, the cabinet of engravings in the French National Library: the direct intervention of M. Waddington, then Minister of Public Instruction, was exerted to remove some obstacles in our way. The British Museum, that vast collection of documents, never puts restrictions to its liberality. The library of M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot, a celebrated collection now dispersed to the four corners of the world, was opened to us by the family of that great typographer and learned Hellenist with a cordiality and generosity to which we wish here publicly to render homage. Here we found the admirable "Procession of the Doge" in eight blocks, reference to which has already been made; likewise the "Ceremony of the Marriage of the Sea" in eleven large blocks; and a number of other pieces which throw a new light on the

customs and the costume of Venice at the Renaissance, and make it seem to live afresh before our eyes.

The compilations of Pietro Bertelli and Giacomo Franco serve specially to illustrate the subject of Venetian costume. The engraving by Franco (dating from 1560) "Dogaressa and her Maids of Honor," has a real interest as showing us the wife of the Doge in her official costume. She wears the *corno*, the symbol of the ducal dignity; it is no longer, as in the case of the Serene Prince himself, a coronet enriched with pearls and precious stones, but a simple head-dress to which the form of the corno was given and from which hung a long veil falling on the shoulders. The dress is of gold brocade; from the throat hangs the gold chain and cross, the insignia of her supreme rank. The maids of honor, very simple if compared with the noble ladies in gala costume, have in their dress really very little that is characteristic, except the high pleated collar which furnishes the bodice. It shows that the fashion of uncovering the shoulders and neck does not date from yesterday, and that however far this fashion may have been carried in France at the time of the Directory, the prudent dames who served as ladies-in-waiting to the wife of the Most Serene Prince carried it perhaps even farther than the Aspasias of the Salon of Barras. It is true, on the other hand, that the

ample skirts and tight sleeves are of monastic decorum.

In the precious album of Giacomo, the Serene Prince appears in grand official costume, the corno on his head. The inscriptions added by the great engraver are of great importance to history; for he is very accurate in details; this is the holiday costume, *l'habito delle ceremonie e feste*, and by the date of the drawing we can even tell the name of the prince—Pascal Cicogna, who reigned as Doge for ten years; he wears the gold robe and ermine cape. Everything is characteristic of the sixteenth century, the little window showing the lagoon and St. Mark's Place; the simple artist has himself written "Piazza San Marco" in the sky. Every point in these pictorial evidences teaches us something: the armchair with its fine gold studs and pleated leather; the tapestry in the background, which would make the happiness of a collector of sixteenth-century curiosities, if he had the good fortune to come across it in some of the curiosity shops on the Grand Canal, at Guggenheim's, Rieti's, or Favanza's.

Franco also shows us the admiral of the Arsenal—"Capitano generale dell' Armata." Are we wrong in attaching importance to the slightest stroke of the ancient graver? it is not all evidence? Giacomo has written an inscription under the picture, which makes it much more than a matter of costume—it

is history, and great and serious history too: "I Capitani generali dell' Armata sogliono vestire questo habito quale fu v° gia il Ser° Sebastiano Veniero quando fracasse l'armata Turca a Curzolari l'anno 1572." We are thus brought face to face with Sebastiano Veniero, elected Doge after his great victory of Lepanto; and in the distance framed by the window there is a view of the famous encounter, where the galleys of Don Juan of Austria, those of Doria and of the Republic, are about to sink the fleet of the Sublime Porte. I must beg connoisseurs not to neglect looking at the little stool of carved wood, on which the conqueror of Lepanto is seated. Alessandro Vittoria must have put his name to it, and the heraldic Lion of St. Mark is the seal of the Republic. The engraving may be lost, the name of the artist may disappear, Venice is still unmistakable, the leonine paw of the winged creature is a signature not to be gainsaid.

Pietro Bertelli portrays the costumes of all classes, from women of loose life mounted on their pattens to the maid of honor, the *fiancée*, and the wife; then come the senators, the magistrates (*prefetti*, says the inscription) with their swords, the noble in his winter apparel, the matron, the novice with the *ballarino*, the widow, the matron holding in her hand those small fans which were the fashion at Constantinople, and also the Venetian woman bleaching her hair and letting it dry on the terrace where

she sits before her little mirror, with her pot of dye which contains the essence destined to give it those golden lights dear to Veronese.

A most strange figure is that of a Venetian courtesan mounted on her pattens, with her open dress, her slashed hose and doublet, and hair frizzled in horns. This could not have been invented, it is a witness which bespeaks nature itself, something actually seen and faithfully copied. And the fine portrait of a noble Venetian lady of the sixteenth century by Giacomo Franco, is a very vision of the time; here is the little dog then in fashion, and the same way of dressing the hair, but better explained, being shown on a larger scale. What a costume for a carnival!—if the women of to-day were to consent to hide their slender figures in these curious bodices, which instead of following the lines of the body form a kind of stiff sheath about it.

Goltzius is one of those who, with Matteo Pagani, Titian, Salviati, and some others, best enables us to understand the pomp of Venetian ceremonials. Giacomo Franco had also rendered them, but with a rather dry touch, and in a form which does not allow of our seizing the details. The "Venetian Marriage" is indeed a monument, and though it was not a Venetian artist who engraved this masterpiece, it initiates us well into the aspect of these State gatherings, which had for their stage the great chambers of the palaces built by Sansovino or

Palladio. The engraving exhibits senators assembled in a loggia, wide open, from whence can be seen the lagoon and an island which if I am not mistaken should be Santa Elena. It is the hour of the feast, the guests are conversing, listening to the music, the musicians are in an open gallery and the maskers of the Italian comedy, Pantaloon and Burchiello, show their painted faces through the curtain and ask for admittance.

If there should be question of still more sumptuous feasts and characteristic costumes, a miniature of Bronzino once at Strawberry Hill contains the portrait of a susceptible Venetian lady, the famous Bianca Capello; she appears in a perfectly French costume, which had at this time come into fashion in Venice. Her history is one of the legends of the city. I know the worthy gentleman who now lives in her house; he has often shown me the window from which (too little watched by Bartolommeo Capello, her father) she exchanged glances with the handsome Florentine, Piero di Zenobia Bonaventuri.

On November 28, 1563, Bianca at the dead of night gave her hand to the gallant Zenobia, glided with him under the hangings of the silent gondola, and fled from her father's house; arrived at Florence, the two lovers were united by the Church, but soon she began to receive the attentions of the Grand Duke Francesco de' Medici, and the husband died

just in time to crown the wishes of the Signor. The marriage feasts of Bianca Capello were so splendid that the painters and engravers of the time have immortalized them. A contemporary engraving gives one of the allegorical cars, drawn by lions, which formed part of the procession. These lions astonish us, but they are altogether in Italian taste; above all, let us not forget the name borne by the husband: he was a Medici. When Lucrezia Borgia entered Rome, she was followed by two hundred ladies on horseback, all magnificently adorned and each accompanied by a cavalier. Lorenzo de' Medici one day gave a mythological fête, "The Triumph of Camillus;" he erected for it ten triumphal arches, under which passed eight such chariots. Lorenzo wrote to the Pope for two elephants to complete the procession, and the Pope, who probably had not two elephants at hand, sent him two leopards and a panther. Jacopo Nardi, Pontormo, Piero di Cosimo, and Baccio Bandinelli had made a special study of these compositions and inventions for festival processions, and if it astonishes any one to see wild beasts harnessed to the car, we have under our eyes chronicles which explain that at the marriage of Bianca some lions and tigers were actually on show, but that for drawing the mythological chariots the artist who got up the pageant had harnessed horses and mules in lion's skins. They sometimes went so far at these ceremonies as to dress up buffaloes as ele-

phants, and horses as winged griffins, which gave to the procession the most fantastic appearance.

Such were the colossal proportions of these amusements, which borrowed their magnificence from the superb taste of the great artists of the Renaissance, and of which printing and engraving have transmitted the remembrance to us. Giacomo Franco is still valuable for his representations of every-day life; in his picture of the Arsenal he has thrown a bright light on the aspect and habit on pay-day at that establishment; for the daily life "in the Piazza," he tells us a trait of the time which has its value. All day long, it seems (about 1550), the Piazza was encumbered with mountebanks, who erected their booths and came to play their antics and *lazzi* before the assembled people. Some exhibited serpents, others sold drugs, played on the harp or guitar, put on strange masks and gave themselves up to a thousand contortions to amuse the crowd. By a curious engraving of the time it is seen that the precious *loggetta* did not yet exist at the foot of the Campanile, and by the rude perspective of the gate of the Merceria, and that of the Basilica and of the Procuratie which appear in the background, that it was on the Piazzetta and not on on the Piazza that this permanent fair was held. It is curious to observe that Franco has written under the figures of the spectators in the foreground the nationality of each, as if by this simple and natural

means he wished to show that Venice served as a meeting-place for all mankind, and to illustrate his city from a cosmopolitan point of view.

A portrait of Alois Contarini, of the great family of the Contarini who were so devoted to the Republic, painted by Jost Euhler, shows a senator of the seventeenth century wearing the large "hammer" wig. The custom came from France, the court of Louis XIV. having furnished the model; the robe of the senators is the same, but the aspect of the man is singularly altered; instead of the long beards of Titian and Tintoret's time, instead of those grave and noble countenances which Bassano and Veronese have perpetuated upon their canvases, nothing is to be seen now but shaven faces; and this remains the rule until the nineteenth century, when every one again assumes liberty of action, and beards reappear in Venice.

Bartolozzi is of the eighteenth century, and for that period evidences relating to costume and manners are not scarce. The taste is simple enough. In one picture a Venetian dressed in a coat of the style called after Louis XV. with silk stockings, shoe buckles, and the three-cornered hat of the time, has put on over these a carnival domino and the curious mask so often seen in Guardi called the *Bauta*. He is going along the streets of Venice and meets a carnival Cupid, who asks him for alms; this exhibits well the tastes of the time. In an accompanying

picture he has just crossed a bridge—that of San Moisë, I think—and Cupid aims arrow at him. Nothing can be more in Pompadour vein than this Bartolozzi, but nothing is without value to us that can furnish any evidence of the social aspect of an epoch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE APPROACH TO THE CITY—THE GRAND CANAL.

To taste in all their fulness his first impressions of Venice, the traveller should arrive there by sea, at midday, when the sun is high. By degrees, as the ship which carries him enters the channels, he will see the unparalleled city emerging from the lap of the lagoon, with its proud campaniles, its golden spires, its gray or silvery domes and cupolas. Advancing along the narrow channels of navigation, posts and piles dot here and there with black that sheet of steel, and give substance to the dream, making solid and tangible the foreground of the illusive distance. Just now, all that enchanted world and fairy architecture floated in the air; little by little all has become distinct; those points of dark green turn into gardens; that mass of deep red is the line of the ship-building yards, with their leprous-looking houses and with the dark-colored stocks on which are erected the skeletons of polaccas and feluccas in course of construction; the white line showing so bright in the sun is the Riva dei Schiavoni, all alive with its world of gondoliers, fruit-sellers, Greek sailors, and Chioggiotes in their

many-colored costumes. The rose-colored palace with the stunted colonnade is the Ducal Palace. The vessel, on its way to cast anchor off the Piazzetta, coasts round the white and rose-colored island which carries Palladio's church of Santa Maria Maggiore, whose firm campanile stands out against the sky with Grecian clearness and grace. Looking over the bow, the traveller has facing him the Grand Canal, with the Custom House where the figure of Fortune veers with the wind above her golden ball; beyond rise the double domes of the Salute with their great reversed consoles, forming the most majestic entrance to this watery avenue bordered by palaces. He who comes for the first time to Venice by this route realizes a dream—his only dream perhaps ever destined to be surpassed by the reality; and if he knows how to enjoy the beauty of nature, if he can take delight in silver-gray and rose-colored reflections in water, if he loves light and color, the picturesque life of Italian squares and streets, the good humor of the people and their gentle speech which seems like the twittering of birds, let him only allow himself to live for a little time under the sky of Venice, and he has before him a season of happiness without alloy.

But if, instead of entering Venice by the Adriatic, the visitor comes from France or the Peninsula, and crosses at night the long viaduct which connects the town with the mainland, what a strange impres-

sion he will receive! To glide silently in the middle of the night over still, black waters, to see glimmering lanterns flitting right and left, to hear the splash of an oar on the water, to glide between high banks of architecture, processions of palaces that flit by more felt than seen, as in an etching of Piranesi,—to pass under bridges, hear cries without catching their meaning, every moment to brush past those sombre catafalques which are other gondolas gliding through the darkness as silently as your own,—then, from time to time, to see as in a flash of lightning the outline of a figure leaning forward on its oar, a lamp burning and casting a keen reflection at the corner of a winding canal, a window brilliantly lighted and making a flaring hole in the midst of night,—to get entangled in dark water-lanes, turning, twisting, moving without the feeling of movement, and all at once to land at a staircase which plunges its steps down into the water and leads into a large and noble hall of fine architectural proportions, in a palace gleaming with lights, full of life and activity, and of busy men who bring one back after that strange journey to the commonplaces of hotel life,—this is certainly the most wonderful of dreams, a sort of ideal nightmare.

It has all scarcely lasted an hour; but you are tired from a long journey; you soon fall asleep from weariness, hardly asking yourself, in the first uncertainty of fatigue, over what Styx you have sailed,

what strange city you have traversed, and whether you have not been the dupe of a dream. In the morning you rush out upon the balcony, and there, amidst dazzling light and a very debauch of colors, with a shimmering of pearl and silver, triumphant upon the waters of her lagoon you behold that Venice which you have never seen before except in Byron, in Otway, Musset, and George Sand. She glows, she sings in silvery radiance; here in very truth is the Queen of the Adriatic! A pigeon of St. Mark's flies over the balcony throwing its shadow on the flagstones, and you cherish the long-awaited sight! Here are the islands, the Arsenal, the Lido, the Mole, the Redentore, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Ducal Palace, the gondoliers; in a word, all the city of Canaletto! But is it not an illusive scene, a phantasmagoria, a treacherous dream?—if it were but a mirage after all!

And when you begin to wander about the town, stupefied, dazzled, confused, blinded; when you go into the museums, the churches; when cradled in your gondola you pass down that marvellous avenue the Grand Canal; when you shall have seen face to face, in their full glory, Veronese, Tintoret, Vittoria, the gentle Carpaccio, the Bellini, those sweet and solemn masters, the Vivarini, the Palmas, the great Titian, Sansovino, Verocchio, the Lombardi, the elegant and noble Leopardi, Calendario the rebel, whose genius did not save him from condign punish-

ment; when you shall have viewed all these painters, sculptors, architects, these mighty spirits who, in the palaces of the Doges, at the Frari, in the Arsenal, at Sante Maria Formosa, at San Rocco and the Procuratie, or on either bank of the Grand Canal, have celebrated the glory of Venice with their gorgeous palettes, have moulded and carved the bronze and marble with their puissant hands, have raised to the sky the clear profiles of the campaniles in their hues of white and rose, have cast upon the green mirror of the waters of Canareggio the delicate network of Gothic palaces, or the sudden projections of classic entablatures and balconies,—after all this, you will come in worn out, confused, overwhelmed by the force and greatness of these men of the Renaissance, and you will call out to your gondolier, "To the Lido," in order that you may find rest in nature from the dazzling things of art. In another week you will be looking at Tintoret with a careless eye, for masterpieces crowd too thick upon one another; bronzes, enamels, triptychs, marbles, figures of Doges lying on the sculptured tombs, famous condottieri buried in their armor, or standing haughty and valorous in full panoply on their mausoleums, will leave you indifferent. You are hungry for open air, for the lagoon, the changing aspects of the pearl-gray waves, for nature's own reflections as Guardi and Canaletto caught them, for the shimmer of light on sheets of liquid steel broken by tongues of sand

and dotted by the black points and uprights of the piles. As you get farther from the shore, you turn to enjoy the view, for it is the most splendid scene ever dreamed by the imagination; and before this picture of Venice—a picture signed by the Master of masters—you forget the immortal works made by hands that have been stiff for centuries.

THE GRAND CANAL.

I suppose that the reader has entered Venice from the mainland, and I have described the curious sensation he experiences if he arrives at night; but if, in fine spring weather, or on an autumn afternoon toward the month of October, the train which brings him from France or Italy leaves him on the station quay in the Grand Canal, the row he will have in his gondola from the station to the heart of the town is an admirable prologue to the spectacle that awaits him in Venice.

Seated for the first time on the black cushions of the open gondola, nothing interrupts the view; you glide between two wide banks over the great waterway which makes that one unique city into two; and with Italian good humor, combined with that courtesy peculiar to the Venetians, your gondolier tells you the names of all the buildings and palaces. The effect is prodigious and always new. First of all, to any one who knows how to look and see, the liquid surface of the Canal is itself a spectacle.

Green, but of a peculiar green, changing, made up of all the tints by which it is surrounded, sometimes deep, sometimes pearly, sometimes black—marbled, flashing or opaque according to the angle from which it is seen—undulating, diverse and composed of a thousand reflected shades, the water has its own peculiar attractions for colorists. The great posts, variegated with blue and red colors and the arms of nobles, crowned with the *corno* or the count's coronet—the marble steps dipping into the water—palaces in the architecture of every race and age, sometimes solemn, epic, stately, massive, and heavy, carrying an enormous weight on the piles which serve for their foundations—the whole history of Venice is there. Just after passing the rich church which rises at the new gate of the station, and leaving to the left the Labbia Palace, where are found, dilapidated and doomed to certain ruin, the marvellous decorations of Tiepolo referred to in the chapter on Painting, we pass in front of the Fondaco dei Turchi. The precious collections of the Correr Museum are to be installed there, the small neighboring palace being too small for such riches. We can but hastily name the great names of the buildings before which we pass; here the Vendramin Calergi, the Battagia, Tron, and Vendramin Palaces, the Casa d'Oro which we have so often mentioned already; the Pesaro Palace, pompous and heavy, all covered with sculptures bearing the mark of Lon-

ghena, the artist who built the Salute; Corner Regina, which stands in the very place where Queen Cornaro lived; Sagredo, Michel delle Colonne, the *fabbriche nuove* of the Rialto of Sansovino, the old porticoes of the Rialto, the vegetable-market, so picturesque with its great, long, flat boats laden with *anguric* and *cocomeri*, gourds and pumpkins of all shapes and kinds, mountains of cabbages and green things coming from the mainland or the islands, to supply this busy scene, at which we should advise painters to make a halt after they have visited the Rialto.

Before passing under the stately and vigorous arch which spans the Grand Canal, and bears drapers' and goldsmiths' shops on its broad span, the visitor should look to right and left, and stop for a moment to notice the details of the charming friezes of that palace of the Camerlenghi which the Republic had built for her treasures to live in, and for the design for which she had commissioned Bergamasco. On his left, the large building now defaced, but the great mass of which is still beautiful, is the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, in other times the residence of the German merchants, which had been decorated at the expense of the Republic by Giorgione and Titian. When we see even now on these walls patches of red and half-effaced outlines of the compositions drawn by those famous painters, our imagination supplements the ravages of time. What a

wonderful and magical sight the Grand Canal must have presented about 1570, at the time when the Republic was at its highest pride, when the Doge Paschal Cicogna was about to connect the two banks by having the Rialto built by Da Ponte! And if one calls up in imagination one of those solemn entries of Prince or Ambassador, with all the brilliant pageantry of the *bissone* or State gondolas, and the crowd of small boats following the procession, the thousands of heads on the richly-draped balconies, the streamers, the cries, the reflections of bright colors, the sound of bells, the whole town in festal array, and over all the azure sky and the intense sun lighting up every corner and awakening thousands of shimmering reflections in the green waters: what a triumphant orgy and display of color and character!

Let us pass under the Rialto, stopping a moment on the left to look at the life of the quay nearest to it. Here is the Fish-market, and very curious and full of life it is, smelling of course of its business, but having an interesting character of its own, with its brown and black hues, its sombre boats, its great baskets like our hen-coops, in which the fresh fish is kept; and all that fisher-people in brown cloth,—the famous seamen of the Adriatic whom Leopold Robert has painted in their ordinary life without idealism or conventionality,—and the old fish-wives huddled in brown shawls, with their frizzled gray

hair, their feet in those small Venetian sabots fastened on by a leather thong, the wooden soles knocking against the flags;—all that strange world of popular types which illustrators love to render.

Past the Rialto we still find more palaces with noble outlines; the Loredano, Farsetti, Grimani (the work of Sammicheli), Corner Spinelli, Tiepolo, Doria, Bernardo, Barbarigo, Pisani (one of the greatest of Venetian names), Mocenigo (a house twice illustrious, from the family after which it is named, and from Lord Byron), lastly Balbi and Moro Lin. Here let us look backward; it is an important point of the canal, the turning or elbow; and the two palaces which, joined to one another, fill the angle, the Giustiniani and Foscari, occupy the particular point which allows them to command the whole of the canal from both sides. It was usually here that the Republic entertained sovereigns and princes when holiday was kept on the Grand Canal, so that they might have a complete view of its length. It was here that, on solemn days in the modern history of Venice,—when Victor Emmanuel took possession of the city; when the ashes of Daniel Manin were restored to his fellow citizens from on board the *Bucentaur* at the steps of the Ducal Palace,—we were ourselves enabled to be present at that splendid spectacle, and to realize, while enjoying the sight, the part which these two palaces played in the solemn days of reception de-

scribed in the Venetian chronicles. After we pass the Giustiniani Palace, here are successively the Palaces Rezzonico, Grassi, Contarini Sgrigni, Cavalli (which belongs to the Comte de Chambord) Corner della Ca Grande, the Academy of Fine Arts. There a quite modern iron bridge joins the two banks: it is in the ancient convent on our right, now converted into a Museum and School of Fine Art, that we should go to study the history of Venetian painting. Still following on, one comes upon an exquisite work, of pleasant proportions and in extremely good taste, the Dario Palace, then the small Contarini Palace, the Imo Palace, the Giustiniani Palace, now turned into an hotel, like most of those at the entrance to the Grand Canal; lastly the majestic Church of the Salute, one of the most famous in Venice, and the marine Custom House, which closes so fittingly that avenue of palaces with its open pavilion and the golden ball of Fortune turning with the wind. The opening into the lagoon at the mouth of the Grand Canal is perhaps the point of view with which those who have never been at Venice are the most familiar. It is the great façade of the town under its most attractive aspect. Before landing at the Piazzetta, where the gondola will set us down at the steps which ascend between the two famous granite columns bearing St. Theodore and the lion of St. Mark, let us look in front of us for a moment. The island which floats before us,

carrying a church with its graceful campanile—that rosy and picturesque island placed just where the eye desires it most—is San Giorgio Maggiore. Behind this, in the distance, the line of green trees which seems to close in the lagoon is Garden Point, the extreme end of Venice, connected with the centre by the beautiful white line of that magnificent quay, the Riva dei Schiavoni, the name of which has occurred so often in our volume. If, standing up in our gondola, we look to the right, we see first a wide canal between the Custom House and the Giudecca, which separates from the town that desolate quarter where manufactories and various industries have taken refuge; a gray cupola supported on rose-colored walls cuts the lower horizontal of the house roofs: this is the Redentore, a celebrated church which on its saint's day summons all Venice to an honored commemoration.

We shall return presently to the aspect of the Riva. Let us take our station meanwhile on *terra firma*, standing on the granite quay at the foot of the two columns erected by Barattieri, and from thence look round on the public, the official Venice. We have the Ducal Palace on our right, and on the left the Libreria Vecchia, a wonderful building by Sansovino, certainly one of the noblest and purest in style of any in Venice; past the Libreria, returning on the quay, is the Zecca, the ancient mint of the Republic: then comes a rather large garden belong-

ing to the palace-block, now the Royal Palace, formed of the Libreria Vecchia and the Procuratie together. At the extreme end of the quay on our left, a small casino, elegant enough in style though dating from the Empire, serves now as a café; here in summer-time there is music, and the crowd comes to listen to the band, to promenade or eat ices in the freshness of the lagoon breezes. Finally, opposite to us on the right, rises the Basilica of St. Mark, presenting to us its flank crowned with domes and pinnacles, the clock-tower with its blue dial, its quaint but at the same time monumental bell which rings to the hammers of two bronze men standing on its terrace, and its arch of the Merceria, beneath which we see the crowd appear and disappear. A little in the rear rises the Campanile, immense, mighty, solid, and elegant at once, with the richly-decorated Loggetta crouching at its feet.

We need not return to consider either the Ducal Palace or the Basilica of St. Mark from an historical or descriptive point of view, since our whole book is but so much description of the historical origin of individual monuments.

Still, as we wish to describe the *life*, and especially now that we have spoken at length on matters of art of Venice, I would invite the reader to enter St. Mark's with me on a fête day,—on Passion Sunday, for instance, at the hour of mass. Each person takes his seat where he likes and when he likes,

choosing the altar of the saint of his particular worship, his dearest relic, or privileged object of devotion, and while some are praying in the choir, leaning in singular attitudes against the porphyry balustrade, others have gone to kneel in the little chapel built to the miraculous image of Christ which, it is said, shed blood when struck by a profane hand; the figure stands under a little dome with columns of black-and-white porphyry surmounted with agate.

While the priest is officiating in purple and gold before the magnificent Pala d'Oro, and while a prince of the Church surrounded by a legion of canons elevates the sacred ciborium,—crouching at the foot of some pillar, sitting on the steps of the stairs, prostrate in obscure corners you see the groups absorbed in prayer, old sibyl-like women seeming transfigured in the depths of deserted chapels, and beggars covered with ragged shawls coming and kissing the feet of porphyry statues. Sometimes—strange meeting—a woman with wan face directs her prayers to some great hieratic image of a saint, who stands immovable and colossal, a decorated figure draped in the stiff folds of the Byzantine dalmatic, his great three-lobed nimbus standing out from a background of tawny gold mosaic. People come in and go out and pray and sing; profane strangers come to see St. Mark's with guide-books in their hands; sacristans in strange vestments push to and

fro upon the floor their pierced offertory-boxes for the help of souls in purgatory; and all without order, conventionality, or religious discipline; it is the house of God, but it is also the house of man.

CHAPTER XIX.

ST. MARK'S PLACE—THE CARNIVAL—TYPES OF THE PEOPLE.

An oblong quadrilateral which on one side reaches from the corner of the Ducal Palace to the Basilica, and on the other from the corner of the Libreria Vecchia to that of the Procuratie, comprises the celebrated Piazzetta, the "little square" where public proclamations were read. Let us cross it and enter *the* square—that called the Piazza as if there were no other. Let us traverse its whole length, and from the end look round and enjoy the sight. Facing us in its full glory stands the incomparable basilica; in front of it are the four bronze pedestals of Leopardi which carry the banners of the Republic; on our left are the Old Procuratie with their arcaded stories; on our right the New Procuratie; and curiously placed in the right-hand corner rises the Campanile.

This view embraces the official part of the town. We shall see, in this chapter on Venetian life, what part the Piazza plays in the existence of the Venetians. Without going very far back in history, as we have taken the opportunity of doing once or twice

for the study of origins, we can easily imagine the aspect, if not of a public holiday on the occasion of the procession of the Doge or the reception of a prince or ambassador, at any rate of an ordinary day, while the business of public life was going on. In St. Mark's, which was originally the chapel of the Doge, God was worshipped with praise and supplication on behalf of the State, and every great political act was consecrated by prayer or religious ceremonial. St. Mark's was the Palladium of the city. In the Old and New Procuratie are the public offices and seats of administration. There the Procuratori had their official residences, their archives, and within two steps from there, are concentrated all the public services and deliberative bodies.

To form a just idea of the geographical site of Venice, it is necessary to go to the top of the Campanile. The bird's-eye view which we here imagine would then become real to the spectator, and the configuration of the town, which is so difficult for any one who has not seen it to realize, would then stand out in all distinctness. To the east, the open sea; all around, the lagoons, the islands; all the picturesque accidents and indentures of the gulf; the mainland with the Alps and the mountains of Vicenza on the horizon. The ascent is very easy; the Campanile has no steps, but is ascended like the Giralda at Seville, by an inclined passage up which one might ride at need. The city seems to lie at one's

feet, and the eighty islets of which it is formed, seen in this bold perspective, outline themselves distinctly with their bridges, *piazze*, and *campi*. The Grand Canal divides the town with a visible winding line which measures more than two miles and a quarter in length, and sometimes reaches a width of nearly eighty yards. As it appears to us it is an S reversed, and we see the bridges which connect the two parts of the town, the Rialto, the Academy, and the railway bridges; these two last are entirely modern. What strikes us most from the top of the Campanile is not that world of steeples, that forest of bell-towers, those thousand roofs, that ocean of bricks and brown tiles; it is the open sea on which you look down from that eminence, and the clearly defined estuary, the slender isthmus of the railway viaduct joining the town to the mainland, and that mainland itself crumbling, as it were, by degrees into ocean, changing field into marsh, then into lagoon, and still reappearing in the shape of floating islands in the midst of the lagoon itself.

The estuary or interior basin is five miles long and two broad. Venice herself at anchor in the middle, impregnable, or at least, strategically inaccessible, though she has in fact been taken, protected towards the sea by a narrow tongue of land called the Lido, the three passages of which are fortified. On the south floats the island of St. George, facing the Piazza, and the Giudecca, separated from the town by a

broad canal, along the quays of which are moored the great flat boats and *trabacoli* which come laden with wood from Istria and Dalmatia. From here you overlook two thousand one hundred and fifty little streets, narrow *stradine*, a labyrinth in which the traveller would lose himself a hundred times if he did not quickly get to know his Venice by studying central points.

Now let us come down from the Campanile, and before going any farther, let us wander under the Procuratie, and idle in front of the jewellers' shops, and the shops where corals and miniature gondolas are sold, the *galanterie*, the cafés, the crystal and Venetian glass shops, the photographers', this last an art new to the country, but which flourishes prodigiously now; let us look at the various types, from the pleasant flower-girls, who come and put a little sweet-smelling flower in your buttonhole without ever asking for their payment, which you hand them in a lump the day you leave, to the celebrated little hunchback, known to all the painters, who plies a multitude of different callings.

The cafés of St. Mark's Place are celebrated, and three are specially known to strangers: Florian's first of all—*à tout seigneur tout honneur;* next Quadri's; and among ten others who have their regular fixed customers, Suttil has an old established reputation; lastly the "Aurora," frequented by Orientals. Florian's is known to the whole world,

and if instead of writing a book in which art takes so great a place, I were writing a mere picturesque account of Venice, I could devote a whole chapter to Florian's. It is there that a stranger, or even a Venetian, has his letters addressed; there on returning from a long absence you hear all the gossip about your friends and acquaintances—one is on the mainland, another abroad, a third has married—there you find the last scandal, the news, the visiting card of the new-comer, the commission, the communication you await: all are found in those curiously arranged little rooms in which the table is merely an accessory piece of furniture. Of Florian and his descendants there is nothing left now, as can well be understood, since he flourished in the time of the Empire. An anecdote is current which it is well to preserve, for it does credit to two men, a great artist and the keeper of the café. Canova, it is said, was a frequenter of Florian's, and the master of the house had rendered him many services; the poor hotel-keeper had the gout, and the great sculptor modelled his leg in plaster so that he might have a shoe so fitted as to ease the pain.

In the first days of summer or on a warm autumn night, Florian's presents a curious spectacle: while one is walking round the Piazza on the side of the *Listone* toward Quadri's, at the time the band plays, the tables fill and overflow till a quarter of the

square is filled; it is the drawing-room of Venice, with the starlit sky for ceiling.

In the day-time Florian's is nearly deserted, but at certain hours one goes there with the certainty of meeting those one wants to see, and the cafés of Venice are so well supplied with newspapers of all countries that one does not feel the need of a club. The visitor too might live in the Piazza; all day long it is animated and alive; those great flights of pigeons which assemble suddenly in clouds at the sounds of the hammers of the clock, on the stroke of two o'clock, are one of the pleasantest amusements of the traveller. Who has not during his stay in Venice given seed to those pretty little blue and violet-gray creatures, so used to the passers-by that they fly into your very hands to pick from them at their ease? Who has not seen some pretty English girl, her hair floating in the wind, surrounded with the birds like a symbolical figure, the most delightful subject a painter could find for a picture? A great deal has been written about these pigeons, and an historical origin has been discovered for them, in connection with the Genoese of Candia and a service rendered by the birds to the Republic; all this, however, is but hazy history. Whatever their origin, they are very numerous all over the town, but especially on the Piazza and the quays; they build on the cornices, in the steeples, and in the atrium of St. Mark's, under the arcades of the

Procuratie, and live on the munificence of the public. They have, however, had an income of their own; a certain Countess Polcastro, who lived in rooms at the corner of the Fabbrica Nuova and the Procuratie, distributed food to them on the stroke of two o'clock, during a great period of her life, and after her death, if I am not mistaken, left a sum to be applied in the same way.

At Carnival time it is still on the Piazza and the Piazzetta that processions file off, and that the exhibitions and performances peculiar to that giddy season take place. All this goes on to-day just as it did yesterday, or two hundred or even five hundred years ago, as is proved readily by a pretty composition of Vanutelli which is to be found in the gallery of the Princess Matilde. The painter has placed his scene under the arcades of the Ducal Palace; it is there that even now a whole band of masqueraders come to play their *lazzi;* for this Carnival of Venice, which, like that of Rome, has been celebrated all over the world,—which has been the theme of poets and musicians, and on which Gozzi, Paganini and Theophile Gautier have constructed their most delicate *pizzicati*,—this carnival is not so dead as people would have us believe; the tradition exists, if the genius of the people is changed. The carnival week, though quieter than it used to be, still attracts visitors; it is the season of intrigues and festivals, when the whole popula-

tion seems intoxicated by the air they breathe. There are two very distinct parts in the Carnival of Venice: the carnival of the street and the carnival of the drawing-room. In the good old time people went masked to St. Mark's Place and to the Fenice, and going from box to box gave themselves up to merry mystifications which recalled the good days of Venice in the eighteenth century; those were the days of supper parties and songs, serenades and *fêtes Vénitiennes*,—this word sums up all. Nowadays the aristocracy is discreet and reserved; a few refined masquerades, a few masked balls given in a setting worthy of the costumes, a few suppers and serenades, and the fête is over. Guardi, the painter with the spirited touch and brilliant coloring, shows us the balls in the Ducal Palace, *the Ridotti*, the promenades of masquers on the Piazza, the little three-cornered hat with the lamp, and the Venetian cloak which has become the regular livery for carnival fun all over Europe. Of all this nothing now remains, and what is left can hardly be described and would escape the notice of a passing stranger; one must be of Venetian origin to enter into these pleasures, to be admitted to them, and to appreciate their charm.

But the street is more alive; the trade corporations come to an agreement, organize themselves, and club together to give the town a spectacle; every year there is some new idea and a new arrangement;

an allegorical car, a *Bucentaur*, some scene full of animation and color, of which the principal types are the heroes, Vesta, Zenda, Tato; the illustrious Pantaleone harangues the crowd from his throne erected on the Piazzetta in front of the two great granite columns. Pantaloon arrives at the head of his procession, which has assembled in the court of the deserted convent of San Sepolcra; he goes the whole length of the Riva de' Schiavoni, preceded by his Turkish guards; level bridges have been thrown across the canals which cut the quay, so that nothing interrupts the masquerade on its road. The painters of the Arsenal and of the boats, all in costume and organized into bands, sing choruses; other municipal bodies form brass bands, for at Venice there is no fête without music. The procession is long, and the whole town follows it; men dressed up as Turks carry banners at the head, and a whole group is told off to guard them; behind them come the Chioggiotti, the fish-sellers of Chioggia, who carry on their arms elegant baskets filled with sugar fish which they throw on to the balconies everywhere along their route; the street presents a number of those grotesque scenes which have been preserved by the brush of Guardi.

After the Chioggiotti, who have their own band in medieval dress, come the *epigrams*, so called, of the year: these are monster masks, gigantic personages who recall those of the carnivals of the towns in the

north of France; they may be numerous, and should always represent a satire or epigram, an allusion to some celebrity of the year, or to some event that has taken place, is symbolized in their persons. Often some political personage provides the subject of the jest, and many times the authorities had to interfere to prevent some foreign minister or sovereign being caricatured.

After the great masks come groups of all kinds, following each other according to the popular fancy; but there is almost always some governing idea in the procession; the *actualities*, or burlesque groups representing passing events, form so many episodes which fit into the general frame; no one makes a mistake in them, and all applaud them. Arrived at the Piazzetta, Pantaloon, the king of the feast, mounts his throne and harangues the crowd in the Venetian dialect, and as he can wag his tongue well the populace receive him with acclamations. He descends, again takes the head of the procession and directs his steps to the Piazza, in the middle of which a circular ball-room has been erected as high as the cafés Florian and Quadri. The bands take their place, and the most distinguished characters lead the dances; the place is as crowded as it can hold, and the crowd is full of animation, fun, and color; a great number are in fancy dress and take an active part in the amusements.

This is the overture of the popular fête, the open-

ing of the carnival, and as these people understand thoroughly the organization of amusements, each day brings its own pleasure and surprise. In the evening this Piazza we are describing is a fairy scene; it is brilliantly lighted in a manner used only on these occasions: if the weather is fine, as the Piazza is flagged it is a regular ball-room where one can walk in dancing-shoes; the cafés are crowded, the tables overflow into the middle of the square, and one can wander among the maze of people in the open air as in a gigantic ball-room.

Coming away from the Piazza, let us enter the court of the Ducal Palace by the gate "della Carta," and pass before the beautiful Giants' Staircase, which we have described already, and to which a tragic reputation has been given by the tradition, propagated chiefly by painters and quite erroneous, that the head of Marino Faliero rolled down it. The famous picture by Robert Fleury and the equally celebrated picture by Eugène Delacroix support the tradition, so firmly was the story established; but the mere comparison of the dates of the beheading of the Doge (April, 1354) and the construction of the staircase (1505) convict these great artists of anachronism. We are not now, however, seeking for either history or art; the life of the place is our attraction, the delightful picture which presents itself in that court of the Ducal Palace composes

itself every day at the same hour, soon to vanish and recompose itself again,—the gathering, namely, of the water-carriers of Venice round those fine bronze basins.

The water question was a vital one for Venice; the Republic took anxious thought for this service, which was regulated with an order and precision worthy of the great city. Instead of making plain parapets to these wells in the court of the palace, they made of them precious works of art, fitting ornaments for one of the finest specimens of mediæval and Renaissance architecture. The beautiful court is enlivened by the presence of all these water-carriers, peasant women of the Friuli, *Bigolante* with olive skins and black hair, some with small felt hats, others with a band across their brown plaits; balancing their red copper pails; firmly set on their hips, often very well made, with delicate joints and extremities; the foot planted on the little wooden patten which rings along the flagstones. They leave the court without any particular order, some by the "della Carta" court of the palace, some by the arcade of the Riva de' Schiavoni, and so scatter themselves throughout the town. It will be noticed that this employment is left to the women.

Before going out with the Bigolante on to the Riva de' Schiavoni, let us stop an instant. We found at Venice this very year, through the kindness of the Chevalier Stefani, a curious portrait of the famous

adventurer, Casanova of Seingalt, and here, at the gate of the famous *Leads* and *Wells* of Venice, is the place to mention him. If the traveller asks to see these celebrated dungeons,—made more celebrated and more terrible still by the account Casanova has given of his escape, by Victor Hugo in his *Angelo, Tyran de Padoue*, by Cooper in the *Bravo*, and by many poets and romance writers—he will certainly be disappointed. The Leads owe their name to the fact that the timber work of the roof of the Ducal Palace is covered over with sheets of lead instead of with tiles. There are the garrets of the Palace, which have been divided into cells and formed the principal prisons. You pass into them on leaving the chamber of the *Bussola*, without leaving either the passage or the story you are in; a door indicates the narrow staircase leading to them. In this space, between the last chambers and the torture-chamber, had been made a dozen cells where all the State prisoners were shut up; but the partitions which formed them having been knocked down to make room for a depository of State papers, since arranged at the Frari, the Leads are now suppressed. The keeper who has a little reading, or the cicerone with a slight idea of history, will conscientiously show you the window from which the famous Casanova made his escape. It is the last window on the side next the Bridge of Sighs. The escape was much disputed; it is true nevertheless, and Casanova has

accurately described it in a pamphlet called *Histoire de ma fuite des prisons de la République de Venise, qu'on appelle les plombs, écrite à Dux, en Bohème, l'an* 1787, *chez le noble de Schoenfeldt.* With the imagination excited by this name of Casanova, one has difficulty, on inspection of the portrait referred to, in finding the brilliant adventurer in the features of this refined old man with a faded and ascetic face.

As for the *Wells*, not less famous than the Leads, they are reached by the open gallery on to which the Giants' Staircase leads; there a door in the wall gives entrance to a dark staircase, which is used for the service of the upper stories; its purpose was to lead from the prison to the chamber of the State Inquisitors. It is a mistake to suppose that the dungeons called the Wells were below the level of the lagoon; this was impossible, as nothing could have preserved them from the infiltration of the water. The Wells look out upon the canal spanned by the beautiful arch of the Bridge of Sighs. The truth is that these dungeons were preserved from the damp by a lining of boards on all their sides, and that they were lighted by loop-holes looking upon the canal. There are in reality two lower stories of prisons, and the second story of the two, as you go down, is scarcely on a level with the court of the Ducal Palace. It is in the last of these two dungeons one finds the inscriptions traced by the prisoners, the most famous of which is:

De chi mi fido guardami Iddio;
De chi non mi fido guarderò io.

"May God defend me from him I trust; from him I distrust, I will defend myself." Casanova was not in the Wells, but in the Leads, which explains the possibility of his escape. The famous Carmagnola occupied the very last dungeon in the lower story.

Here we are on the Riva. If I were always in Venice, this is where I should like to live, and yet no one lives here: there is not a single palace from the Ponte della Paglia and the Ducal Palace to the Garden Point. There are nothing but hotels, offices, little shops, and as after the Piazza the Riva is the only open place of some size, the people resort for amusement to this most picturesque and attractive spot.

It is the great façade of Venice; the spectacle is always there and always renewing itself. What types, what variety of character! The gondolier cries "alla Barca!" and invites you to go to the Lido; the sailors of Chioggia with their picturesque overcoats, solemn as doges, look where the wind comes from, waiting for the propitious moment to weigh anchor; their fleet of red and brown sails, bright enough to suit the most enthusiastic colorist, cross and recross before the Garden Point, the nets and tackle hanging from the masts to dry in the sun, and present the most seductive sight for a painter. We find in Admiral Acton's album two excellent sketches

from nature which render well the impression of this fleet of fishing boats; these accessories of Venetian nature are such as cannot be invented, and you must know your Venice well to render faithfully their splendid coloring and the intense and powerful tones. The Admiral, who has the eye of a painter, excels in broad and rapid water-color, and these subjects attract him.

M. Liardo, in a spirited drawing of the Riva, has seized to the life all that many-colored and moving crowd shouting in the sun: "Acqua Fresca! Semi! Semi! Mele! Mele! Passa tempi!" What a number of different cries, and what strange trades, from the apple-seller to the open-air conjuror, the juggler, the seller of shells and miniature gondolas, the confectioner, the seller of preserved fruits, the sharper who offers a lottery ticket; I know not what more! —And what life, what light, what variety for the eye! Above all what an horizon—San Giorgio, the Lido, the great Indiamen sailing majestically in, the heavy steamers that pass slowly and not without dignity in front of the Campanile of San Giorgio. And the little Madonna of the Lagoon, a simple altar standing at the corner of the quay, and before our windows in the Hotel d'Angleterre, the ancient Casa Laguna, a congenial lodging at which we have been in the habit of staying for some years.

If we follow on still to the right after having passed the Ponte Ca di Dio, we come to a swing-

bridge, and on the left appears the singular façade of the Arsenal, one of the best known buildings of Venice from its strange and unusual appearance. We have already described its constitution, its object, and the enormous part it played in the establishment of the Republic; all is changed now, but when one has lived as we have lived, in the study of the history of this great city, it is easy to picture to oneself what a noble spectacle the Arsenal must have presented at the moment of going to war with the Turk. During our last visit, we were allowed to make some sketches in the interior; that of the great docks and of the Isoletto gives a view of the sheds for the ancient galleys and the tower used for fixing masts, lastly the *Darsa nuovissima*, from whence you can see the quarter "delle Celestie" framed by the lines of the arcades and the wide roofing.

At Venice you must lose yourself, and wander about the streets and across the bridges without pause and without plan, planting yourself wherever the view attracts you, not hesitating to cross the threshold of palaces and to enter in if you want to make discoveries. What noble and delightful courts, what breadth of style, and peculiarity of character and plan!—at the Campo San Polo for instance, the little court of the house of Goldoni, the Scala Antica, and the Palazzo dei Mori, with a charming court that seems made to entice the sketcher in water-color. We went into it one day to draw the well, one of the most charac-

teristic in Venice. The farther you go the greater the interest becomes, as you get out of the well-known and commonplace parts of Venice. We find an artistic attraction in a porch of good style at the Ponte di Sacca; at the Zattere, all painters know the court of the Calcina, a charming restaurant frequented by artists.

Lastly, outside of official Venice, what things to be seen! Even after all I have written here, how much more remains to be said! Whether we would follow some peculiar type that is passing, or idle in the little streets looking at the view, or plunge into those noisy, busy, animated places near the Rialto where the people jostle and press, nothing can be more seductive, and everything is new and fresh. To watch the passers-by, old women wrapped up in their brown shawls, or those bright, elegant Venetian girls with their well-set figures, poor but contented, walking away down the street independently, or chatting under doorways and laughing heartily. It is quite a study to recognize in these different types the four or five different races to which the whole population can be reduced. Let us look at a group of five portraits of Venetian girls which the painter Stella has drawn,—portraits which may serve as types; among these bright and attractive countenances we notice a model whom a Bellini, transfiguring her with his sweet and gentle grace, would have converted into an immortal Virgin. She is a

simple washerwoman of San Giacomo dell' Orio, who only needed to be draped in the first veil that came to hand to make a Madonna of her, while the brunette beneath her in the group, the *Lavaratrice nelle vele* of Canareggio, with her twisted hair and tortoise-shell dagger in her chignon, will never pass for an angel. The *Sartorella* of Dorso Duro, the *Tabacchina* of Santa Croce, and a pretty waiter-girl of San Marco, complete the charming specimens of these young girls of the people whom we see passing in the street. If they pass before a *traghetto*, all the Beppos call them and the *lazzi* begin. These merry stalwart gondoliers, waiting under the trellis for customers, are gallant, and graceful in their gallantries. They are there in their open-air clubs relating the gossip of the town; for two centimes they take you across from one side to the other, to save going round by the bridges, and in this Heaven-favored country the poor always cross for nothing. The gondola, too, is one of the great charms of Venice: it alone, without art, without the genius of artists which arrests one at every step, would be enough to fascinate the stranger. In that gentle swinging, like the swinging of a hammock, that light plash of the oar which caresses the ear, that incredible sensibility of the boat itself, which seems to move like a living being,—in these and in the surrounding silence there is from the first moment a charm which no one can escape.

At the hour of which Victor Hugo speaks in the *Captive*,

> Alors que, pâle et blonde,
> La lune ouvre dans l'onde
> Son éventail d'argent,

there is no other sensation like that of being cradled softly on that mirror shimmering in the calmness of a night which the song of the gondolier alone disturbs.

Embark at the Piazzetta at eleven o'clock on a clear sweet starlight evening, and tell the gondolier to go into the canal of the Giudecca. The gondola enters on the golden track, you have left the Custom-house on your right. The stars touch with light the gold ball which carries Fortune on it, and the lamp at the foot of the portico, the steps of which run down into the water, lights up the white façade and makes it reflect itself in the slightly rippled waters. The faubourg of the Giudecca is on our left—a red-brown by daylight and dark by night; a few scattered lanterns alone break this black ground, like the gold sparkles which appear and disappear on a piece of burning paper, and sometimes, under the stars, as in the picture of the English painter Orchardson, two lovers exchange their soft vows "in the pale light of the stars" under the brightly spangled sky.

The Giudecca is long and low, and becomes faint and almost bluish as it prolongs itself toward the

horizon. The black keels of some boats at anchor, their masts and fine cordage, outline themselves distinctly against the clear sky; the dome of the Redentore, the church of the faubourg, rounds itself above the houses. On the right we have the Zattere and their quays with polished flagstones, looking white in the rays of the moon, with the great palaces, regular and noble, the little deserted jetties, and here and there the bridges at the openings of the canals.

The Giudecca is dark; the Zattere are as light as day, but with that veiled illumination which the moon throws over everything it floods with its rays. The silence is profound and the calmness undisturbed; the distant echoes, the solemn striking of the hour by the clock of St. Mark's, the song of a solitary sailor guarding his felucca which he has brought timber-laden from Dalmatia, the voice of a belated gondolier who sits swinging his legs in that nocturnal revery which is like the *kief* of the East: who can render this impression at once sweet and solemn, the incomparable charm which lulls all longing, and attaches us to Venice with an imperishable love?

The skill of the gondoliers is perfectly marvellous, and the visitor can have no better proof of this than by being present at the emptying of the Fenice on an opera night. It is curious to notice the usages, habits, and rules that they have among themselves.

At the turning of these narrow canals, where they could be taken by surprise and cut in two by the prow of a gondola coming in the other direction, they have a cry which they give mechanically, and which at a distance and long before the turning warns the comrade who may be coming the other way; accidents in fact are more than rare.

It is said that the piece of iron at the prow, in the shape of the handle of a violin, is no longer made; old prows are polished and fitted to new gondolas. A curious detail is that if one wants to carry away as a remembrance one of those prettily-formed and picturesque lanterns which the gondoliers hold in their hands, more to facilitate the getting in and out of passengers than to light them on their way, it is very difficult to procure them. This getting in and out is indeed a rather delicate operation, when the pretty Venetian ladies come out of the palaces in their satin shoes, muffled up in their opera cloaks. These lanterns, to which we gladly return because they are much sought after by Parisians, are generally large and heavy; they are of hammered brass; those belonging to the great houses, often highly ornamented with niello, are gilt; some of them are very beautiful curiosities, worthy to be put in a collection. They are transmitted as heirlooms; the finest are of the eighteenth century; those of earlier date are more scarce, the

curiosity-venders of Venice, the most famous brokers in the world, have laid violent hands on all that were for sale. It is needless to say that those still remaining in the great families do not leave them.

CHAPTER XX.

CHURCHES—THE LIDO—THE ISLE SAN LAZZARO—THE ARMENIANS—CONCLUSION.

In the eighteenth century, Venice could still number a hundred churches in which mass was celebrated, and the statistics of that time show that there was a priest to every fifty-four inhabitants. Things are much changed since then; scarcely more than fifty-nine churches are now to be counted,—among which some, however, are of the greatest possible interest, as much for the treasures they contain as for their architecture. We have of course mentioned the majority of these, inasmuch as architecture forms the subject of a large part of our work; we shall here, therefore, delay only to speak of four churches.

San Zaccaria stands close to the Riva; it is reached on this side by a small doorway opening opposite San Giorgio Maggiore. This is a church of very beautiful style; the façade and interior are attributed to one of the Lombardi; we have already characterized the details which make this building one of the most interesting in Venice. San Zaccaria plays an important part in all the cere-

monies of the Republic; the pictures of Guardi and Canaletto represent the processions winding along the Piazza in front of the church, and the convent which used to be connected with it and is now converted into barracks was one of the richest and most ancient in Venice. The Piazza is famous from a dramatic incident. The Doge Pietro Gradenigo was assassinated there one day when he came to be present at the annual feast of the saint to whom the church is dedicated. There too lies Alessandro Vittoria, the great sculptor and last great artist of the sixteenth century. The church is very rich in paintings, and possesses a Giovanni Bellini of the highest importance amongst the works of that master.

San Giorgio Maggiore is by the famous Andrea Palladio (1566); and Scamozzi was charged with its completion. This is a classical church, of a grand and noble design, but a little cold in effect. The majority of Venetian churches are pantheons; several Doges are buried in this one: Leonardo Dona, Lorenzo Veniero, and there is a retrospective monument erected in 1637 to the famous Michieli, the Doge of the Crusades. There is a legend about this island of San Giorgio Maggiore: it is said that it was inhabited by Benedictines in other days; the Doge Ziani is related to have seen his own son die there, torn by wild dogs before his eyes, and thereupon to have had the primitive church destroyed.

To redeem this impulse of anger and despair, he had a residence built for him in the island itself; and later, as the chapel of this residence threatened to fall into ruin, Palladio is supposed to have been commissioned to build the present church and convent.

We have spoken at length of the churches of the Frari and of San Giovanni e Paolo. The interior of that vast pantheon of the Frari, one of the grandest buildings in Venice, containing the tombs of the most illustrious persons, from artists to doges and condottieri, shows the visitor the most splendid specimens of that sepulchral architecture for which Venice is specially renowned. The church itself dates from 1250; in it the Gothic style is blended with that of the Renaissance; succeeding generations have also left traces of their passage. Among the sepulchral monuments in the Frari may be mentioned that of Canova, and the pendant containing the remains of the prince of painters, and painter of princes, the great Titian.

FESTIVAL OF THE REDENTORE.

The church of the Redentore, which stands on the island of the Giudecca and was built by Palladio in fulfilment of a vow made by the Venetians at the time of the plague in 1575 which robbed Venice of forty thousand inhabitants, has been the object of a pious pilgrimage on the day of the *Sagra* every

year since its opening. The Doge and all the Signory used to be present, and from every quarter of Venice, from the islands of the lagoon to Chioggia, all the fishermen came in crowds to pay their devotions at the Redentore.

To facilitate communication between the town and the Giudecca, separated as we know them to be by a broad canal, a large bridge of boats used to be and is still constructed, on that day, to unite the Zattere to that tongue of land which used at one time to be called "Punta Lunga" on account of its form.

Little by little, year by year, the first object of the foundation was forgotten; if there was still question of returning thanks to Heaven and hearing a solemn mass, question of vows or of the plague there was none; people came from far, and it was but natural that they should amuse and refresh themselves; booths in the open air were established; but the Doge and the Signory were no longer there to keep up the solemn character of the ceremony. In short, the Sagra became a fair, and this fair still exists. I have been present at it and found myself much reminded (the horizons excepted) of the open-air fêtes held in the suburbs of Paris. The *frittole* play an important part; cooking-stoves smoke in the open air, spreading strong odors abroad; improvised dressers exhibit those large shining copper dishes which we call

dinanderies and which among the sellers of *frittura* in Venice are very numerous and very fine. There is a special sale of mulberries, which are then in season, and the peasants from the mainland erect their little garlanded booths on the piazza, and the people stain their faces with the bacchanalian-colored juice of the fruit. Deep draughts are taken of Conegliano, Chianti, and all the native wines; the fun is great, people go from booth to booth, from theatre to theatre; musicians, blind folk, charlatans, improvise concerts and representations; the crowd is immense, the movement perpetual, and really for a stranger it is a great piece of good luck to find himself in Venice at such a time. When night is come, all the open-air booths adorn themselves with little colored lanterns, and the flow of comers and goers is incessant. This Venetian crowd moreover is gentle and peaceable, and the impression made on the traveller of the sweetness of the Venetian character is always true and deep; I have often recurred to this impression, for the reason that in it lies the source of the sympathy which is engendered by a sojourn in this city.

Some years ago the upper classes used to frequent the Sagra, coming in parties with their gondolas; a cold supper was brought on board, and a gondola with musicians followed behind; this is disappearing like all the old customs; but people still sup under

the starlight, and it is not rare to see gondolas gliding about on the canal, provided with a striped awning, and adorned with colored lamps, while within persons feast at their ease. The common people, however, make no such ado, they sup under trellised vines, or seat themselves *alla buona*, in a corner, and the merriment is none the less frank. Sometimes I have seen the *fête* more animated than at others, according to the season and circumstances, and it often takes quite the air of a carnival; the illuminations are sometimes brilliant, explosions are heard, the canal is lighted up with the reflections of the Bengal lights set aflame by the gondoliers, who place themselves in the front of the boat and throw powder into a kind of tripod arranged for the purpose; the liquid level is furrowed with traffic like Paris boulevards on the return from the races; and there is a come-and-go, a movement, a concert of songs, cries, and repartees, which bespeak an enjoyment without afterthought. In reality it is but a promenade with the Sagra for pretext; nothing is done but to go up and down on the scene of the *fête*, with no very definite object except that of being amused without any special spectacle; and it is the concourse of the people itself which constitutes the *funzione*.

It is not necessary to say that, profane as is the wind-up of this religious festival, it is still a piece of good fortune to the church: all who wish can be served with pure water from a particular fountain in

the interior of the convent, water endowed with some virtue, no doubt, to judge by the avidity with which the good people of the mainland swallow it. The relics of saints are shown also in the sacristy from behind an iron grating. We did not wait for the opportunity of the Sagra to visit the Redentore: it is, perhaps, from a certain point of view, Palladio's masterpiece for nobility of proportion. The high altar has been overladen with ornament in too rococo a style; it is a curious example of late eighteenth-century art, and is in strong contrast with the noble simplicity of this beautiful building.

THE LIDO AND THE ISLES.

However well acquainted we are with things Venetian, we shall never quite understand what secret fibres vibrate in the pure Venetian to this name of Lido, which seems to awaken in him the idea of pleasure, of charm, and a whole world of associations and sensations. Is it the contrast between a town of stone and a garden? It is the view of the Adriatic? Is it simply a factitious reputation acquired from Gozzi, Goldoni, Byron, from all romance writers and poets and rhymesters? Or, last of all, is it a tradition of the festivities of olden times, or has the Lido changed its aspect and do we see it now under a less seductive light than it once reflected?

However that may be, the Lido is in reality a low

tongue of land with one shore toward the lagoon and the other to the Adriatic, a flat piece of almost marshy ground, with large vegetable gardens intersected here and there by little canals; and all this stirs in the stranger a purely literary association, for the feeling is awakened not by the sight of the place itself but by the memories created in connection with it by poets. Byron wished to be buried there, and no doubt found a poetry in the place which filled his heart. What we ordinary men go there for especially is to look at and plunge into the sea. A bathing establishment has been set up of late years on the barren beach; this has been very successful; and in the course of time may probably make a fortune for the town of Venice.

The only part of the Lido which is accessible for walking extends from San Andrea toward San Nicolo; the popular *fêtes* are held within the actual enclosure of the esplanades of the fort. The first Monday in September a *bacchanale* is celebrated; this is an antique name applied to what is the most modern of amusements. It is the Sagra again, on other ground and without the religious motive; the general paraphernalia of the festival are the same—strolling players, clowns, punches, *frittole* as usual; for there cannot be a good holiday at Venice without fried fish, without singers male and female, without musical brotherhoods and societies, kindly folk, who come for the occasion from far and near.

In spring, if you walk from the baths in the direction of San Nicolo, you pass between two green hedges which are not without charm, and before arriving at the village which lies at the point facing San Andrea a flat and desolate region must be crossed; this is an ancient Jewish burial-ground, and you still perceive tombstones here and there, some of them bearing Hebrew inscriptions, under the brambles and among the plants and grass. Past the cemetery is the church, and the immense barrack into which an ancient convent has been converted. San Nicolo is separated from this by a little canal, spanned by a bridge, in the arch of which the Riva of Venice frames itself most picturesquely.

If just now we throw some doubt upon the attraction the mere natural features of the Lido, apart from the charms of association, might possess for the stranger, let us add that we ourselves are fully awake to its spell, as we instinctively re-people in imagination that deserted ground. It was here that Henry III. landed, and the triumphal arches were erected, decorated by the great artists of the greatest epoch of Venice; there, at the point ending at the Castle, was wont to issue the *Bucentaur!* And who knows whether in the depths of the sea, covered with sacrilegious rust, the marriage rings of the Doges—two hundred and seventy-six rings thrown in from 1520 to 1796—are not still tossed to and fro among sand

and sea-weed with the movement of the Adriatic waves?

THE ISLANDS—A VILLA ON THE MAINLAND.

Twenty-five islands scattered over the lagoon compose the Venetian archipelago, some stretching in the direction of the mainland, others lying in the open, so that it takes some hours to reach them from the city.

San Michele is now used as the cemetery of Venice, and this island has been joined to its neighbor, San Cristoforo della Pace. It takes scarcely a quarter of an hour to reach it by gondola from the Arsenal, and is the first halting-place on the excursion to Murano. A fifteenth-century convent, built by Tagliapietri and bereft of its monks, still exists at the extremity of the island. You go to see in the cemetery the tomb of Leopold Robert, the painter of the "Moissonneurs" and the "Pêcheurs de l'Adriatique," whose suicide caused such a profound sensation in the world of art.

We have devoted a whole chapter to Murano. One can almost dispense with seeing Burano, for the island has no special character; the women make lace, and the men are all fishers. The canal which traverses the island is large enough to make believe that it is a small port. A tower is seen there which dates from the earliest times of the Republic.

Torcello, already often referred to, is one of the

first islands in which the Venetians took refuge: nature allies itself happily with art, and the island is as picturesque as it is singular; the visitor must not omit seeing the Duomo and the church of Santa Fosca.

San Francesco del Deserto has nothing left but an old deserted cloister, and some large trees of fine outline which give a character to the island. It is supposed in old days to have been to the Venetians, when they sought a favorable field for settling their disputes, what the *Pré aux Clercs* was to Paris. On the enclosure wall of the convent garden an edict, surmounted by a winged lion of St. Mark let into the stone, reminds those whom it may concern, in the name of the Council of Ten, that it is forbidden to blaspheme at games of hazard. These shoreward islands are especially to be admired; they are almost all picturesque, but rather in their general aspect than in detail.

After the Lido, of which we have just spoken, we have still to see Malamocco, Chioggia, and Brondolo, with the Murazzi: but this is a much longer excursion. A steamboat starts daily from the Riva, and plies between Chioggia and Venice, and this gives one a good opportunity of realizing the prodigious effort made in the fourteenth century by the Genoese and Venetians during their great war—the former to make themselves masters of Chioggia by forcing the passages, the latter by chasing these

from the lagoon, where they had gained a strong position, establishing their communications with the mainland by the bridge which unites it to Chioggia.

After these excursions to the islands the traveller can wander also on the mainland, and visit the famous old villas which were dependent on the Republic and subject to its laws. The Villa Masere, or Villa Manin, or Villa Barbaro—for all three names are given to it—had been to the present writer the occasion of prolonged studies and the subject of a work entitled *La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au seizième siècle.* It is a unique specimen of those beautiful villas in which the nobles of Venice took refuge from the heats of summer. You reach it after three or four hours' journey, by way of Treviso and Asolo. Besides the charm of the journey through the rich country with splendid views, you find on arriving at the door not only the friendly countenance of your host Signor Giacomelli, the fortunate possessor, but a brilliant display of the genius of three of the greatest artists of the Renaissance—Palladio, Paola Veronese, and Alessandro Vittoria—who joined their forces to build and adorn this house of the brothers Barbaro: Daniele, Patriarch of Aquileria, and Marcantonio, Procurator of St. Mark's and Ambassador of the Most Serene Republic.

THE ARMENIANS.

San Lazzaro is the smallest and the nearest to Venice of all the islands in the lagoon; it is reached by gondola in three-quarters of an hour. It was at first inhabited by poor fishermen, and in the twelfth century served as a refuge for the lepers who came from the East, whence its name of San Lazzaro, which it has kept to the present time. When leprosy had entirely disappeared from Venice, the island of San Lazzaro was deserted, and in 1715 the Republic handed it over to the Armenian monks whom Mekhitar had brought with him from the Morea in his flight before the formidable Turkish invasion which robbed the Venetians of their possessions on the Greek continent. From the beginning of the eighteenth century San Lazzaro has been permanently inhabited by the Mekhitarist congregation; there the community has formed itself, has been developed by the successors of the founder, and has acquired the influence and celebrity it now enjoys.

From the traghetto of the Piazzetta the traveller embarks in the gondola which will convey him by the Orfano Canal to the convent of San Lazzaro. He passes close to the monastery of San Servolo and the old lazaretto, without losing sight of Venice, the Lido, and the long chain of the Julian Alps whose snow-covered summits lose themselves in the azure sky. As soon as the steel spur of the gondola

touches the steps, the door of the monastery opens, and the visitor is introduced into a hall adorned with flowers and evergreens. One of the fathers of the monastery, dressed in a long flowing black robe, bids the traveller welcome and receives him with that delightful courtesy which reminds one of Eastern hospitality.

All parts of the monastery are shown to the visitor; first the library, which contains thirty thousand printed volumes, two thousand Armenian MSS., a few of which are very ancient, also a museum of antiquities and coins. Leaving the library, you pass on to the refectory, which is decorated with a picture of the Last Supper by Novelli. Then comes the church, of a tame Gothic. Here, under the flags of this building, are buried the founder and his successors, the Archbishops of Siounic. The church is of the simplest style, and is not in any way like the sumptuous religious buildings which the piety of the Venetians raised during the Middle Ages in the islets of the Adriatic. The visitor is then introduced to the printing and reading rooms, where several of the brothers are at work under the direction of one of the fathers of the monastery.

Here the visitor can take up those editions which bear comparison with the richest works of European printers and through which the monastery gained the prize medals at the Paris, London, and Florence

Exhibitions. The traveller always buys some gem of typography, a prayer or the like printed in thirty-three different languages each in its proper characters. But the objects most especially interesting are the first editions of the Armenian classics, the translations of the masterpieces of modern European literature, among which are the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, the poetry of Byron and Goethe, the works of Chateaubriand and Bossuet, and many other writings which bring the lights of the Western world to the East.

The monastery of San Lazzaro is not in any respect like the other monasteries of Italy; it is a veritable phalanstery of the Benedictines, and has been in fact, since its foundation in the last century, a regular national academy, where all work together without ceasing at the object the founder of the order proposed to himself,—that is to say, at the propagation of Western culture among the Armenians dispersed throughout the whole of Asia, and in Africa, Europe, and even America. The work of the Mekhitarist community is then a national work, and is so far highly meritorious; the Armenians, too, look with justice upon the island of San Lazzaro as the torch which shall one day illuminate Armenia, when the hour comes for her to live again in history and to take her place once more among free nations.

The Mekhitarist congregation is composed of about sixty members, placed under the authority of

a Principal who has the title of Archbishop of Siounic. This prelate is assisted by a council of six members forming the Chapter. The brothers are all either charged with responsible duties within the establishment or else with foreign missions. Those who live in the monastery have the direction of the school intended to recruit the novices, while others compose and translate educational, scientific, or religious works for the use of their fellow-countrymen. It is these books which, distributed in great numbers in all the Armenian centres of population, keep alive reverence and faith among the people and develop within them a spirit of nationality and patriotism.

Not content with distributing every year among their fellow-countrymen in the East the useful books which come from their printing-presses, the Mekhitarists have understood the necessity of devoting themselves also to the education of the young, and with this view have founded two colleges by the help of considerable legacies which have been made to them by several of their fellow-countrymen who had enriched themselves in commerce. One of these colleges is established in Venice, the other in Paris; every year fifty pupils are brought up in these establishments, under the direction of brothers of the monastery assisted by French professors. It has been affirmed that the European training the pupils receive in these colleges has produced the most fruitful results. Many among them on returning to

their own country have entered the service of the Turkish, Persian, and Russian governments, and some have raised themselves to the highest positions in the army, the civil engineers, and in finance, showing great superiority from their thorough education.

If the visitor has the good fortune to find himself at San Lazzaro on a high festival, he can be present at the solemn mass performed by the Principal, and can then judge of the imposing grandeur of a religious ceremony celebrated according to the Armenian ritual. Nothing is more fitted to strike the stranger than a ceremonial of this kind, when the pontiff and his clergy, clothed in their sacerdotal vestments, intone the sacred chants preserved for centuries by the national tradition. The robes worn by the Archbishop and clergy are of the richest materials and most delicate colors, enriched with embroideries, pearls, and silk, the work of the Armenian ladies of Constantinople and Smyrna.

Imagine these personages on the steps of the altar surrounding the celebrant, who disappears in a cloud of myrrh and incense. The costume of the Archbishop consists of a pontifical robe, hidden under the large folds of a Byzantine dalmatic, resembling those worn by the Emperor of Constantinople in church paintings and mosaics and in the miniatures of Greek MSS. He wears the mitre ornamented with the emblematic triangle, on the ground of which

stands out the mystic eye of the Deity. He holds in his hand the episcopal staff, the symbol of his dignity.

The second personage is the Vartalud Ananias, Vicar-General of the monastery. He wears the dress of the Armenian doctors; the Greek cap on his head; he holds the doctoral staff, of which the top is in the form of two serpents.

Then follows the Archdeacon dressed in the alb, wearing the stole and the sacerdotal cap; his function during the service is to hold the censer. The effect of all this is extremely grand. The Deacon also wears the alb and stole as a scarf; it is his duty to hold the gospel to be kissed by the clergy and assistants. The Sub-deacon wears the alb; the stole rests only on his left arm; during the ceremony he swings a metal instrument (*kechoth*, in Latin *flabellum*) which is in the shape of a disk ornamented in the centre with the head of a winged angel.

Eight acolytes, dressed in long albs, carry the insignia of the archi-episcopal office, the mitre and pallium; others hold the cross, the Latin cross, the doctoral staff, and the staff surmounted with the globe and cross, the badge of the diocese of Siounie, of which the Principals of the Mekhitarists are the titularies.

The Archbishop of Siounie, Principal of the Mekhitarist congregation, was, at the time of our

last visit, Monsignor George Hurmuz, fourth successor of Mekhitar, the founder of the order. The Archbishop was a fine, noble-looking old man, with a black beard streaked with silver, whose refined and intelligent head recalled some speaking portrait of Rembrandt.

The scene enjoyed in returning from this excursion adds much to its charm; as it is generally at sunset that one re-enters Venice, the city is all ablaze with purple and gold, the radiance of the descending orb; the lagoon is a pearly gray studded with the black points of the piles, and all the campaniles, domes and warehouses along the bank seem crowned with halos of gold.

These are the spectacles—these, and such as are presented to us by everyday life—which, after a long sojourn in Venice, end by engrossing our interest above all others: as though man soon tired of the works of men, and kept his appetite and desire always keen, always alive for the works of God only, for nature and for life. In truth, however passionate a man may be for the things of art, he is soon surfeited in so colossal a museum as is the city of Venice; he comes at last to the pass of looking at Tintoret without attention, he stands before a Giovanni Bellini without emotion; masterpiece crowds upon masterpiece, Titian on Carpaccio, Pordenone on Palma; bronzes, enamels, triptychs, marbles, figures of doges lying on their biers,

famous condottieri buried in their armor and standing proud and valorous in the garb of war upon their sepulchres,—all these sights and glories leave us indifferent. I remember the courteous keeper of the museum making me touch with my finger, in his own private room, a marvellous Veronese which he was engaged in restoring, so that I could follow the method of the great painter on the canvas, and yet not feeling moved. I can recall having handled without surprise an autograph letter of Galileo to the Inquisition, and read without interest, like a weary sight-seer, the signature of Lucrezia Borgia at the foot of another document. The truth is, the air of Venice, the sky and its varying moods, the extraordinary coloring which the atmosphere throws over everything, offer a charm which surpasses all other; and the open air, the lagoon, the life of the port, with the changing aspect of the pearly waves, that glimmering surface which Guardi has so well rendered, the trembling light upon the silvery field all barred by tongues of sand and dotted by the black points of the piles, are beyond the highest inspirations of man.

To sit in front of a café on the Riva, with no other object but that of looking before you, is a keen pleasure for anyone who has the love of the picturesque. The incessant movement; the never ungentle pranks of the motley crowd; those singular colloquies of which the meaning unfortunately

escapes the ear unfamiliar with the Venetian dialect; the coloring, the sunshine; the changing effects, the seductive distances; the constant arrivals of great ships, the entrance or departure of the Chioggiotes, or the Greeks of Zante or sailors of the Sporades, with their ruddy sails making blots of color on the lagoon, and, when stretched like a bow by the wind, showing in the transparent air the great Virgin rudely painted on their surface; the caravans of strangers that pass, with the special character peculiar to each nationality,—methodical Englishmen,—American ladies with their beautiful hair,—southern Italians high-colored and vehement,—blond Germans in spectacles,—quick Frenchmen running with their noses in the air,—Italian soldiers with helmets of gray canvas; lastly, the quaint industries sheltered under immense umbrellas; chance singers, who fling upon the echoes of the lagoon an air of Verdi or Gordigiani; all this is what one never wearies of at Venice.

And what constant new surprises in the streets, and on the open places great and small! Here you go up some steps to cross a canal, there the way is barred, and a little staircase descends right into the water; old women, worthy copies of the old women with the basket of eggs in Titian's "Presentation of the Virgin," brush along the wall, their heads covered up in their shawls; tall, well-made girls, with carefully-dressed hair, glass beads round their

throats, and sandals on their feet, trail their dresses on the flagstones.

The Venetians idle about, the street-boys pursue you, a woman offers you a lottery ticket, a long-bearded Armenian priest passes, letting his cassock float bellying like a sail in the wind, and you come out on a quay or under a trellis where gondoliers sleep on benches waiting for customers.

Nature, the warm air, the limpid and transparent atmosphere in which Venice is bathed,—it is the emotion of this which after all remains the strongest among your impressions. After a visit to that prodigious Ducal Palace, where masterpieces are heaped upon masterpieces, you long to breathe the clear air and hurry away to the gardens. You pass along the whole length of the Riva dei Schiavoni, you get among the shipping, and the farther you go the better you can see the long front of Venice composing itself into a single view. You turn from time to time to enjoy the panorama, for it is the most admirable scene ever dreamed of by a Desplechin, a Thierry, a Cambon, a Chapron, a Nolau, or a Rubbé, and when you lean on the terrace you soon forget the great works of art on which you have but now been gazing, in presence of this mighty work of the Master of masters! The man of letters and the critic in you give way to the painter, and you are held enchanted by the spell of

these wonderful harmonies. The grounds of the garden are a light gray, the grass is green, the trees in the foreground, still bare of leaves, cut out against the sky the delicate tracery of their boughs, the water is pearly with diamond spangles and shifting facets of light as bright as stars; the tongues of sand and dry places of the lagoon come cutting here and there with bars of brown that silver mirror; San Giorgio Maggiore, red and white, catches a luminous reflection; the Grand Canal and its palaces close the horizon. All is solitary in the gardens, the green lizards glide quiveringly from sight, a gondolier cries *alla barca!* a pretty little girl passes with bare head, her hair deftly dressed and draped in her shawl; stretched on the scanty grass all round, the gondoliers sleep in the sunshine. All this would no doubt not satisfy the desires and aspirations of practical minds and natures hungry for life and change, for sensations ever new and spectacles ever varied. But for us it is a world sufficient, and we are not alone in feeling it to be so. "You dwell there in delight," says Paul de St. Victor, "and you look back to the days of your sojourn with emotion. Venice casts about you a charm as tender as the charm of woman. The rosy atmosphere in which she lies steeped, the shimmer of her lagoons, the jewelled hues that change with the changing hour upon her domes, her fascinating vistas, the masterpieces of her radiant painting, the gentle temper of

her men and women, the sweet and pensive gladness that you breathe with her very air—all these are so many divers but interlinked enchantments. Other cities have admirers, Venice alone has lovers."

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